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MANUAL OF NUMERAL MUSIC.

FIFTEEN years' experience in teaching vocal music, has convinced the writer that not more than one in a thousand fails, on due trial, to learn how to sing. The experience of teachers and physicians, testifies that singing is a healthy exercise. When properly studied, it tends, as much as any other science, to strengthen the mind; and, probably there is nothing practised by Christians that exerts so great an influence for good in a moral point of view. It has the authority of divine writ, and the approbation of all good men in its favor; and is the most innocent of all amusements.

A few elementary lessons well studied, will enable a student to sing plain church music at sight. And it is much better to study a few lessons carefully, than to skim over a volume of lessons and exercises. Moreover, as the Rev. Thos. Harrison wrote in a recent letter to the author, "Lessons in time and melody are the most that are needed."

Exercises in numeral notation are found in all the best instruction books extant. Indeed, the principles of musical science cannot be fully and fairly developed without using numerals; and, since every principle of the science may be as fully and more clearly developed by numerals, it is a waste of time, paper, and money, to study the Guidonian or round note system first. Everything belonging to the round note system of notation, except the position of the notes, is taught in numeral notation, and at least three-fourths of the time is saved. A very small part of that time thus saved, will suffice for the student to learn the position of the notes on the five-lined staff, and the round note, together with the whole tribe of patent note systems, will be understood at once.

The Christian Psalmist was first published in round notes, numerals, and patent notes. There were ten thousand copies sold; and the purchasers, having the three systems constantly before them, decided, almost unanimously, in favor of the numeral system. Since that decision, more than 120 thousand copies have been published entirely in the numeral system, and readily sold,

while there is no demand whatever for those with round and patent note music.

MUSIC

Is a pleasing succession, or combination of sounds. A sound is always sustained to a certain height or pitch, while a noise varies, instantly, from one pitch to another. A cricket makes a sound, while a gnat makes a noise.

The sensation of sound is conveyed to the brain by the auditory nerve; this nerve connects with the tympanum, or drum, of the ear; and this drum is caused to vibrate and act upon the auditory nerve, by the undulations of the air. The air is caused to vibrate, is put into an undulating or wavy motion, by effort of the vocal organs, by striking a bell, the string of a violin, and things of like character. If the vibrations are less than 32 in a second of time, they do not put the tympanum of the ear into motion, and the sound is too low to be heard. If the vibrations are more than 8192 in a second of time, they strain the tympanum so that it cannot vibrate, and a sound making more than this number of vibrations, is too high to be heard.

A sound must continue at a certain height or pitch for a sensible time, so as to be, musically speaking, appreciable as a sound. To continue it longer than a sensible time, makes it more or less musical, only in relation to preceding and succeeding sounds, or to the syllable or word applied to it. Hence the first thing to be studied in music, and the first division of music, is

TIME.

The best readers, speakers, and singers, are those who know best how to time their words. As words are signs of ideas, so numerals may be signs of sounds, and of musical ideas. The length of numerals and rests, is shown in the following table:

	Whole.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Sixteenth.	Thirty-second.	Sixty-fourth.
	:1	.1	1	1 ,	1 ,,	1 ,,,	1 ,,,,
Or,	:1	.2	3	4 ,	5 ,,	6 ,,,	7 ,,,,
	:R	.R	R	R ,	R ,,	R ,,,	R ,,,,

The letter R always stands for a *rest*, a suspension of the voice during the time indicated by the periods or commas prefixed or suffixed to the numerals or letters. The student will perceive that a plain numeral or letter is called a quarter; and that a period prefixed doubles it—makes it a half; and an additional period

doubles that — makes it a whole. Also, that one comma placed under a plain numeral or letter, takes from it one half its length — reducing it to an eighth; and that an additional comma reduces an eighth to a sixteenth, and so on. By remembering this, the student can always determine the time of a note at sight.

While singing a musical exercise, time passes away: and the length of time thus passed away, is represented by the lines on which the exercise is written. Two parallel horizontal lines make a staff in numeral music, thus —

In order that many persons may sing together at once, and that correct accent may be observed, time is divided by perpendicular lines, or bars, into spaces which are called measures, thus —

There are, in Nature, perhaps only two kinds of time. The first and most general is that in which a man walks, in which the pulse beats — in which a horse trots, and is called double time. The second is that in which a horse canters — in which a skiff is rowed, and is called triple time. Musicians have fancied that there are also quadruple, sextuple, and various kinds of compound time. The student will readily perceive that quadruple is twice double, and that sextuple is twice triple time: and he may rest assured that, to compound time, is trouble for no profit. Below is a table of the two kinds of time, with their varieties.

Double time.

| 6 6 | 6 6 | 6 6 | 6 6 | 6 6 ||

Quadruple time. 1st variety — or double double time.

| 6 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 6 |

Triple time.

| 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 ||

Sextuple time. 2d variety — or double triple time.

| 666666 | 666666 | 666666 | 666666 | 666666 ||

In the above examples the numeral 6 is used, to which the syllable La should be applied in singing. *Accent* is always identified

with *time;* and time should always be marked by a motion of the hand or foot. The first part of every measure in all kinds and varieties of time, should always have the downward beat, and be accented, or sung loudly; while the last part should always have the upward beat, and be unaccented, or, sung softly. In triple time the second part of the measure may have a *slight* accent, and a beat horizontally to the left. In quadruple time the singer may beat down — up, down — up, in each measure, accenting the third part of the measure as the first. Singers find it most convenient in sextuple time to give only two beats to the measure, accenting the 1st and 4th parts of each measure. Facility and ease in singing this kind of time, may be acquired by counting 1 2 3 to the downward beat, and 4 5 6 to the upward beat. However, the hand should fall instantaneously when you say 1, and rise as quickly when you say 4, remaining stationary while you repeat 2 and 3, and 5 and 6. All motions of the hand or foot, in beating time, should be instantaneous, regular, and exact.

A numeral or rest is lengthened one-half by the addition of a hyphen (-) to the right of it. Thus a quarter with a hyphen added 1- is equal to three eighths 111 —a half .R- becomes equal to three quarters RRR — and an eighth 1- equal to three sixteenths 111 and so on. Every additional hyphen, after the first, adds one-half the amount of the hyphen preceding it, thus .1-- is equal to seven eighths 1111111, and .1--- equal to fifteen sixteenths.

A tie, or slur ⁀, is used to connect all the notes to be sung to one syllable, and, while only the first numeral, or one syllable, is pronounced, the sound is continued to the full time of all the syllables thus tied together.

A triplet is three numerals sung in the time of two of the same length, thus — 666 equal to 66.

A syncopated note is one which, by its length, or position, carries the regular accent out of, or beyond its proper place, thus —

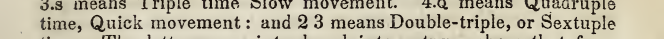
5 | 5 or | 666 |.

The small figure or figures which occur under the beginning of each lesson, and of every tune, will show the time of said lesson or tune; and the capital letter adjoined to said figures, will show whether the exercise shall be sung in slow, common, or quick

movement; thus, 2.c means Double time, Common movement. 3.s means Triple time Slow movement. 4.q means Quadruple time, Quick movement: and 2 3 means Double-triple, or Sextuple time. The letters Q. R. introduced into a tune, show that from thence you sing with quicker movement, and S. R. stands for slower movement.

The following examples, if often practised, will suffice to give the student a correct idea of time.

EXAMPLE 1.



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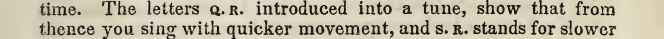

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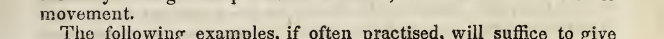

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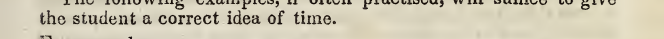
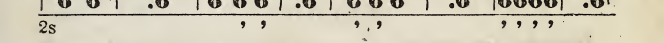


EXAMPLE 5.

EXAMPLE 6.



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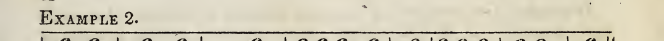
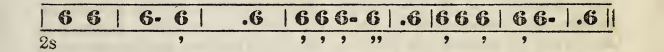
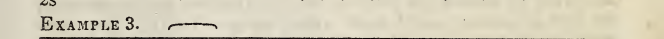


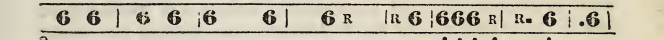
EXAMPLE 8.



EXAMPLE 9.



EXAMPLE 10.



The singer will perceive that in the above examples, a quarter note has one beat, a half note has two beats, a whole note four beats, in double, triple, and quadruple time; while in sextuple time, a quarter has two-thirds of a beat. In some tunes, however, a half note has a beat, a whole note two beats, a quarter note only half a beat, &c., but why it should be so, musicians do not say As every teacher has, or should have, his own method of teaching, he can ask questions on the above, better suited to his own plan of teaching, and to the circumstances of the class, than can the author or any other person.

MELODY

Is simply a succession of musical sounds which fall pleasantly upon the ear. It is the second grand division of the science of music, and teaches particularly the pitch of sounds. Melody is the work of genius, the effort of the imagination, and is governed by no fixed rules, except those which govern TIME. The peasants of all countries, the music-loving servants of the Southern and Western States, have originated the most pleasing and lasting tunes. The Author knew a boy to compose extemporaneous melodies at the age of three years and before he could speak plainly.

A succession of sounds regularly ascending, and regularly descending in a manner agreeable to the ear, is called a SCALE (*ladder*) of sounds. The scales most used at present, are the Grand, which is also the natural scale, and the Plaintive, which is an artificial scale. We shall consider the GRAND SCALE. To an unpractised ear, ladies and gentlemen appear to sing at the same pitch; but an attentive listener can easily perceive that a lady's voice is higher in pitch than that of a gentleman. While a string, tensely stretched over supports on a soundboard, will, on being struck, vibrate so as to chord exactly with any given sound a lady may sing: it will require a string precisely twice as long to chord exactly with the voice of the gentleman who aims to make the same sound. Suppose a string 32 inches in length to make a given sound, and a given number of vibrations, a string 16 inches in length will make just twice as many vibrations, and sound just as much higher as a lady's voice is, *naturally*, higher in pitch than a gentleman's voice. Any person can tell the difference between a male's and female's voice. It is more easily discerned in conversation than in singing. Well, this difference is the limits of the Grand or Natural Scale: and the voice may make seven steps in going from one limit to the other; which steps are agreeable to the ear, if made in a certain order, but more or less disagreeable if made in any other order.

Suppose a string 32 inches in length makes 24 vibrations in a second of time, then a string of the same size and tension, but

only 16 inches in length, will make 48 vibrations in a second of time. The sound made by the 32 inch string is called the tonic; and as it subsides, the attentive listener may detect two other sounds, faint but still discernible. The 1st of these secondary sounds will be heard in full on striking a string 21 inches in length, and the second will be given out from a string 27 inches, provided all the strings are of the same size and tension. Thus, from nature we may derive the principal sounds of the natural scale, (viz:) 1. 3. 5. 8. Let the following lesson be practised, in quadruple time, till the principal sounds of the scale are permanently fixed in the student's ear.

1 3 5 8	3 1 5 8	5 1 3 8	8 1 3 5
1 3 8 5	3 1 8 5	5 1 8 3	8 1 5 3
1 5 3 8	3 5 1 8	5 3 1 8	8 3 1 5
1 5 8 3	3 5 8 1	5 3 8 1	8 3 5 1
1 8 3 5	3 8 1 5	5 8 1 3	8 5 1 3
1 8 5 3	3 8 5 1	5 8 3 1	8 5 3 1

To the above principal sounds, the Scotch add 2, which is about midway between 1. and 3., and which will be given from a string 30 inches long: also 6., which is a step above 5., and will be given from a string 20 inches long. Thus the Scotch Scale consists of only six numerals, making, from the lower to the upper sound of the scale, three regular steps, and two skips. This may account for the wild sweetness of Scotch airs.

Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, and all others who compose and write music, except the Scotch and Irish, unite the numerals 2. 4. 6. and 7. with the above principal sounds of the scale. Thus we have the Octave (eight notes) all of which will be given by strings of equal size and tension, but of lengths, as follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 numerals of the scale.
32, 30, 27, 24, 21, 20, 18, 16, lengths of the strings.

By carefully noticing and counting the vibrations made by the strings which will make the regular sounds of the natural scale, or even by listening to the sounds when sung by a correct voice; it will be seen that the steps made between the sounds differ in size. The step between three and four, and that between 7 and 8, are less than any other steps in the scale. Hence they are called half-steps. The following table exhibits the scale, the steps and half-steps, (*or intervals,*) the scientific names, and the musical names of the numerals.

1 *step.*	2 *step.*	3 ½ *step.*	4 *step*	5 *step.*	6 *step.*	7 ½ *step* 8
do,	ra,	me,	fa,	sole,	la,	se, do
Tonic.	Super-tonic.	Mediant.	Sub-dominant.	Dominant.	Sub-mediant.	Sub-tonic. Octave.

The names do, ra, &c., should always be applied to the numerals, because, by their euphony, they lead the student to a habit of correct intonation.

1. The *Tonic* means the key-note, the numeral to which all others in a tune stand most intimately related, the note which all ears expect to hear at the close of a piece of music.

2. *Super-tonic* means next above the tonic. (*Super*, above.)

3. *Mediant*, middle or half way between the tonic and the dominant.

4. *Sub-dominant*, next below the dominant. (*Sub*, under.)

5. *Dominant*, the governing note: so called because it is oftener used in tunes than any other note, generally precedes the tonic, and leads to a cadence.

6. *Sub-mediant*, middle between the octave and sub-dominant below.

7. *Sub-tonic*, next below the tonic; *and leading note*, because it leads to the tonic.

8. *Octave* is the tonic of the next scale above; the last of one scale and the commencement of another.

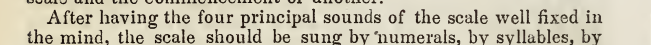
After having the four principal sounds of the scale well fixed in the mind, the scale should be sung by numerals, by syllables, by using the single syllable—ah, in double time, at least an hour every day by all students.

In numeral music, the parts of a tune are shown by letters at the commencement of each part. Thus, A stands for air, B for bass, C for counter, and D for double air (*tenor*.)

The middle scale lies between the lines of the staff, the lower scale below the lines, and the upper scale above them.

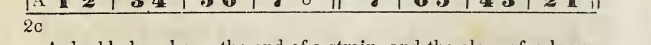
GRAND SCALE.

EXAMPLE 1. First or lowest *Altitude*, or *Key*, of the Grand Scale.



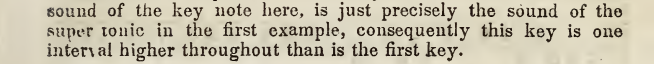
A double bar shows the end of a strain, and the close of a lesson or tune. The figure above the letter at the commencement of a lesson or tune, shows the altitude or key; and the capital letter adjoined, shows in what scale said lesson or tune is written. The above example is written in the first key, the key once thought to be most easy for all voices. The upper note of the scale above written is exactly given by a C Tuning Fork.

EXAMPLE 2.



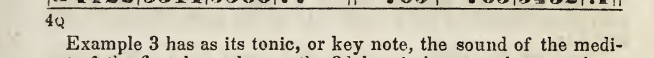
The above example is in the 2d key of the Grand Scale. The sound of the key note here, is just precisely the sound of the super tonic in the first example, consequently this key is one interval higher throughout than is the first key.

EXAMPLE 3.



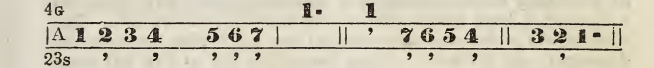
Example 3 has as its tonic, or key note, the sound of the mediant of the first key; hence the 3d key is just two degrees above the first key throughout.

EXAMPLE 4.



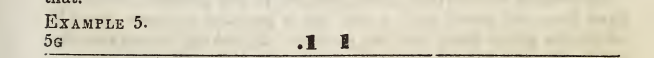
The key note of the 4th key has the same sound the sub-dominant of the 1st key has; and this key is just 3 degrees higher than that.

EXAMPLE 5.



The dominant of the 1st key has the same pitch with the key note of the 5th key.

EXAMPLE 6.



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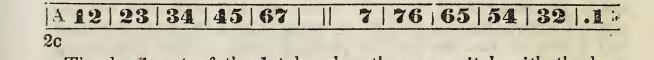
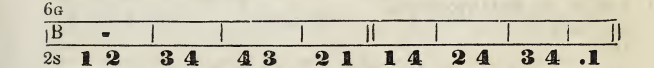


In examples 6 and 7, the music is written on the bass staff, because very few would be able to sing it, were it written on the air (treble) staff. The key note in the above examples is the last note in example 7, and has the pitch of the sub-mediant in the 1st key, so this key is 5 degrees higher than that.

EXAMPLE 8.



EXAMPLE 9.

7G

|B | 1 1 | 1 | || 1 2 3 | 4 5 4 | .3 2 | .1- ||

3c 5 6 6 7 7 6 .5-

The two examples above are written in the 7th key; and, for the same reasons with examples 6 and 7, on the bass staff. The key note is the last note in example 9, and is of the same pitch with the sub-tonic of the 1st key. It is six degrees higher than that key.

There are, in reality, no more than seven keys. Musicians have, for the sake of instrumentation, so mystified the science as to have no 7th key at all in round or patent notes; but, by means of what they term *incidental* flats and sharps, they have invented a number of keys which have no existence in point of fact. The student will please remember that all true principles of science are *discovered*, not invented. Many inventions are *useless*, but some are *useful*, among which we rank the

PLAINTIVE SCALE.

As woman was derived from man, so is the plaintive scale derived from the grand scale; and has a peculiar softness about it which the grand scale does not possess. By taking the sub-mediant 6, the 3d numeral below the tonic, as a key note, and ascending to 6 above, we find that by sharping 5, so as to bring it within half a step of six, we have a pleasing scale. Then descending from 6 above the dominant to 6 below the tonic, we find the scale most pleasing without the sharp. In numeral music, S stands for sharp, F for flat, and N for natural. Below is the 1st key, or altitude of the Plaintive Scale.

EXAMPLE 10.

1P

|A 1 | 2 3 | 4 s5 | 6 || 6 | 5 4 | 3 2 | 1 ||

2s 6 7 7 6

In the above scale, the octave, that is the upper 6, or la, has the same pitch with the sub-mediant in the 1st key of the grand scale. The peculiar softness of the plaintive scale arises, principally, from the fact that it is only one step and a half from the tonic, (**6.**) to the mediant, (**1.**) in the plaintive scale; while in the grand scale it is two full steps from the tonic, (**1.**) to the mediant, (**3.**) We shall see this more fully when we come to study the size of intervals which exceed the size of half steps and steps.

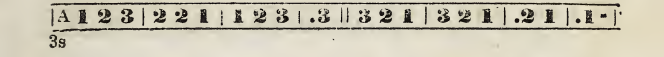
EXAMPLE 11.

1G

|A -1 2 | -2 1 | 2 2 | .1 || 3 2 | 2 3 | 3 2 | .1 ||

2c

EXAMPLE 12.



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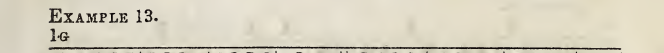
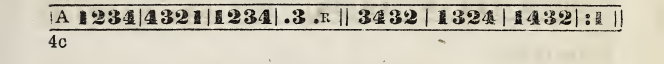
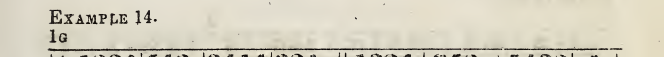


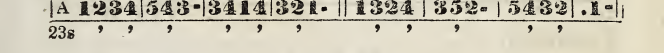
EXAMPLE 14.



EXAMPLE 15.



EXAMPLE 16.



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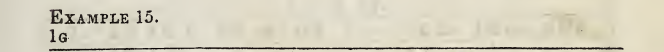

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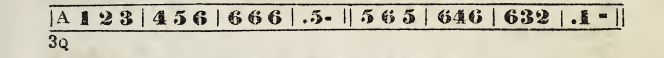

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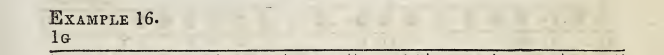

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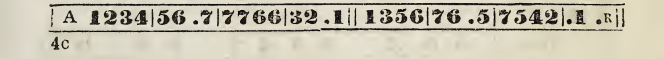

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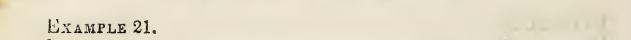
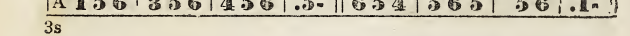


EXAMPLE 22.

EXAMPLE 23.



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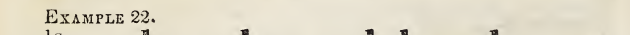

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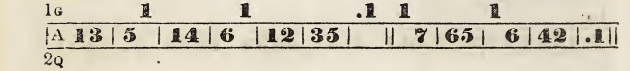

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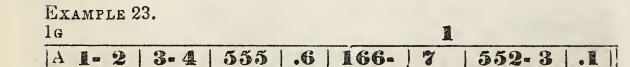
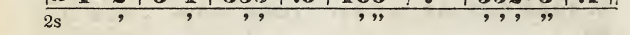


EXAMPLE 27



EXTENSION OF THE SCALE.

EXAMPLE 28

EXAMPLE 29.

1G

|B 1 | | | :1 || 132 | 1 | | :1 |

4c 765 54.3 3457 7 6.5 5-567

EXAMPLE 30.

1G 1 12.3 531

|A135 | | 6|:5 || 5-63-4 | 2- .1 | 135 | :1 |

4c , , 5 7

INTERVALS.

A half step is a Minor Second. A whole step is a Major Second.

EXAMPLE 31.

1G 1 .1

|A 1 2 | 2 3 | 3 4 | 4 5 | 5 6 | 6 7 | 7 |

2c ma ma mi ma ma ma mi

EXAMPLE 32.

1P

|A 6 5 | 5 4 | 4 3 | 3 2 | 2 1 | 1 | |

2c ma ma mi ma ma mi 7 7 6 .6
ma

A whole step and a half constitute a Minor Third : two whole steps a Major Third.

EXAMPLE 33.

1G 1 2 .1

|A 1 3 | 2 4 | 3 5 | 4 6 | 5 7 | 6 | 7 |

2c ma mi mi ma ma mi mi

EXAMPLE 34.

1P

|A 1 | 2 | 1 3 | 2 4 | 3 5 | 4 6 | 6 s 5 | .6 |

2s 6 7 mi ma mi mi ma
mi

A Perfect Fourth is 2 steps and a half ; a Sharp Fourth consists of 3 steps.

EXAMPLE 35.

1G 1 2 3 :1

|A 1 4 | 2 5 | 3 6 | 4 7 | 5 | 6 | 7 |

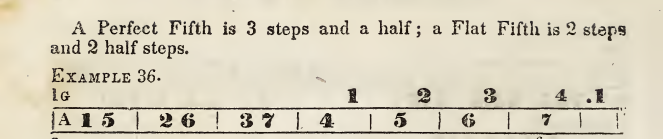
2c p p p s p p p
3 2 1

| 7 | 6 | 5 | 7 4 | 6 3 | 5 2 | 4 1 | : 1 |

2c p p p s p p p

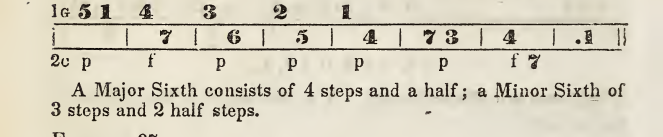
A Perfect Fifth is 3 steps and a half; a Flat Fifth is 2 steps and 2 half steps.

EXAMPLE 36.



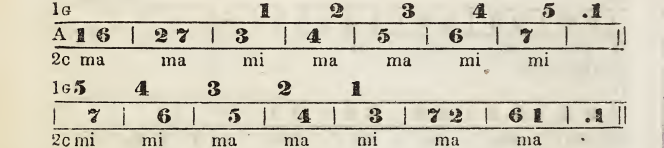
A Major Sixth consists of 4 steps and a half; a Minor Sixth of 3 steps and 2 half steps.

EXAMPLE 37.



A Flat Seventh consists of 4 steps and 2 half steps; a Sharp Seventh of 5 steps and 1 half step.

EXAMPLE 38.



A unison is a repetition of the same note. An Octave is a perfect interval of 5 steps and 2 half steps. Perfect intervals are such as perfectly satisfy the ear. They are the Unison, the Octave, the Fifth, and the Fourth.

The Ninth is the Tonic	(1)	and the Octave of the				Super-tonic.	(2)
The Tenth	"	"	(")	"	"	"	Mediant.	(3)
The Eleventh	"	"	(")	"	"	"	Sub-dominant.	(4)
The Twelfth	"	"	(")	"	"	"	Dominant.	(5)
The Thirteenth	"	"	(")	"	"	"	Sub-mediant.	(6)
The Fourteenth	"	"	(")	"	"	"	Sub-tonic.	(7)

The Fifteenth is the double octave, &c.

There are also superfluous intervals, caused by the introduction of flats and sharps into a tune; in order to understand which, we may first notice an artificial scale called the

CHROMATIC SCALE.

EXAMPLE 39.

1c 1 .1

| 1 s 1 | 2 s 2 | 3 4 | 4 s 4 | 5 s 5 | 6 s 6 | 7 | ||

1

| | 7 F 7 | 6 F 6 | 5 F 5 | 4 3 | 3 F 3 | 2 F 2 | .1 ||

2c

The letter S before a numeral raises it a half step, and changes the termination of the syllable to ee. F before a note flats or depresses it a half step, and changes the termination to a, except the syllable ra, which it changes to aw. A sharp or flat affects all the same syllables which follow in the measure; also the syllables in following measures if no other syllable intervene. A natural restores a numeral to its primitive sound and name.

A *superfluous second*	consists	of	a step and a	*chromatic*	half	step.
A *superfluous third*	"	"	two steps	"	"	"
A *diminished third*	"	"	half step	"	"	"
A *diminished fourth*	"	"	one step, one half and a		"	"
A *superfluous fifth*	"	"	three steps	"	"	"
A *superfluous sixth*	"	"	four steps	"	"	"
A *diminished sixth*	"	"	two steps, two	"	"	"
A *diminished seventh*	"	"	three steps	"	"	"

SUPERFLUOUS INTERVALS are major intervals with the upper steps sharped, or the lower steps flatted.

DIMINISHED INTERVALS are minor intervals with the upper steps flatted or the lower steps sharped.

SHARPED INTERVALS have their upper steps sharped.

FLATTED INTERVALS have their upper steps flatted.

IMPERFECT INTERVALS are such as are not entirely satisfactory to the ear.

THE SMALLEST INTERVAL lies between a sharped step below and a flatted step next above, as from s 2 to F 3. It is called a quarter step.

INVERSION OF INTERVALS is transposing a note from below and placing it above any given note. Thus a unison may become an octave, a major interval may become minor, &c.

INVERSION.

Direct.	Inverted.	Direct.	Inverted.
unison,	octave,	octave,	unison,
second,	seventh,	seventh,	second,
third,	sixth,	sixth,	third,
fourth,	fifth,	fifth,	fourth.

2

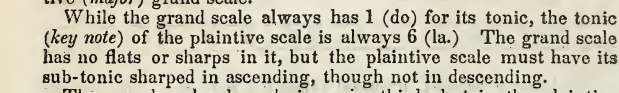
It is important that the student should be well versed in the knowledge of intervals, in order to understand the distinctive character of the (*minor*) Plaintive scale.

The plaintive scale is always a minor third lower than its relative (*major*) grand scale.

While the grand scale always has 1 (do) for its tonic, the tonic (*key note*) of the plaintive scale is always 6 (la.) The grand scale has no flats or sharps in it, but the plaintive scale must have its sub-tonic sharped in ascending, though not in descending.

The grand scale abounds in major thirds, but in the plaintive scale the thirds are minor; the sixths and sevenths may generally be minor also in the plaintive scale.

EXAMPLE 40.



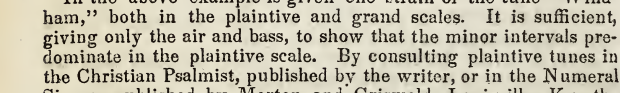
EXAMPLE 41.

In the above example is given one strain of the tune "Windham," both in the plaintive and grand scales. It is sufficient, giving only the air and bass, to show that the minor intervals predominate in the plaintive scale. By consulting plaintive tunes in the Christian Psalmist, published by the writer, or in the Numeral Singer, published by Morton and Griswold, Louisville, Ky., the difference between the plaintive and grand scales can be most clearly seen.

ORNAMENTS

Are numerals, and characters, and letters, sometimes introduced into a tune to give graceful expression to certain passages, but they do not belong to the harmony of the tune.

EXAMPLE 42.



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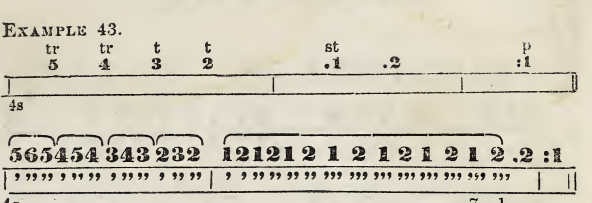


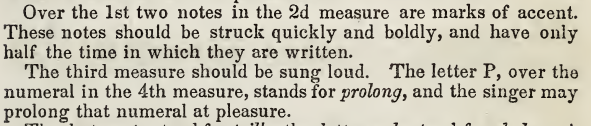
In the 42d example, *leaning notes* occur in the first half of the first measure, and transient or passing notes in the last half of that measure. A *leaning note* should be sounded but not pronounced, and have half the time of the note which follows; while a passing note has one-fourth the time of the note which precedes it, and should be sounded but not pronounced.

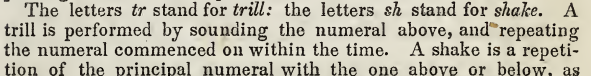
Over the 1st two notes in the 2d measure are marks of accent. These notes should be struck quickly and boldly, and have only half the time in which they are written.

The third measure should be sung loud. The letter P, over the numeral in the 4th measure, stands for *prolong*, and the singer may prolong that numeral at pleasure.

The letters *tr* stand for *trill:* the letters *sh* stand for *shake.* A trill is performed by sounding the numeral above, and repeating the numeral commenced on within the time. A shake is a repetition of the principal numeral with the one above or below, as often as the singer chooses within the proper time. The upper staffs of examples 42 and 43 show how the music is written; the lower staffs show how it may be sung. The word "*soft*" means, in numeral music, precisely what it says. The words *swell, increase, diminish, very loud, very soft,* &c., are generally understood, and suit an American work much better than *Crescendo, Diminuendo, Fortissimo,* &c., &c.

EXAMPLE 44.





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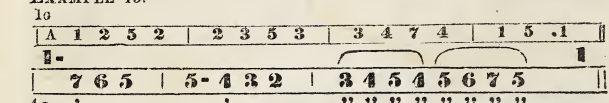

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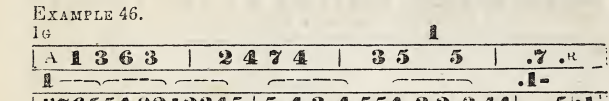

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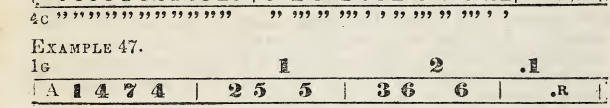

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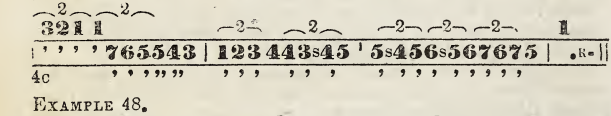
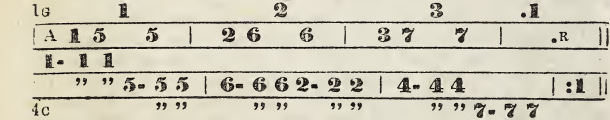
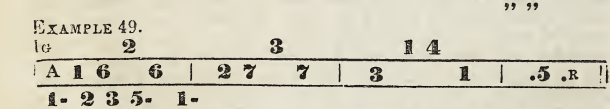


Example 49.



Example 50.



ARTICULATION.

Singers should never perform as if they had their mouths partly filled with hot mush, but should articulate so clearly as to pronounce every word distinctly. Many there are, who, by joining the consonant of the last word with the vowel commencing the next, so make a new word that never had an existence except in their singing. Hence their singing cannot be understood. They make much sound and noise, but the listeners hear no manifestations of sense. I have listened, while these fashionable mouthing-drawling singers would go through with an entire hymn, without being able to catch a single verse. They present to the ear what the man presented to the eye, who wrote the following as an excuse, to a teacher, for a lad who missed a day from school:

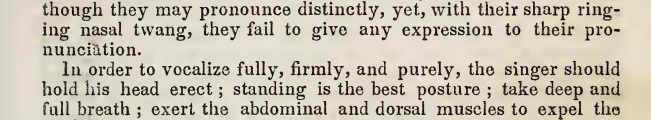
"Staidathomeadiggingtaters."

Others there are whose voices lie mostly in their noses; and, though they may pronounce distinctly, yet, with their sharp ringing nasal twang, they fail to give any expression to their pronunciation.

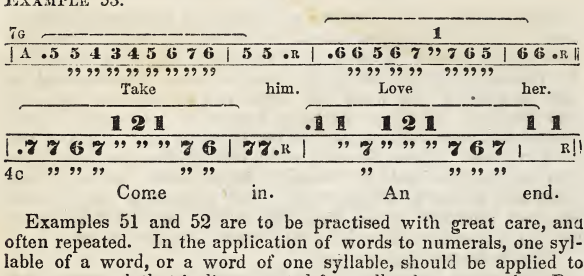
In order to vocalize fully, firmly, and purely, the singer should hold his head erect; standing is the best posture; take deep and full breath; exert the abdominal and dorsal muscles to expel the sound through the throat, and never begin one word till the preceding is completely articulated. Students should commence vocalizing with the teeth far enough apart to set 4 fingers, edgewise, between them; and always have them far enough apart to admit one finger freely.

Thus the student will avoid all labial, dental, and nasal sounds. After a free, full, certain, and pure tone is acquired, the student may turn his attention to the sentiments of the words he sings. The marks, characters, words, &c., added to the tune will aid somewhat in acquiring the ELOCUTION of music, but a singer must depend mostly on his own judgment. Every singer, like every orator, should have his own STYLE in singing; and there are no two verses, perhaps, in any hymn or song, that should be sung precisely in the same style. Common sense must determine when and where the voice should be grave or cheerful in tone.

EXAMPLE 51.



EXAMPLE 53.



Examples 51 and 52 are to be practised with great care, and often repeated. In the application of words to numerals, one syllable of a word, or a word of one syllable, should be applied to every numeral that is disconnected from all other numerals. But when numerals are tied together, all the numerals so tied are applied to one syllable. In the above examples, there are ten numerals and five beats to the first word, and one numeral and one beat to the second word, in each two measures. The student should articulate all the numerals on first practising the above, then articulate only the first, but sound all the rest. In applying the words, do not sing markit, but mark it; not takall, but take all, &c.

HARMONY

Is the third grand division of the science of music. It treats of the arrangement of sounds so as to form chords, and of the agreeable progression of those chords. While Melody is the gift of nature, Harmony is to be acquired by art. Any person can learn to harmonize a melody, while to originate a melody requires an effort of genius not possessed by all. Sounds which differ in pitch, when heard together, produce either an agreeable or a disagreeable effect on the ear. If agreeable, we say the sounds constitute a CHORD. If disagreeable, we call it a DISCORD. Some chords are more disagreeable than others. Hence, we have *perfect chords* and *imperfect chords*. COMMON CHORDS are those which embrace none but consonant intervals, and consist of a fundamental numeral, its third, its fifth, and usually its octave. Every numeral of the scale may have its common chord, its major chord, its minor chord, and its imperfect chord.

Perfect chords and common chords are the same.

Direct chords have the fundamental numeral the lowest.

Major chords are direct chords, whose essential interval is major

Minor chords are direct chords, whose essential interval is minor.

Imperfect chords are those which, though not discordant, do not entirely please the ear.

Inverted chords are those which have the fundamental numeral transposed into the upper parts. If the lowest numeral in the chord be the 1st numeral of the chord (*or the third*) above the fundamental numeral, it is called the 1st inversion; if the 1st numeral in the chord be the 2d numeral of the chord, (*or the fifth*) it is called the 2d inversion, and so on.

COMMON CHORDS.

EXAMPLE 53.

5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5
3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1
Tonic.	Super T.	Mediant.	Sub D.	Dom.	Sub M.	Sub T.	Tonic.

Above are given the chord of the tonic, super-tonic, and mediant, all of which lie within one scale; and the sub-dominant, dominant, sub-mediant, and sub-tonic, which last, in this arrangement, go out of the 1st scale up into the 2d. The above are called *close chords*, because they have the *fundamental* numeral lowest, the *third* in the middle, and the *fifth* the highest.

The chord of the tonic is a major chord, because its *first* or *lower* third is major. So are the chords of the sub-dominant and dominant.

The chords of the super-tonic, mediant, and sub-mediant are minor chords, because their *lower* or *first* third is minor.

The chord of the sub-tonic is an *imperfect chord*, because it consists of a third and a false or flat fifth, that is, of two minor thirds. It is ranked, by some, among the discords, but not so by all musicians. However, it must always be followed by a perfect chord.

The above chords may be inverted thus:

EXAMPLE 54.

5	1	3	6	2	4
3	5	1	4	6	2
1	3	5	2	4	6
Tonic.	1st In.	2d In.	Super T.	1st In.	2d In.

They may also be dispersed, and placed in positions as follows:

EXAMPLE 55.

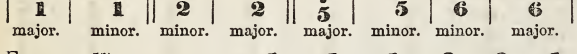
3	5	1	5	7	3
5	1	3	7	3	5
1	3	5	3	5	7
1st Position.	2d P.	3d P.	1st P.	2d P.	3d P.

In the 1st position of a *dispersed* chord, the fundamental is lowest, the fifth in the middle, and the third highest. In the 2d position, the 3d is lowest, the 1st is in the middle, and the 5th is highest. In the 3d position, the dominant is below, the mediant in the middle, and the tonic above.

A major chord is changed into a minor chord by flatting its lower third; and a minor chord is changed into a major chord by sharping its lower third.

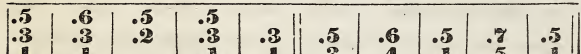
EXAMPLE 56.

EXAMPLE 57.



2s.

EXAMPLE 58.



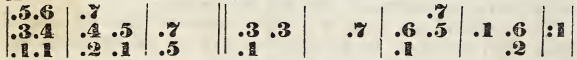
4c

The student should study the above chords so as to be able to tell which is perfect, which imperfect, direct, dispersed, &c.

DISCORDS

Are those chords which are, more or less, unpleasant to the ear. The chord of the 7th (sub-tonic) is least offensive, and enters most largely into musical composition. All other discords should be *prepared* by having the discordant numeral appear in the preceding concord, and all discords should be resolved by having a concord to follow immediately.

EXAMPLE 59.

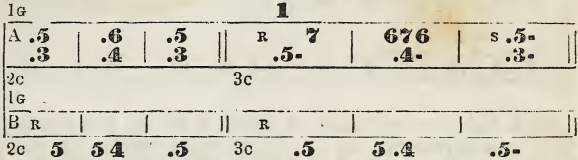


4c

The 2d, 7th and 9th are naturally discordant, and any note in the scale may be made artificially discordant, by using it in a discordant relation to any other note. The major second may be

resolved by any concord except the octave: the minor second should be resolved into the 3d.

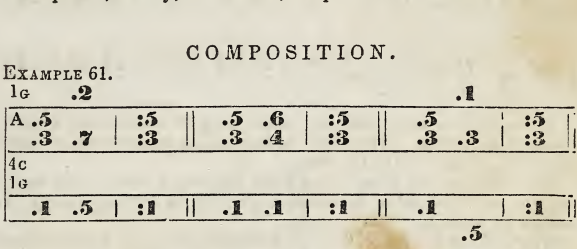
EXAMPLE 60.



In Ex 60, the discord of the major second, which occurs in the 2d measure, is prepared by the dominant occurring in the first measure, and resolved into the full chord of the mediant in the 3d measure. In the triple measure, the minor second is prepared by the octave and 6th, and resolved by the chord of the 3d. The discord of the 9th has been treated of; the discord of the 9th is the octave of the 2d, and should be treated in like manner. Having thus spoken, briefly, of discords, we proceed to consider

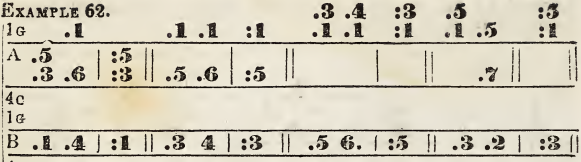
COMPOSITION.

EXAMPLE 61.



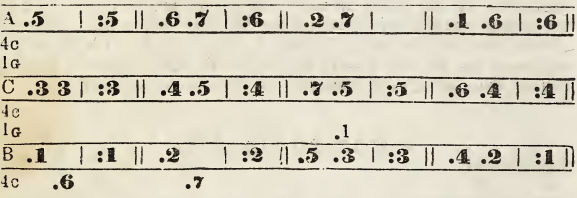
In the above example, the 5th is the fundamental numeral of the 2d chord; and each succeeding chord has 5 of the preceding chords as its fundamental numeral. Hence, any chord may be followed by a chord constituted on its *fifth*. The chord of the *fifth* is called the DOMINANT chord. The fundamental notes of the above chords are as follows: 1st, the tonic; 2d, the dominant, or 5th above; 3d, the tonic, or 5th below; 4th, the tonic again; 5th, the sub-dominant, or 5th below the tonic; 6th, the tonic, or 5th above the sub-dominant; 7th, the tonic again; 8th, the dominant, or 5th dispersed; 9th, the tonic, or 5th below the dominant chord. The dominant chord, or chords, always lead us to expect the chord of the tonic, and is, therefore, called the LEADING CHORD.

EXAMPLE 62.



From the above succession of chords, it may be seen that any chord may be followed by a chord based on its *fourth*. The chord of the fourth is called the RELATIVE MAJOR, or *sub-dominant chord*.

EXAMPLE 63.



Example 63 teaches that any chord may be followed by a chord founded on its 6th. The chord of the 6th, or *sub-mediant*, is called the RELATIVE MINOR chord.

The *tonic*, or key note, is the most important note in the scale; and the tonic chord is the most important in writing tunes. It occurs 15 times in "Old Hundred."

The *fifth*, or dominant, is next in importance; and the dominant chord occurs more frequently in tunes than any other, except the tonic chord. It is found 9 times in "Old Hundred."

The *fourth*, or sub-dominant, is next in importance and use.

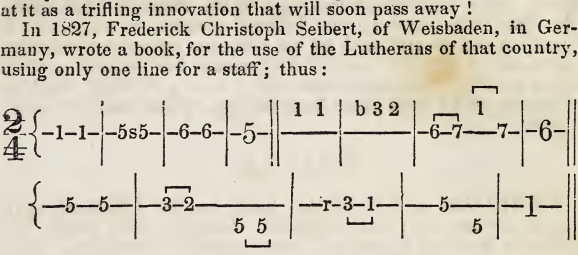
The *sixth*, or sub-mediant, the principal chord of the relative minor key, is the 3d in relative importance to the tonic.

THOROUGH BASS

Is a numeral system of music; but without any marks to denote the length of the numerals. It was invented in 1605, and was always considered, by eminent musicians, a most useful invention. And yet, after near 250 years, there are some musicians

who pretend to be too scientific to sing numeral music, and sneer at it as a trifling innovation that will soon pass away!

In 1827, Frederick Christoph Seibert, of Weisbaden, in Germany, wrote a book, for the use of the Lutherans of that country, using only one line for a staff; thus:

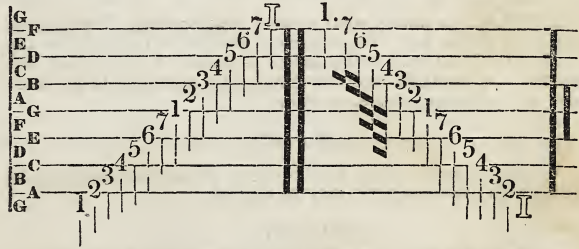


The upper figure to the left of the *brace* shows the key, and the lower figure shows that a quarter numeral has one beat. The plain medium figure is a quarter note, the large figure is a half numeral, and the eighth numeral is known by a stem and a dash. The letters r, s, and b, stand for *rest*, *sharp*, and *flat*.

Day and Beall, of Boston, have, within a few years past, taken out a patent for a system very similar to the above.

Pease and others have systems more like Professor T. Harrison's system; and all the above use certain marks, as commas, dashes, periods, hyphens, &c., to show the length of the notes.

I have lately received the *Phonetic Class-book*, by Alexander Hall, who writes his music on what he calls a "full staff; thus:



In the 10th century of the Christian Era, eight and nine lines were used as a staff, so that Mr. Hall's staff is not so full as others have been. He states, in his "Defence of the Phonetic System of Music," that the idea of "open and shut figures," seems not to have suggested itself to the minds of some of the great musical reformers of modern times. Now I cannot answer for the "great musical reformers," nor do I know to whom Mr. Hall refers; but

I recollect distinctly that an old lady suggested that identical idea to me, years before the appearance of the Phonetic Class-Book. Mr. Hall is an energetic and talented christian preacher, and I doubt not that he will, both by his influence and energy, advance the cause of numeral music. And, should the phonetic system obtain generally, the paper-makers will rejoice in being required to furnish vastly more paper for musical purposes than they do at present.

SCALES.

The first scale used in written music was the *tetrachord*, next the *pentachord*, then the *hexachord*. Seventy years before the Christian Era, the *heptachord*, or two conjunct tetrachords, came into use: and, perhaps about the year 100, two disjunct tetrachords making our present *octave*, obtained, and has been in use ever since.

Solmization means giving names to notes or numerals while singing them. The Greeks used the syllables *tah, tee, to, tay* in solmization. In the 11th century, Guido, a monk of Aretino, invented the use of the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la* in solmization. The Italians substituted *do* in the place of *ut*, and the French added the syllable *si*, thus perfecting the solmization of the octave, which, for centuries gone by, has entirely superseded the hexachordic solmization of Guido.

CADENCE.

A *cadence* is in music what a pause is in reading. It gives rest and relief to the ear. An imperfect cadence is the chord of the dominant, often found at the end of a strain. A perfect cadence is where the tune falls from the chord of the dominant to the common or tonic chord, and there ends.

CHANT,

A kind of melody half way between talking and singing, to which either verse or prose may be applied.

CANTO,

The Italian for *song*. If the author had either time or space, and the reader were willing to pay for rubbish, a great many barbarous and useless mystifications might be translated into plain English.

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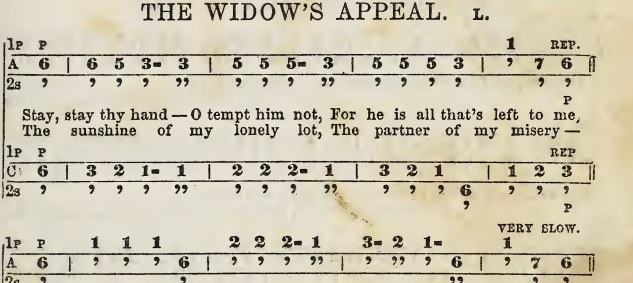
THE WIDOW'S APPEAL. L.


1P P 1 REP.
A 6 | 6 5 3- 3 | 5 5 5- 3 | 5 5 5 3 | 7 6
2s
P
Stay, stay thy hand — O tempt him not, For he is all that's left to me,
The sunshine of my lonely lot, The partner of my misery —
1P P REP
C 6 | 3 2 1- 1 | 2 2 2- 1 | 3 2 1 | 1 2 3
2s 6
P
VERY SLOW.
1P P 1 1 1 2 2 2- 1 3- 2 1- 1
A 6 | 6 | 7 6
2s
My youngest born, His father's pride — O, tempt him not, Take all beside.
1P P VERY SLOW.
C 3 | 5 5 5 3 | 5 5 5- 3 | 6- 5 3- 2 | 1 2 3
2s

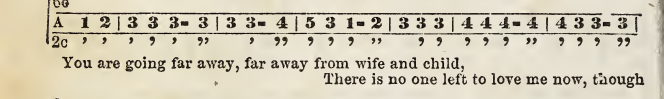
2 Take all beside, but leave my boy,
Nor tempt him with the accursed bowl;
He is the widow's only joy,
The solace of her troubled soul!
Father and friend Thy victim fell — | O spare the boy I love so well.

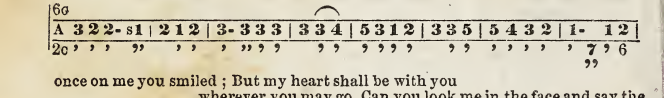
3 Thrice have I seen the cold grave yawn,
And swallow, in its darkest gloom,
The forms I 've loved from earliest dawn —
And thou, alas, didst seal their doom,
The tempting bowl Thy hand didst hold, | And all was done For paltry gold.

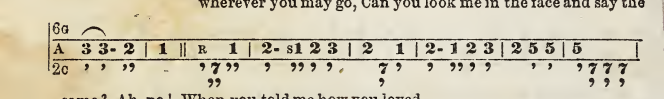
4 Those painful scenes I can forget,
This bruised heart can heal again;
And burning tears shall no more wet
These pallid cheeks so sunk with pain:
All is forgiven If thou 'lt but swear, | By thy hope of heaven, Thou wilt forbear.

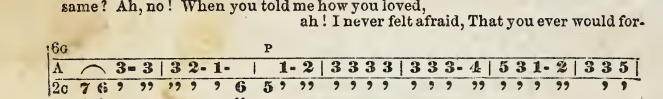
5 And tempt no more my darling boy
To taste those bitter dregs of woe,
No more the mother's peace destroy,
But onward let thy footsteps go,
To seek the lost, | And joy shall crown
From virtue's ways, | Thy future days!

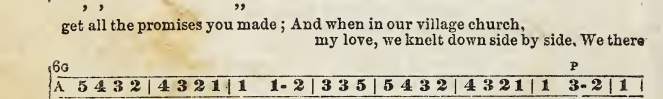
JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.


6G
A 1 2 | 3 3 3- 3 | 3 3- 4 | 5 3 1- 2 | 3 3 3 | 4 4 4- 4 | 4 3 3- 3 |
2c
You are going far away, far away from wife and child,
There is no one left to love me now, though


6G
A 3 2 2- s1 | 2 1 2 | 3- 3 3 3 | 3 3 4 | 5 3 1 2 | 3 3 5 | 5 4 3 2 | 1- 12 |
2c 7 6
once on me you smiled ; But my heart shall be with you
wherever you may go, Can you look me in the face and say the



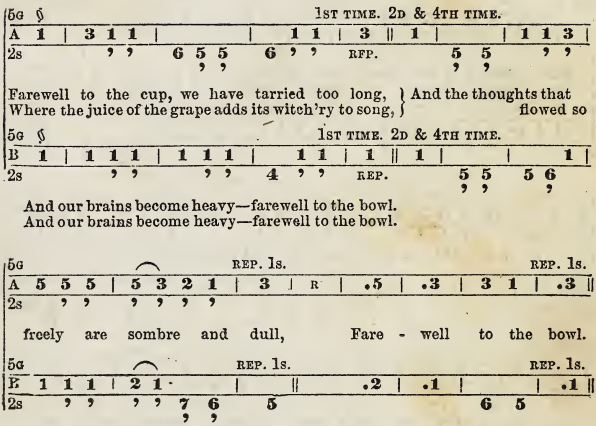

6G
P
A 3- 3 | 3 2- 1- | 1- 2 | 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3- 4 | 5 3 1- 2 | 3 3 5 |
2c 7 6 6 5
get all the promises you made ; And when in our village church,
my love, we knelt down side by side. We there


6G
P
A 5 4 3 2 | 4 3 2 1 | 1 1- 2 | 3 3 5 | 5 4 3 2 | 4 3 2 1 | 1 3- 2 | 1 |
2c 7 7
vowed to love each other true, and I became your bride,
We there vowed to love each other true, and I became your bride.

2 But how changed the scene since then, and you still keep drinking on,
Never thinking if it kills you my happiness is gone;
You've been drinking all the day — ah I never thought to see
The time that you would use me so — what will become of me?
If you would give up drink, and for pleasure cease to roam,
You'd have no hungry, sickly child, nor weeping wife at home;
We should live at home in peace, and you know it would be right;
So stay at home, my husband dear, and don't go out to-night.

FAREWELL TO THE CUP.

AIR — *New Home.*


5G
1ST TIME. 2D & 4TH TIME.
REP.
Farewell to the cup, we have tarried too long,
Where the juice of the grape adds its witch'ry to song,
And the thoughts that flowed so
1ST TIME. 2D & 4TH TIME.
And our brains become heavy—farewell to the bowl.
And our brains become heavy—farewell to the bowl.
REP. 1s.
REP. 1s.
freely are sombre and dull, Fare - well to the bowl.
REP. 1s.
REP. 1s.

2 No longer the eye beams with intellect's fires,
No longer the tongue fancy's power inspires;
But flushed is the brow and degraded the soul,
And our minds have departed — farewell to the bowl.

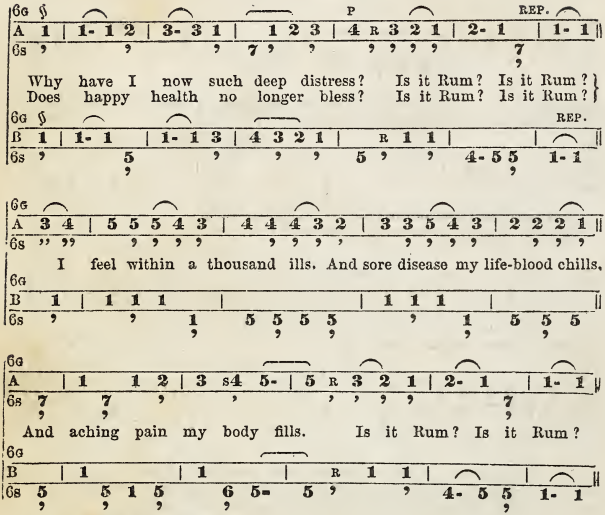
3 Oh, tarry no longer where joy flies away,
And the heart and the soul lose their richest array,
Where eye mocketh eye, as unmeaning they roll,
And the tongue whispers folly — farewell to the bowl

4 Oh, think if the maiden who smiles in thine eyes,
Once saw thy proud mind in this shameful disguise;
How her heart would reject thee, how sadly her soul
Would pity and leave thee — oh, flee from the bowl.

5 O think, ere the moment of thinking is past,
And the chains of the mighty upon thee are cast,
Return — ere the iron shall enter the soul,
And thy whole life beside be — a curse on the bowl.

REFLECTION.

AIR — *All is Well.*


Why have I now such deep distress? Is it Rum? Is it Rum?
Does happy health no longer bless? Is it Rum? Is it Rum?
REP.
I feel within a thousand ills. And sore disease my life-blood chills,
And aching pain my body fills. Is it Rum? Is it Rum?

What is it makes my children sad?
Is it rum? Is it rum?
They are no longer laughing glad;
Is it rum? Is it rum?
Now they have only rags to wear,
And scanty is the bread they share.
Oh, why so hard their lot and fare?
Is it rum? Is it rum?

3 What is it makes their mother mourn?
Is it rum? Is it rum?
Why is her heart with sorrow torn?
Is it rum? Is it rum?
What makes her midnight vigils keep?
Why, why does she so often weep,
'Mid restless nights and broken sleep?
Is it rum? Is it rum?

4 Oh, what has cursed my happy home?
Is it rum? Is it rum?
So far from virtue made me roam?
Is it rum? Is it rum?
If it be rum, enough for me,
I from its thrall will quickly flee;
I'll sign the pledge, and will be free!
Free from rum! Free from rum!

THE TEA PARTY.

AIR. — *Wallace.* *Tune on page* 234.

1 Friends of sweet and social glee,
Friends of true hilarity,
Friends of peace and harmony,
Join our social band.

2 Rude uproarious revelry
Dire and drunken deviltry.
Hence forever banish'd be
From our native land.

3 Sire and son together join,
Peer and peasant intertwine,
Prince and people now combine,
A patriotic throng.

4 Feast of reason, flow of soul,
Supersede the madd'ning bowl,
While instructive precepts roll
From each gladdened tongue.

5 Brandish'd arm and phrenzied eye,
Loud and reckless blasphemy,
Force no more the deep-fetched sigh
From our faithful wives.

6 Pure, refin'd domestic bliss,
Social meetings such as this,
Banish sorrow, cares dismiss,
And cheer all our lives.

7 The temp'rance flag is now unfurl'd;
May it float around the world,
Till the foe is headlong hurl'd
From all mortal sight.

8 Drive the demon from his stand,
Spurn the foe from every land,
Sink him — crush him — heart and hand,
Down to endless night.

SWEET HOME.

Tune on page 121.

1 From scenes of confusion, distraction, and strife,
How sweet to return to the comforts of life,
Discard dissipation, and find in its room
The sweet conversation and pleasures of home.

2 No longer the victim of fraud and deceit,
Nor common disturber of alley or street;
No longer deluded by bubbles and foam,
But sweetly secluded in quiet at home.

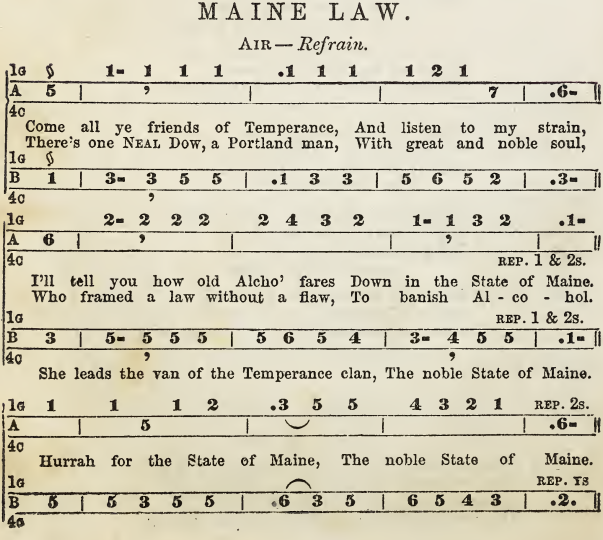
3 How cheering the welcome of partner or child,
No more of their daily subsistence despoiled;
Forgetting privations to others unknown,
In congratulations for present sweet home!

4 True temperance habits, with piety join'd,
Bring health to the body and peace to the mind,
For which to the tavern as vainly we roam,
As into a tavern, for comforts of home.

5 And may the enjoyments of temperance prove
A foretaste of brighter and better above,
Where through mediation the faithful shall come
And, free from temptation, make heaven their home.

MAINE LAW.

AIR — *Refrain.*


Come all ye friends of Temperance, And listen to my strain,
There's one NEAL DOW, a Portland man, With great and noble soul,
I'll tell you how old Alcho' fares Down in the State of Maine.
Who framed a law without a flaw, To banish Al - co - hol.
REP. 1 & 2s.
She leads the van of the Temperance clan, The noble State of Maine.
Hurrah for the State of Maine, The noble State of Maine.
REP. 2s.
REP. 1s

2 This great Maine law, with its huge paw,
Has laid the *rummies* low;
Their Brandy Kegs and Demijohns
Do helter skelter go.
It makes the *critter* bite the dust.
And not the souls of men,
And bids the vender of the stuff,
Work for some noble end.
Hurrah for the State of Maine, &c.

3 The complicated License Laws,
We've had so long in vogue,
Are nothing more than play things for
The lawyer and the rogue.
They'd twist and turn them at their will,
To suit their wicked plan,
And leave unwhipped of justice all
The scoundrels in the land.
Hurrah for the State of Maine, &c.

4 But this great law of which I sing,
Has wonder working power;
Just get it in our statute books,
The victory is ours.
The lawyers, cannot quibble round
Its language plain and clear;
'T will clear the track of the *rummy* pack;
If we adopt it here.
Hurrah for the State of Maine, &c.

5 So, now good sons of Rechabite,
And Washingtonians, too,
Gird on the armor for the fight,
And put the Maine law through;
And let all the Western daughters
Of brave old Uncle Sam,
Be next to back up sister Maine,
In this new Temperance plan.
Hurrah for the State of Maine, &c.

DRUNKARD'S APPEAL.

[*From the Journal of the A. T. Union.*]

AIR — *Home, Sweet Home.*

A way-worn inebriate an exile from home,
O'er wretchedness brooding, asks, why do I roam?
My head silvered o'er, my sun nearly set,
To reform I had thought there was time enough yet
Time, time, — time enough yet —
To reform I had thought there was time enough yet.

Surely never was bondage like that which I feel,
With the demon, Strong Drink, my senses now reel,
My brain is on fire, and no better I get;
O! too long have I revelled on, time enough yet.
Time, time, &c.

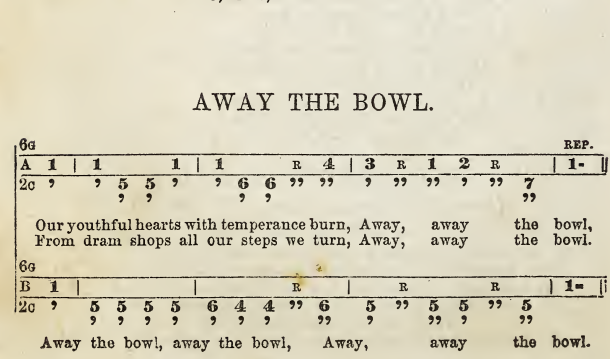
Once honor and virtue were my chief delight,
Kind friends sweetly smiled, and my pathway was bright;
But ah! the sad custom to drink when we met
Soon beggared my child, and the wife I love yet.
Time, time, &c.

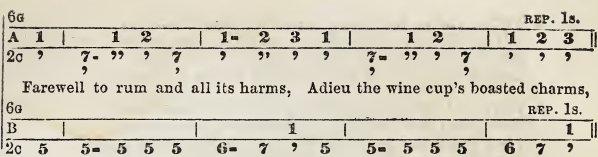
The pledge oft presented, at last I did sign,
Resolved on forsaking the maddening wine;
Vile comrades surrounded, temptations beset,
I drank — became drunken — and so I am yet.
Time, time, &c.

O ye who have power, put away the foul drink!
Washingtonians! press onward, O! faint not, nor shrink;
Fresh graves daily open, with widows' tears wet!
O say not, O think not, there 's time enough yet.
Time, time, &c.

Till every slain brother will rise and be free,
And earth shall re-echo the blest jubilee;
When Alcohol's legions we 've every where met,
Shall cease to oppose, crying time enough yet.
Time, time, &c.

AWAY THE BOWL.

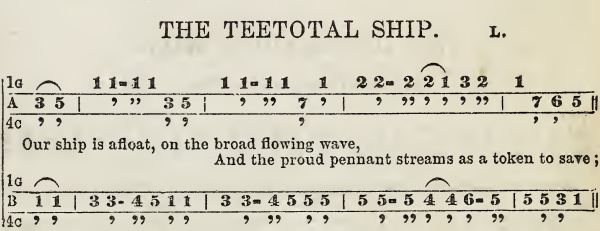

6G
REP.
A 1 | 1 1 | 1 R 4 | 3 R 1 2 R | 1-
2c ' ' 5 5 ' ' 6 6 " " ' " " ' " 7
Our youthful hearts with temperance burn, Away, away the bowl,
From dram shops all our steps we turn, Away, away the bowl.
6G
B 1 | R R R | 1=
2c ' 5 5 5 5 6 4 4 " 6 5 " 5 5 " 5
Away the bowl, away the bowl, Away, away the bowl.

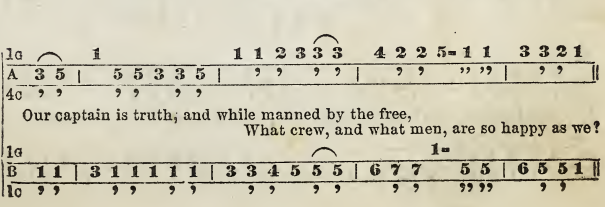


2 See how that staggering drunkard reels,
Away, away the bowl;
Alas! the misery he reveals,
Away, away the bowl.
His children grieve, his wife in tears,
How sad his once bright home appears;
Away the bowl, away the bowl,
Away, away the bowl.

3 We drink no more, nor buy nor sell;
Away, away the bowl;
The drunkard's offers we repel,
Away, away the bowl.
United in a Temperance band,
We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand;
Away the bowl, away the bowl,
Away, away the bowl.

THE TEETOTAL SHIP. L.





2 To the end of the earth, then, our vessel shall go,
With light at her keel, and good will at her prow;
Her foes shall retire, as they see how she flies,
Like a bird when it spreadeth its wings to the skies.

3 They told us that soon, when the battle came on,
Her colors she'd strike, and her courage be gone;
They knew not how proudly the war flag she'd rear,
Nor a bosom on board her indulge in a fear.

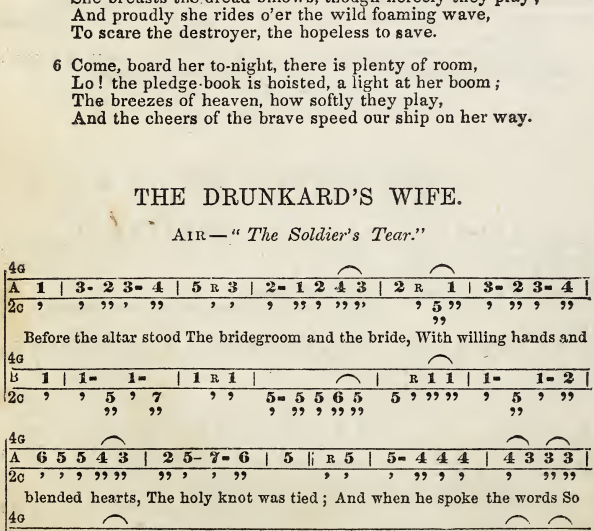
4 They talked of their grape shot, so direful and dread,
They would rake fore and aft with hot shot, so they said;
But the old pirate hulk made her boasting in vain,
We fought them before, and we'll fight them again.

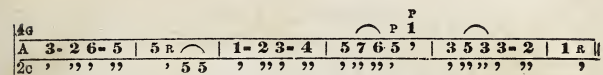
5 Though the tempest roars loud as she floats on her way,
She breasts the dread billows, though fiercely they play;
And proudly she rides o'er the wild foaming wave,
To scare the destroyer, the hopeless to save.

6 Come, board her to-night, there is plenty of room,
Lo! the pledge-book is hoisted, a light at her boom;
The breezes of heaven, how softly they play,
And the cheers of the brave speed our ship on her way.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AIR—"*The Soldier's Tear.*"


4G
A 1 | 3- 2 3- 4 | 5 R 3 | 2- 1 2 4 3 | 2 R 1 | 3- 2 3- 4 |
2C
Before the altar stood The bridegroom and the bride, With willing hands and
4G
B 1 | 1- 1- | 1 R 1 | R 1 1 | 1- 1- 2 |
2C
4G
A 6 5 5 4 3 | 2 5- 7- 6 | 5 || R 5 | 5- 4 4 4 | 4 3 3 3 |
2C
blended hearts, The holy knot was tied; And when he spoke the words So
4G
B 4 3 2 1 1 | || R 1 | 1- 2 2 2 | 1 1 1 |
2C



2 And thus they lived and loved —
Their hours were never dull;
And heav'n had crowned their union sweet,
With pledges beautiful;
And as her charge increased,
With each succeeding year,
The mother's heart rushed to her eye,
Which trembled with a tear.

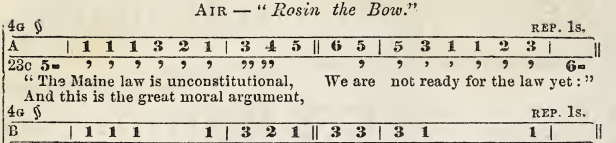
3 But year has followed year —
As wave succeeding wave;
The once loved wife is joyless now,
And he a drunken slave.
Vice o'er him holds her sway,
And from his dark career
She tries to win him, and her eye —
Her dimmed eye — drops a tear.

4 Her kindness pleads in vain —
His heart is seared and hard;
And tauntings loud, and cruel blows,
Are that fond wife's reward.
He spurns her from his side,
With looks and words severe,
Yet for that ruffian's sake her eye,
Is gushing with a tear.

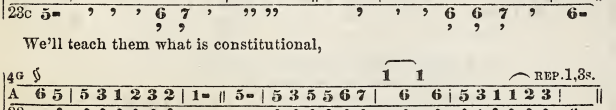
5 That wife 's a widow now;
The star of hope shall rise
No more for her — her bosom lord
Died as the drunkard dies!
God help this bruised reed,
Her load of woe to bear;
For none but thou canst calm her soul,
Who cannot shed a tear.

CONSTITUTION.

AIR — "*Rosin the Bow.*"



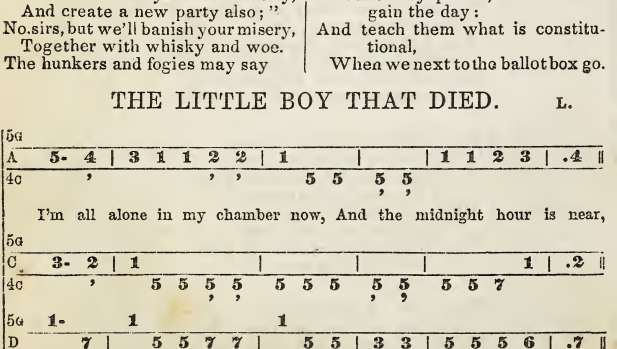
We'll teach them what is constitutional,

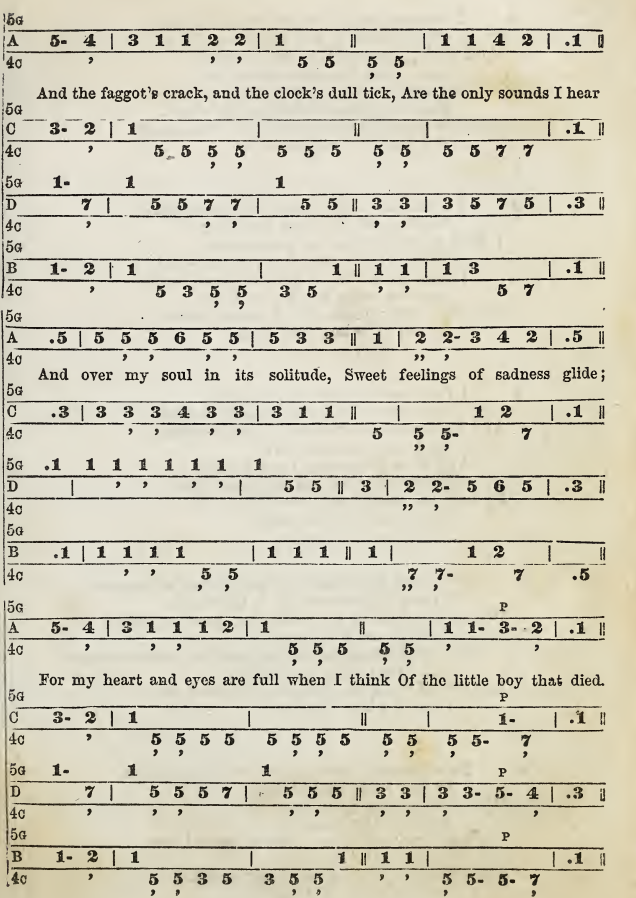


When we next to the ballot box go.

2 "You'll take away all of our liberty,
And create a new party also;"
No sirs, but we'll banish your misery,
Together with whisky and woe.
The hunkers and fogies may say
What they please, but we shall gain the day:
And teach them what is constitutional,
When we next to the ballot box go.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED. L.




5G
A 5- 4 | 3 1 1 2 2 | 1 ‖ | 1 1 4 2 | .1 ‖
4C , , , 5 5 5 5
And the faggot's crack, and the clock's dull tick, Are the only sounds I hear
5G
C 3- 2 | 1 ‖ | .1 ‖
4C , 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 7
5G 1- 1 1
D 7 | 5 5 7 7 | 5 5 ‖ 3 3 | 3 5 7 5 | .3 ‖
4C , , , ,
5G
B 1- 2 | 1 1 ‖ 1 1 | 1 3 | .1 ‖
4C , 5 3 5 5 3 5 , , 5 7
5G
A .5 | 5 5 5 6 5 5 | 5 3 3 ‖ 1 | 2 2- 3 4 2 | .5 ‖
4C , , , , ,, ,
And over my soul in its solitude, Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
5G
C .3 | 3 3 3 4 3 3 | 3 1 1 ‖ 1 2 | .1 ‖
4C , , , 5 5 5- 7
5G .1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
D , , , , | 5 5 ‖ 3 | 2 2- 5 6 5 | .3 ‖
4C ,, ,
5G
B .1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 ‖ 1 | 1 2 | ‖
4C , , 5 5 7 7- 7 .5
,, ,
5G P
A 5- 4 | 3 1 1 1 2 | 1 ‖ | 1 1- 3- 2 | .1 ‖
4C , , , 5 5 5 5 5 , ,
For my heart and eyes are full when I think Of the little boy that died.
5G P
C 3- 2 | 1 ‖ | 1- | .1 ‖
4C , 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5- 7
5G 1- 1 1 P
D 7 | 5 5 5 7 | 5 5 5 ‖ 3 3 | 3 3- 5- 4 | .3 ‖
4C , , , , , , ,
5G P
B 1- 2 | 1 1 ‖ 1 1 | 5 5- 5- 7
4C , 5 5 3 5 3 5 5 , , ,

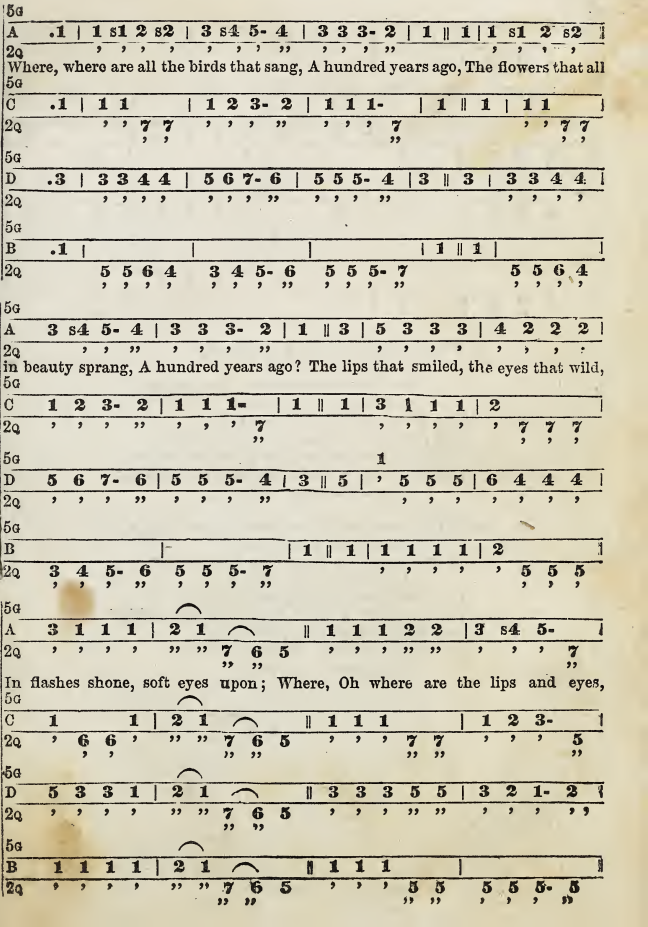
2 I went one night to my father's house,
Went home to the dear ones all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

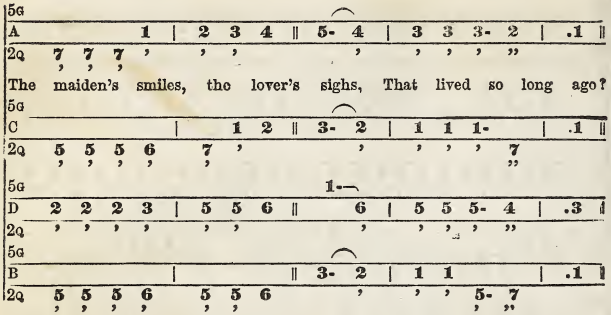
3 I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys, and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

4 I shall see his little sister again,
With her playmates about the door,
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before;
And if, in the group, I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

5 We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

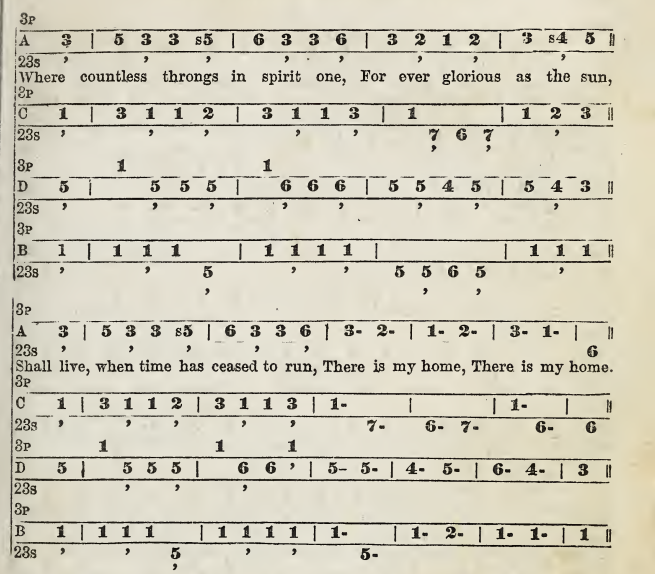
6 There's peace, and joy, and truth, and bliss,
In that blest land above;
Where pleasures never fade away,
And all is light and love.
And there we'll meet our loved and lost,
With all the glorified;
And there we'll fold to our heart again,
The little boy that died.


Where, where are all the birds that sang, A hundred years ago, The flowers that all
in beauty sprang, A hundred years ago? The lips that smiled, the eyes that wild,
In flashes shone, soft eyes upon; Where, Oh where are the lips and eyes,



2 Who peopled all the city street,
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale of sister frail,
The plot that worked a brother's hurt;
Where, O where are the plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

3 Where are the graves where dead men slept,
A hundred years ago?
Who were they whom the living wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men, that knew not them,
Their lands are tilled, their graves are filled;
And nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

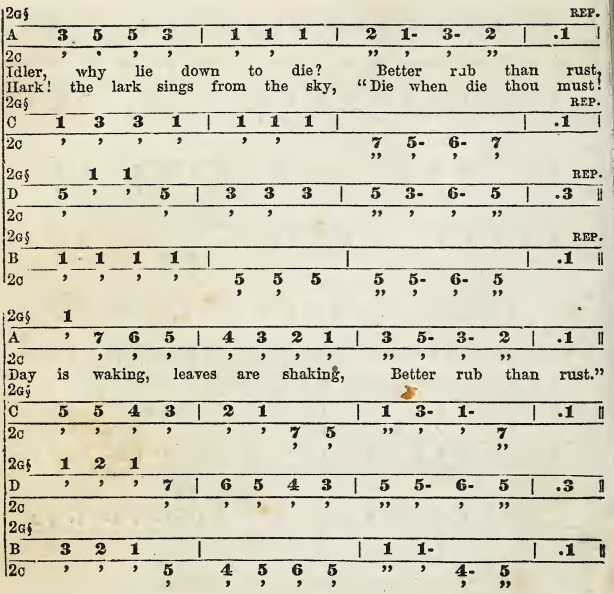

3P
A 3 | 5 3 3 s5 | 6 3 3 6 | 3 2 1 2 | 3 s4 5 ||
23s
Where countless throngs in spirit one, For ever glorious as the sun,
3P
C 1 | 3 1 1 2 | 3 1 1 3 | 1 | 1 2 3 ||
23s
3P
D 5 | 5 5 5 | 6 6 6 | 5 5 4 5 | 5 4 3 ||
23s
3P
B 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | | 1 1 1 ||
23s
3P
A 3 | 5 3 3 s5 | 6 3 3 6 | 3- 2- | 1- 2- | 3- 1- | ||
23s
Shall live, when time has ceased to run, There is my home, There is my home.
3P
C 1 | 3 1 1 2 | 3 1 1 3 | 1- | 1- | ||
23s
3P
D 5 | 5 5 5 | 6 6 | 5- 5- | 4- 5- | 6- 4- | 3 ||
23s
3P
B 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1- | 1- 2- | 1- 1- | 1 ||
23s

2 Where peace and love the air perfume,
Where an eternal summer's bloom,
And joy, and gladness, banish gloom—
There is my home.

3 Where streams of crystal onward flow,
Where streets of gold in splendor glow,
And fadeless flowers in beauty grow—
There is my home.

4 Where lips shall never breathe farewell,
Nor tears the parting anguish tell,
Where friends united ever dwell—
There is my home.

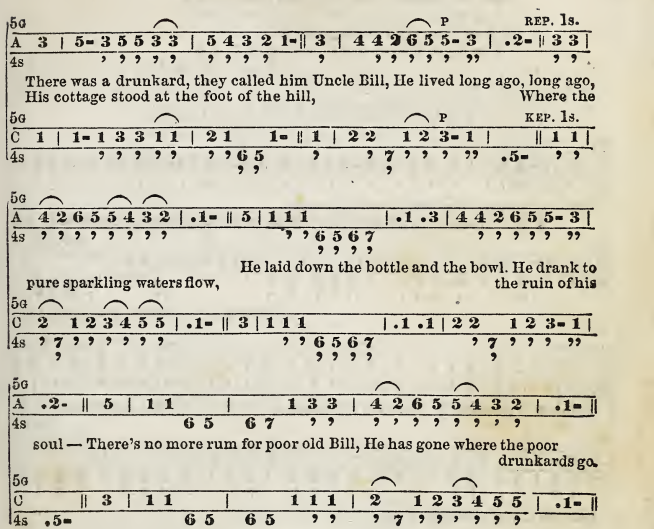
5 Where, seated on th' eternal throne,
He shall his faithful followers own,
With gracious smile; in heaven alone—
There is my home!


2G§ REP.
A 3 5 5 3 | 1 1 1 | 2 1- 3- 2 | .1
2C , , , , | , , | ” , , ” |
Idler, why lie down to die? Better rub than rust,
Hark! the lark sings from the sky, “Die when die thou must!
2G§ REP.
C 1 3 3 1 | 1 1 1 | .1
2C , , , , | , , | 7 5- 6- 7 | ” , , ,
2G§ REP.
D 5 , , 5 | 3 3 3 | 5 3- 6- 5 | .3
2C , , , | , , | ” , , ” |
2G§ REP.
B 1 1 1 1 | .1
2C , , , , | 5 5 5 | 5 5- 6- 5 | , , , ” , ,
2G§ 1
A , 7 6 5 | 4 3 2 1 | 3 5- 3- 2 | .1
2C , , , , , , , | ” , , ” |
Day is waking, leaves are shaking, Better rub than rust.”
2G§
C 5 5 4 3 | 2 1 | 1 3- 1- | .1
2C , , , , | , , 7 5 | ” , , 7 | , , ”
2G§ 1 2 1
D , , , 7 | 6 5 4 3 | 5 5- 6- 5 | .3
2C , , , , , , , | ” , , ” |
2G§
B 3 2 1 | 1 1- | .1
2C , , , 5 | 4 5 6 5 | ” , 4- 5 | , , , , , ”

2 In the grave there's sleep enough—
“Better rub than rust;
Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust.”

3 He who will not work, shall want;
Naught for naught is just—
Wont do, *must* do when he *can't*,
“Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying;
Better rub than rust.”

OLD UNCLE BILL.


L.
REP. 1s.
There was a drunkard, they called him Uncle Bill, He lived long ago, long ago,
His cottage stood at the foot of the hill, Where the
He laid down the bottle and the bowl. He drank to
pure sparkling waters flow, the ruin of his
soul — There's no more rum for poor old Bill, He has gone where the poor
drunkards go.

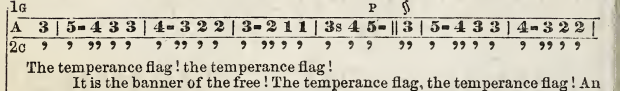
2 His eyes grew dim, and his hair it was gray,
His limbs they were palsied too,
He felt his health and strength decay,
As near to the grave he drew.
He laid down, &c.

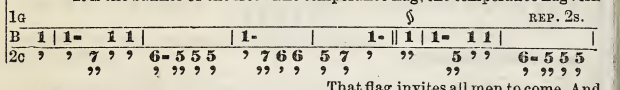
3 At length stern death, with his cold and icy hand,
Advanced to his lowly bed,
And snapped life's cord with stern command,
And the poor drunkard's spirit fled.
He laid down. &c.

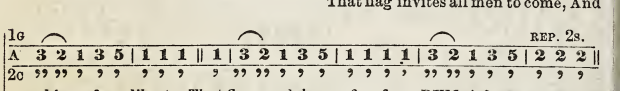
4 Come all ye tipplers take warning by his lot,
From the grog shops and taverns flee,
For if you don't wish to die a drunken sot,
You must leave the cursed liquor be.
He laid down, &c.

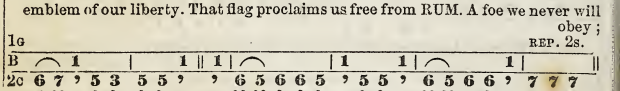
Then lay down the bottle and the bowl,
And drink not the chalice of your soul,
Or else like poor old Uncle Bill,
You'll go where the poor drunkards go.
He laid down, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE FLAG.


1G
P
A 3 | 5-4 3 3 | 4-3 2 2 | 3-2 1 1 | 3s 4 5- | 3 | 5-4 3 3 | 4-3 2 2 |
2c
The temperance flag! the temperance flag!
It is the banner of the free! The temperance flag, the temperance flag! An




1G
REP. 2s.
A 3 2 1 3 5 | 1 1 1 | 1 | 3 2 1 3 5 | 1 1 1 1 | 3 2 1 3 5 | 2 2 2 |
2c
emblem of our liberty. That flag proclaims us free from RUM. A foe we never will
obey;



That banner tells of sorrows past,
Of hope, that now prevails instead;
Of grief, when Rum did bind men fast;
Of joy, now that their foe is fled.

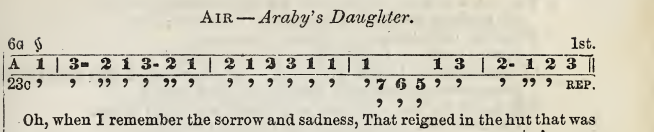
No more that tyrant shall have sway,
And ruin those who serve him best;
Alluring men, 'till they obey
Each fierce command, each stern behest.

It tells of comforts to the poor,
Of peace and safety to the rich;
It brings contentment to the door
Where bitter strife and anguish dwelt.

Forever be that Flag displayed,
Through all our country far and wide;
Ne'er WASHINGTONIANS, be dismayed,
But still uphold it side by side.

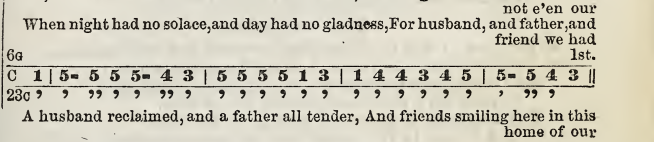
ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

AIR — *Araby's Daughter.*

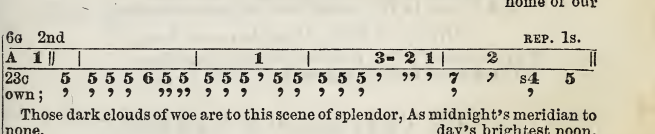


Oh, when I remember the sorrow and sadness, That reigned in the hut that was not e'en our

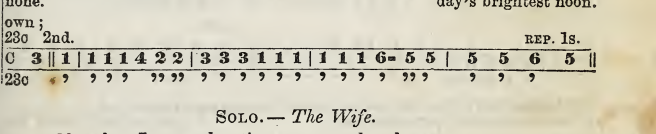
When night had no solace, and day had no gladness, For husband, and father, and friend we had



A husband reclaimed, and a father all tender, And friends smiling here in this home of our



Those dark clouds of woe are to this scene of splendor, As midnight's meridian to none. day's brightest noon.



SOLO. — *The Wife.*

1 Oh, when I remember the sorrow and sadness
Which reigned in the hut that was not e'en our own —
When night had no solace, and day brought no gladness,
For husband, and father, and friends we had none —
Those dark clouds of woe are to this scene of splendor,
As midnight's meridian to day's brightest noon —
A husband reclaimed, and a father all tender,
And friends smiling here in this home of our own.

DUETT. — *Daughters.*

2 Oh, sad is the story that mem'ry yet telling!
It weighs on the heart, it still rings in the ear,
Like the chill blast that howled round our desolate dwelling!
Cold hunger within, when no succors were near!
Our mother — at midnight — her heart almost broken —
How often she hushed on her bosom our sighs!
Well — well may she cherish that pledge — dearest token!
A father reformed wipes all tears from our eyes.

TRIO. — *Sons.*

3 Yes, we who now eagerly run for his blessing,
Or nightly, in rapture, recline on his knee;
Familiar with blows, in place of caresses,
Away from our father, how oft we did flee!
'T was drink — 't was the drink — else how could that fond father
Have treated unkindly his children and wife?
But forgot be the past, and now dwell we much rather
On the present, the happiest time of our life.

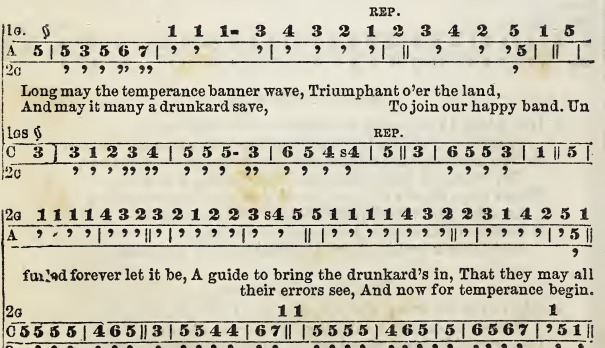
SOLO. — *Husband.*

4 Yes, yes, 't was the drink that my mind had been stealing,
Intemperance had seared all my heart-fibres o'er;
And conscience to smother — to hush all appealing —
I drank till I raved and abused you all sore.
But thanks be to Him who hath never forsaken!
And thanks to His *agents* who ne'er gave me o'er

(*Husband, Wife, Daughters, and Sons.*)

The teetotal Pledge, that we all have now taken,
We'll *keep*, Washingtonians, till life is no more.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

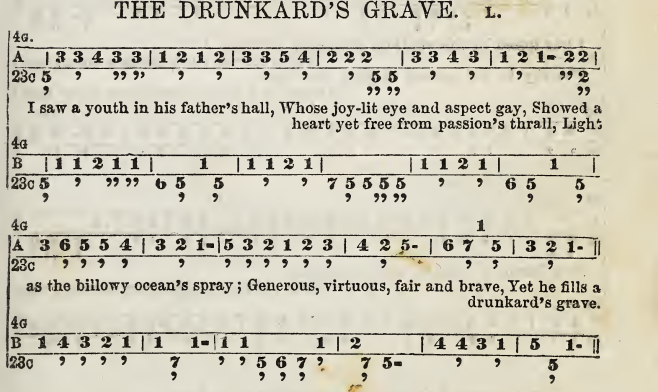

REP.
Long may the temperance banner wave, Triumphant o'er the land,
And may it many a drunkard save, To join our happy band. Un
REP.
fur'ed forever let it be, A guide to bring the drunkard's in, That they may all
their errors see, And now for temperance begin.

2 When on that banner we do gaze,
Showing its beauties fair and bright —
While over us it proudly waves,
Remember we for freedom fight.

Then never let us yield to rum,
For now the flag of temp'rance waves,
But with renewed vigor come,
And peace shall crown our future days.

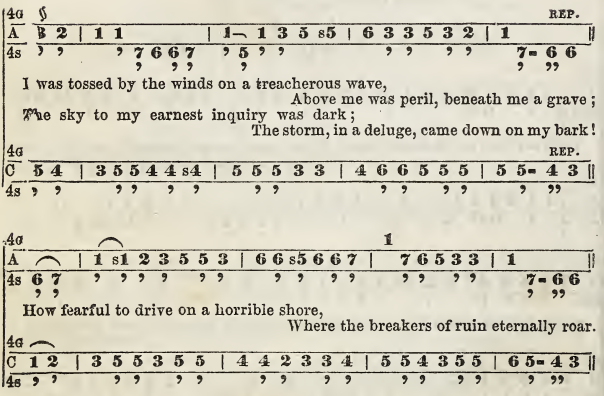
3 And we shall find that every year
Will tell of vict'ries most sublime —
That temperance her flag shall rear
Over the earth's remotest clime.
The temp'rance banner of the brave
We now will ever hold most dear —
Its radiant folds shall proudly wave
Till closes time's expiring year.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE. L.


4G
A | 3 3 4 3 3 | 1 2 1 2 | 3 3 5 4 | 2 2 2 | 3 3 4 3 | 1 2 1- 2 2 |
23c 5 ' ' '' '' ' ' ' ' ' 5 5 '' '' ' ' ' '' 2 ''
I saw a youth in his father's hall, Whose joy-lit eye and aspect gay, Showed a heart yet free from passion's thrall, Ligh
4G
B | 1 1 2 1 1 | 1 | 1 1 2 1 | | 1 1 2 1 | 1 |
23c 5 ' '' '' 6 5 ' 5 ' ' 7 5 5 5 5 ' ' 6 5 ' 5 '
4G 1
A 3 6 5 5 4 | 3 2 1- | 5 3 2 1 2 3 | 4 2 5- | 6 7 5 | 3 2 1- ||
23c ' ' ' ' '

4 The young, the old, and the brave are there.
The proud and the humble together sleep;
The father, caught by intemperance' snare;
And his son, who once could o'er him weep.
The rich, the poor, the free, the slave,
Go alike to *the drunkard's grave.*

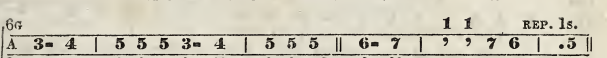
MONFORT. L.

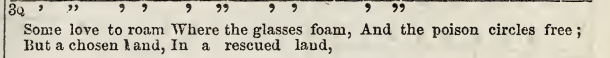

REP.
I was tossed by the winds on a treacherous wave,
Above me was peril, beneath me a grave;
The sky to my earnest inquiry was dark;
The storm, in a deluge, came down on my bark!
REP.
How fearful to drive on a horrible shore,
Where the breakers of ruin eternally roar.

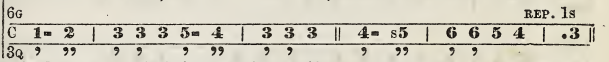
2 O mercy! to wreck in the morning of days,—
To die when life dazzles with changeable rays,—
To sink as the grovelling and vile of the ship,
The rose on my cheek and the dew on my lip,
And fling as a bauble, my soul to the heaps,
That glisten and mock from the caves of the deep.

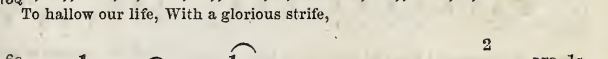
3 O no! for a star trembles out in the sky,
The shrieks of the ocean complainingly die,
The gales that I covet blow fresh from the shore,
Where the breakers of ruin eternally roar;
Every sail presses homeward — all praises to Thee,
Whose word in that hour hushed tempest and sea.

SOME LOVE TO ROAM. L.



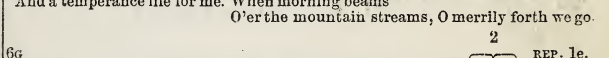


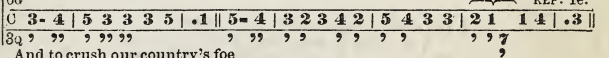


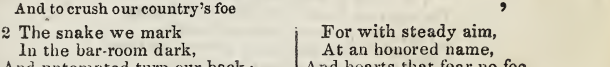


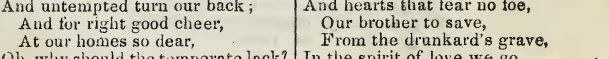
2 The snake we mark
In the bar-room dark,
And untempted turn our back;
And for right good cheer,
At our homes so dear,
Oh, why should the temperate lack?
For with steady aim,
At an honored name,
And hearts that fear no foe,
Our brother to save,
From the drunkard's grave,
In the spirit of love we go.

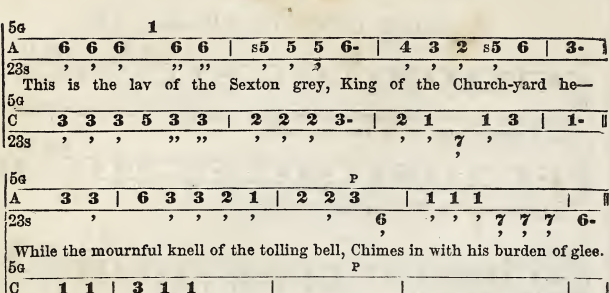
THE OLD SEXTON.—*No.* 1. L.










This is the lav of the Sexton grey, King of the Church-yard he—
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell, Chimes in with his burden of glee.

2 He dons a doublet of sober brown,
And a hat of slouching felt;
The mattock is over his shoulder thrown,
And heavy keys clank at his belt.
The dark damp vault now echoes his tread,
While his song rings merrily out;
With a cob-web canopy over his head,
And coffins falling about.

3 His foot may crush the full-fed worms,
His hand may grasp a shroud,
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,
Yet his tones are light and loud.
He digs the grave, and his chant will break
As he gains a fathom deep—
"Whoever lies in the bed I make,
I warrant will soundly sleep."

4 He piles the sod, he raises the stone,
He clips the cypress tree;
But, whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone,
No fellowship holds he;
For the Sexton grey is a scaring loon,
His name is linked with death:
The children at play, should he cross their way,
Will pause with fluttering breath.

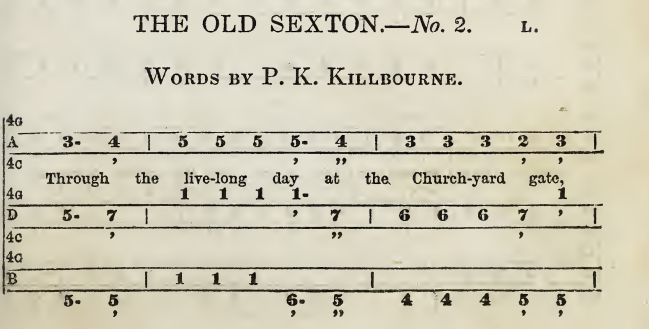
5 They herd together, a frightened host,
  And whisper with lips all white—
See! See! 'tis he, who sends the ghost,
  To walk the world at night.
The old men mark him, with fear in their eye,
  At his labor 'mid skulls and dust;
They hear him chant, "The young *may* die,
  But we know the aged *must*."

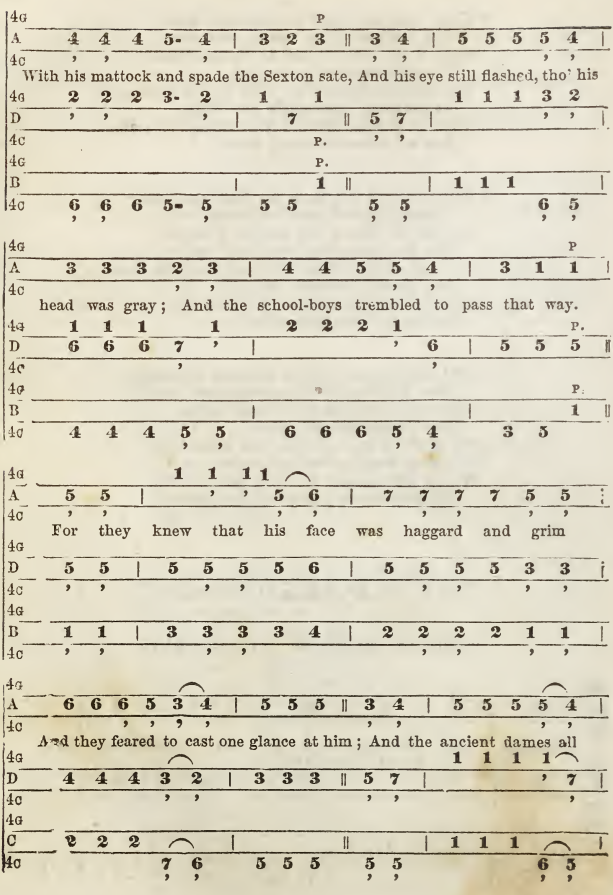
6 The rich will frown, as his ditty goes on—
  "Though broad your lands may be,
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,
  And the same shall serve for ye."
The ear of the strong will turn from his song,
  And beauty's cheek will pale;
"Out! Out!" cry they, "What mortal would stay,
  To list thy croaking tale?"

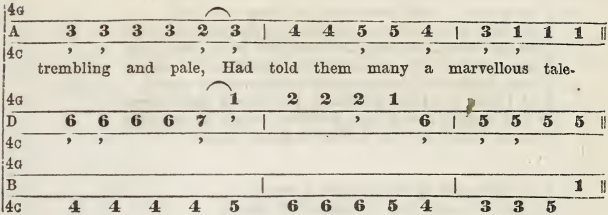
7 Oh! the Sexton gray is a mortal of dread;
  None like to see him come near:
The orphan thinks on a father dead,
  The widow wipes a tear.
By night or by day, this, this is his lay:
  "Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
  Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

THE OLD SEXTON.—*No.* 2. L.

Words by P. K. Killbourne.




With his mattock and spade the Sexton sate, And his eye still flashed, tho' his
head was gray; And the school-boys trembled to pass that way.
For they knew that his face was haggard and grim
And they feared to cast one glance at him; And the ancient dames all



2 How he summoned the ghosts from their graves at night,
And danced with them 'neath the pale moonlight:
And of fearful lights that were seen to glide
Around the grave of the murdered bride:
And ominous sounds, on the ear that fell,
Like the wail of spirits released from hell;
And amid those shrieks that the brave heart stirred,
Was the voice of that hoary Sexton heard.

3 I remember a youth full of fancy and song,
And I noted him oft, as he passed along:
For he shrunk away from the haughty and proud,
And his heart seemed sad 'mid the jovial crowd.
He had sought for fame, there was none for him,
And his cheek grew pale and his eye grew dim:
His disease crept on, and his peace was o'er,
And I'll warrant he'll sorrow and sigh no more.

4 I saw a fair lady go rustling by,
With a curling lip and a scornful eye;
And deep in her heart she silently said,
"I fear thee not, thou man of the dead."
But they brought her to me all despoiled of her bloom,
And I laid her down in the damps of the tomb;
And the greedy worms are rioting now,
On her withered form and her faded brow.

5 A titled 'squire dwelt over the way,
And loudly he talked of his wealth and renown;
And he rolled in his gay calash by day,
And he rested at night on his bed of down.
But they stripped him of all his costly array,
In his death-cap and shroud they arrayed him;
And he never slept so sound before,
As he sleeps in the bed where I laid him.

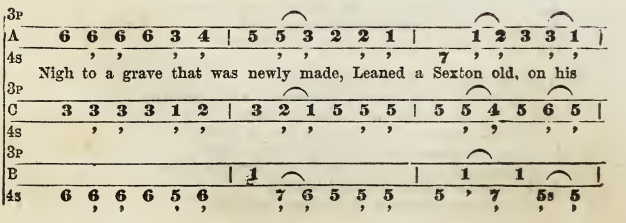
6 I have seen a dull knave rich in glory and gold,
And have seen the pure-hearted go hungry and cold:
And the proud and the poor, and the guilty and gay,
I have gathered them all to their dwellings of clay.
I have herded with mourners for threescore years,
And I hear not their wailings, I heed not their tears.
While they sigh and look doleful, I laugh in my glee,
For the sound on their coffins is music to me.

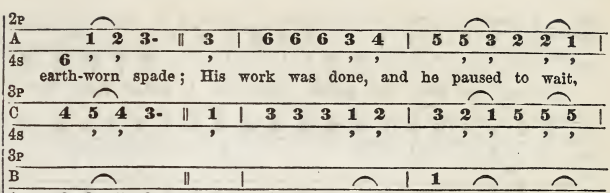
7 Ha! little care they to know, I ween,
Of the gay and ghastly sights I've seen;
Or the sounds of mirth, or the shrieks of woe,
That ring through the vaulted halls below!
When the skies are dark, and the storms are loud,
The dead leave their coffin-beds each in his shroud;
And I know their limbs are nimble and fleet,
For I heard the clank of their skeleton feet.

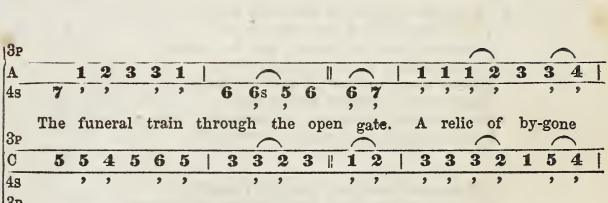
8 As they tripped it light o'er the marble floor,
Their music rang 'mid the tempest's roar;
And I listened long to their echoing tread,
And my spade kept time to the dance of the dead.
Then the clatter of bony hands I heard,
As they clasped each other with never a word:
Strange music was there, but their voices were still,
As they lightly wheeled in their dread quadrille.

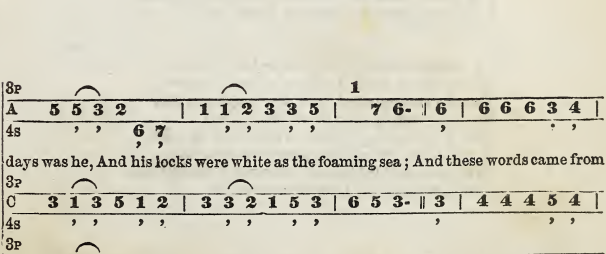
THE OLD SEXTON.—*No.* 3. L.

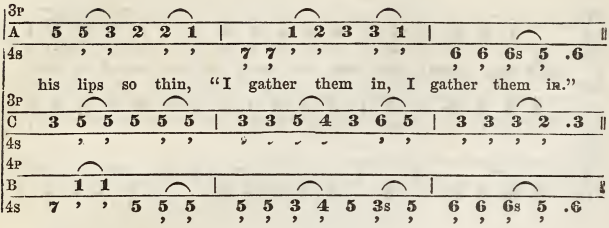
Words by Park Benjamin.




earth-worn spade; His work was done, and he paused to wait,


The funeral train through the open gate. A relic of by-gone


days was he, And his locks were white as the foaming sea; And these words came from

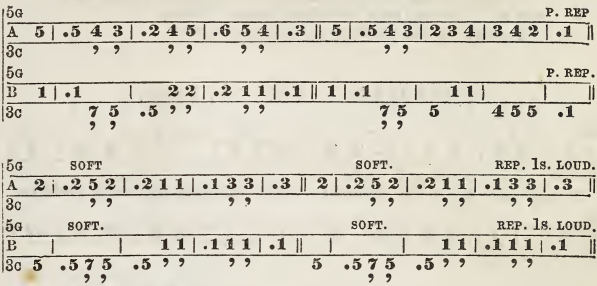


2 "I gather them in for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy;
I have builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground.
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one,
Or come they strangers, or come they kin,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

3 "Many are with me, but still I'm alone:
I'm king of the dead, and I make my throne,
On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall.
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all;
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

4 "I gather them in, and their final rest,
Is low down in this Church-yard's breast."
The Sexton ceased, and the funeral train,
Wound mutely o'er that silent plain.
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that Sexton's old,
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din
I gather them in, I gather them in.

COMPOSED BY L. D. MARTIN. — ARRANGED BY G. MERANDA.



1 Oh! had I the wings of a dove I would fly,
Away to my home, and for ever reside
With angels and purified spirits on high,
Who fast by the throne of my Saviour abide;
The days of my sorrowing then should be past,
My warfare and pilgrimage both should be o'er
Safe, safe in the climes of bright glory at last,
Where sin and where suffering are heard of no more.

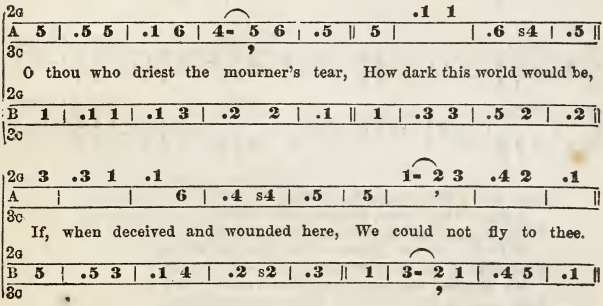
2 Oh! there I should range, with the saints in pure white,
The banks of the river that flows from the throne:
But ever return from each feebler delight,
To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone:
If here, in the gloom of this dungeon below,
The light of that smile pierce the gross walls of clay
What triumphs of rapture incessantly flow
From that blessed smile in the regions of day!

3 The fields of that land may for ever be green,
Its flowers ne'er wither, nor fruitage decay,
And autumn and spring hand in hand may be seen,
Like beauty and wealth in their bridal array:
Each sight may be charming, ecstatic each sound,
Each odor be fragrant as gales of the spring;
But all beauties mingle, and all joys are found
Alone in the smile of my Saviour and King.

4 With patriarchs, prophets, and sages of old,
Who walked with their God in this valley of tears—
With saints and with martyrs in life's book enrolled,
Methinks I might joyfully spend the long years:

With angels how happily could I unite—
They watched o'er my pathway with dangers bestrown;
But still I would turn, with increasing delight,
To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone.

TRUEMAN. C. M. A. LANE.



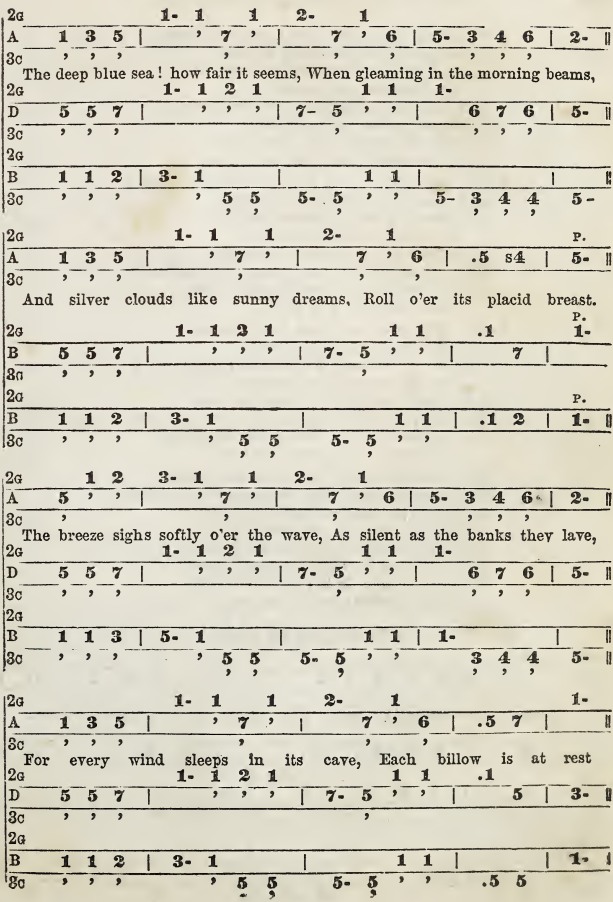
2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too:

5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting, through the gloom,
Our peace branch from above!

6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.


The deep blue sea! how fair it seems, When gleaming in the morning beams,
And silver clouds like sunny dreams, Roll o'er its placid breast.
The breeze sighs softly o'er the wave, As silent as the banks they lave,
For every wind sleeps in its cave, Each billow is at rest

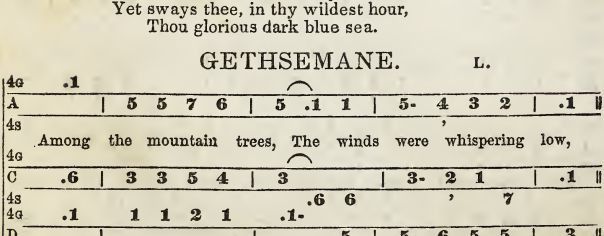
2 The dark blue sea! how pure and bright,
When resting in the hush of night.
Bathed in the radiance of moonlight,
So fair and yet so cold.
The twinkling stars far downward peep,
Reflected in the tranquil deep,
Whose bosom glows in quiet sleep,
Like mantle decked with gold.

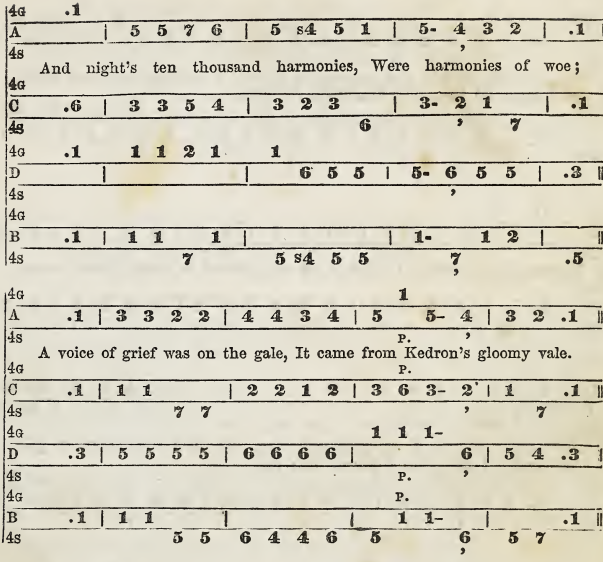
3 The proud blue sea! when winds are high,
And darkness gathers in the sky,
And the frail bark unconsciously,
Is swiftly onward borne;
Then like a lion roused, at length
He shakes his mane in pride of strength,
And his wild roar, from shore to shore,
Resounds, as if in scorn.

4 The wild blue sea! how fearful now,
To gaze upon its furious brow,
And list the dreary waves that plough,
Its billows mountain-high!
Now death and danger seem to ride,
Presiding o'er the foaming tide;
And ocean drowns, with voice of pride,
The seaman's strangling cry.

5 The calm blue sea! how still the wave,
Soft breathes the wind through rock and cave,
A dirge o'er many a victim's grave,
Far 'mongst the waters free!
Oh! how sublime must be the power,
Of HIM who bids the tempest lower,
Yet sways thee, in thy wildest hour,
Thou glorious dark blue sea.

GETHSEMANE. L.





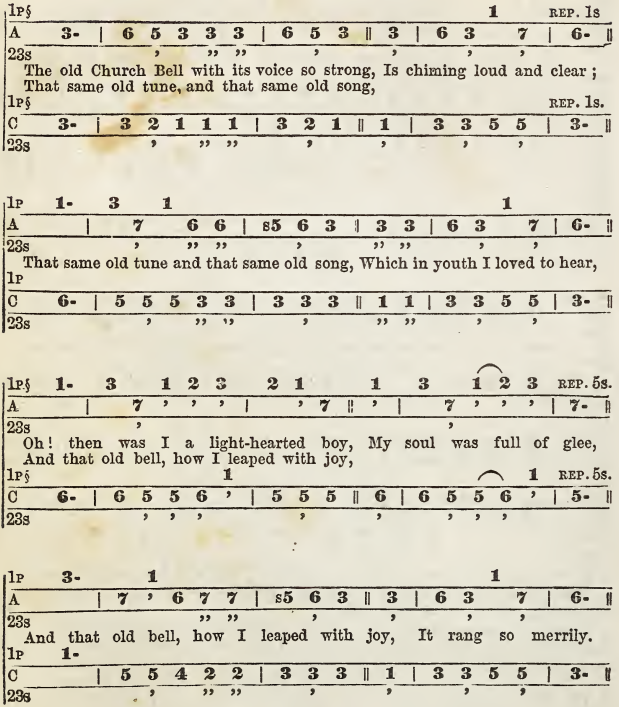
2 It was the Saviour's prayer
That on the silence broke, [bear
Imploring heaven for strength to
The sin-avenging stroke:
As in Gethsemane he knelt,
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful starlight shone
In dim and misty gleams;
Deep was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod,
While Jesus raised his voice to God.

4 The chosen three that staid,
Their nightly watch to keep, [wade,
Left him through sorrows deep to
And gave themselves to sleep:
Meekly and sad he prayed alone,
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's banks
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank,
The load of guilt and shame:
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

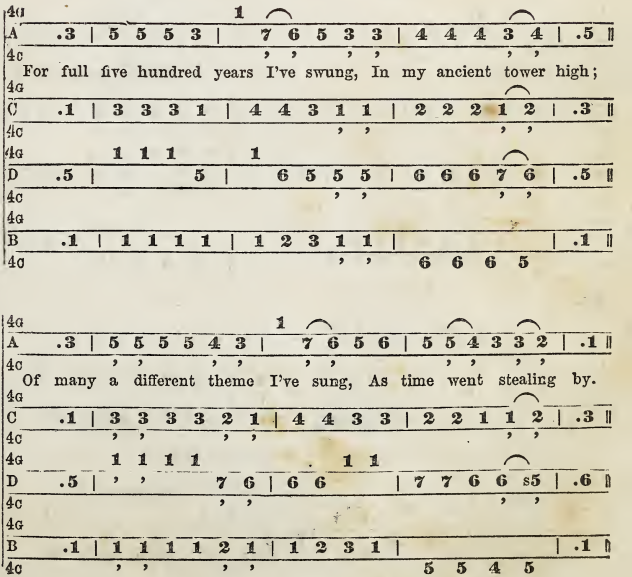
6 Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe:
For cruel voices filled the gale
That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

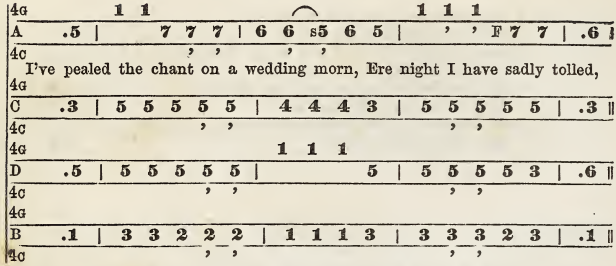

lp§ 1 REP. 1s
A 3- | 6 5 3 3 3 | 6 5 3 ‖ 3 | 6 3 7 | 6- ‖
23s , ,, ,, , , , ,
The old Church Bell with its voice so strong, Is chiming loud and clear ;
That same old tune, and that same old song,
lp§ REP. 1s.
C 3- | 3 2 1 1 1 | 3 2 1 ‖ 1 | 3 3 5 5 | 3- ‖
23s , ,, ,, , , , ,
lp 1- 3 1 1
A | 7 6 6 | s5 6 3 ‖ 3 3 | 6 3 7 | 6- ‖
23s , ,, ,, , ,, ,, , ,
That same old tune and that same old song, Which in youth I loved to hear,
lp
C 6- | 5 5 5 3 3 | 3 3 3 ‖ 1 1 | 3 3 5 5 | 3- ‖
23s , ,, ,, , ,, ,, , ,
lp§ 1- 3 1 2 3 2 1 1 3 1 2 3 REP. 5s.
A | 7 , , , | , 7 ‖ , | 7 , , , | 7- ‖
23s , ,
Oh! then was I a light-hearted boy, My soul was full of glee,
And that old bell, how I leaped with joy,
lp§ 1 1 REP. 5s.
C 6- | 6 5 5 6 , | 5 5 5 ‖ 6 | 6 5 5 6 , | 5- ‖
23s , , , , , , , ,
lp 3- 1 1
A | 7 , 6 7 7 | s5 6 3 ‖ 3 | 6 3 7 | 6- ‖
23s ,, ,, , , , , ,
And that old bell, how I leaped with joy, It rang so merrily.
lp 1-
C | 5 5 4 2 2 | 3 3 3 ‖ 1 | 3 3 5 5 | 3- ‖
23s , ,, ,, , , , ,

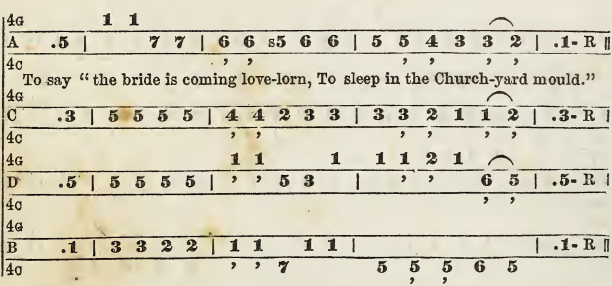
2 Those days are gone, and my youth has fled,
And they, my playmates then,
Are wandering far, or rest with the dead, [*Repeat.*]
Never to meet again.
From youth to age, and from age to the grave,
Old time still steals along.
And that old bell, with its voice so brave, [*Repeat.*]
Doth merrily ring on.

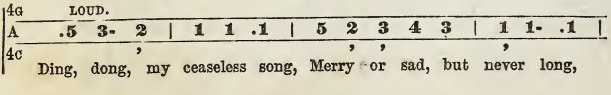
3 "The seasons come, the seasons go,
And with them many a sigh;
The old bell peals a note of woe, [*Repeat.*]
For loved ones when they die.
And soon, full soon, the winding sheet,
May wrap my senseless clay,
And that old bell with cadence sweet, [*Repeat.*]
May toll a solemn lay." L.

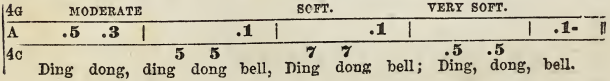
THE OLD CHURCH BELL.—*No.* 2. L.




I've pealed the chant on a wedding morn, Ere night I have sadly tolled,


To say "the bride is coming love-lorn, To sleep in the Church-yard mould."

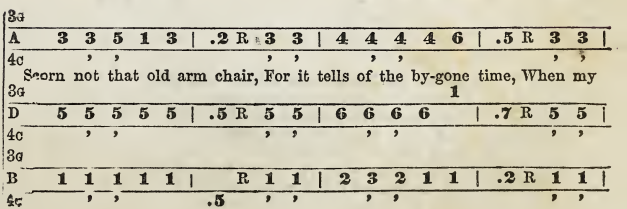

LOUD.
Ding, dong, my ceaseless song, Merry or sad, but never long,

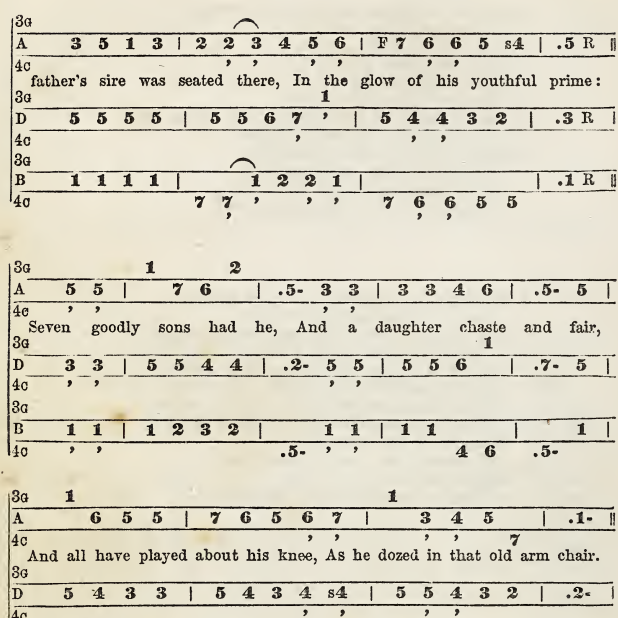

MODERATE
SOFT.
VERY SOFT.
Ding dong, ding dong bell, Ding dong bell; Ding, dong, bell.

4 For full five hundred years I've swung,
In my old grey turret high,
And many a different song I've sung,
As time went gliding by.
I've swelled the joy of my country's pride,
For a victory far off won,
Then changed to grief for the brave who died,
Ere my mirth had well begun.
Ding, dong, my changeful song,
Lively or slow, but never long.
Ding, dong, ding dong bell;
Ding, dong, bell; ding, dong, bell.

3 For full five hundred years I've swung,
In my crumbling turret high;
'Tis time my own death song were sung,
And with truth before I die:
I never could love the themes they gave,
My tyranized tongue to tell.
One moment for cradle, the next for grave,
They've worn out the old Church Bell.
Ding, dong, my farewell song:
Farewell now, and farewell long.
Ding, dong, ding dong bell:
Ding, dong, bell; ding, dong, bell.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.—*No.* 1. L.

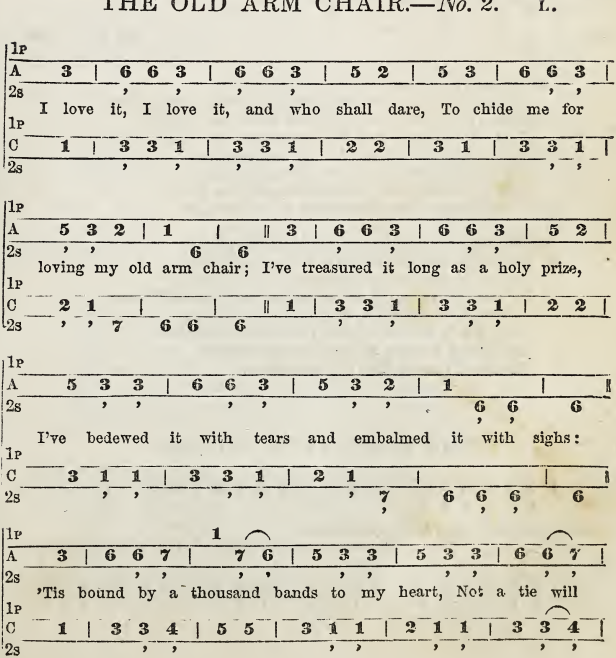

3d
A 3 3 5 1 3 | .2 R 3 3 | 4 4 4 4 6 | .5 R 3 3 |
4d , , , , , , , ,
Scorn not that old arm chair, For it tells of the by-gone time, When my
3d 1
D 5 5 5 5 5 | .5 R 5 5 | 6 6 6 6 | .7 R 5 5 |
4d , , , , , , , ,
3d
B 1 1 1 1 1 | R 1 1 | 2 3 2 1 1 | .2 R 1 1 |
4d , , .5 , , , , , ,

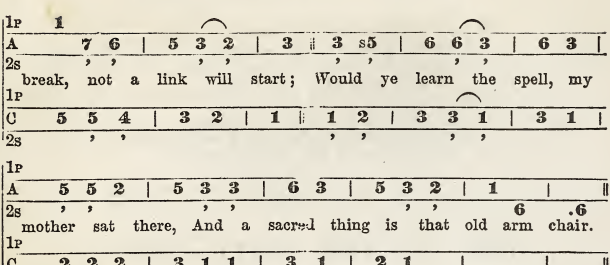

father's sire was seated there, In the glow of his youthful prime:
Seven goodly sons had he, And a daughter chaste and fair,
And all have played about his knee, As he dozed in that old arm chair.

2 When his locks were white with age,
The shadowy wrestler came;
And he left them for their heritage,
A poor, but an honest name.
And what is a loftier gift,
When he who with want hath striven,
An unshamed brow can meekly lift
In the solemn face of Heaven?

3 And what is the conqueror's wreath,
Or the clarion's loud acclaim,
To him who lies in the lap of death,
With a pure and a holy name ?
Then guard that old arm chair.
For it tells of the by-gone time,
When my father's sire was seated there,
In the glow of his youthful prime.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.—*No.* 2. L.

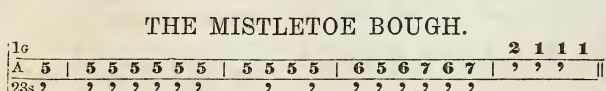

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare, To chide me for
loving my old arm chair; I've treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs:
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart, Not a tie will

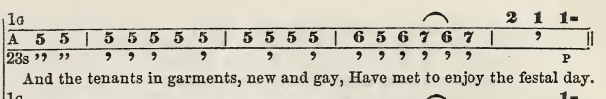


2 I've sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, and the last one sped—
My idol had vanished, my earth-star fled:
But I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

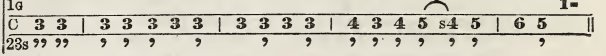
3 With quivering lip and moistened eye,
I think of the days that are long gone by;
And treasure the moments of joyous youth,
When she taught me the lessons of love and truth.
I turn with delight to her deep, deep love,
And joy in the hope that I'll meet her above;
And often I come at the hour of prayer,
To kneel beside that old arm chair.

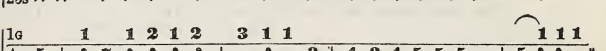
THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.



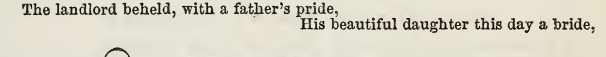


And the tenants in garments, new and gay, Have met to enjoy the festal day.

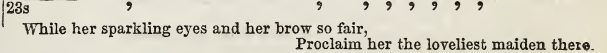




The landlord beheld, with a father’s pride,
His beautiful daughter this day a bride,



While her sparkling eyes and her brow so fair,
Proclaim her the loveliest maiden there.



2 The table is cleared and the wine appears,
And each to the bride a full bumper clears,
While with a blithe and joyous heart
All the fair maids from the hall depart;
Oh, now are the sports of the day begun,
Now is there drinking, and laughter, and fun;
And toasts are repeated, and many a gay song
Is heard with delight by that jovial throng.
Oh, what a bridal feast.

3 At length the long night begins to decline,
And a bumper is filled of the strongest wine!
A poltroon is he who drains not the whole,
The last lingering drop of the well-filled bowl!
The Bridegroom, though he can scarcely stand,
Seizes the glass with a trembling hand,
And drinking long life to his lovely bride,
He falls down a corpse by her father’s side.
Oh, what a bridal feast.

4 He sleeps not alone in his early grave,
The fair bride sleeps with the bridegroom brave.
She heard of his fate with many a sad tear,
And her young heart broke on her husband's bier,
Oh, sad was their fate — but destructive wine,
No tongue can recount what evils are thine;
Thou hurriedst off in their joy and their bloom
The maiden and youth to their early tomb.
Oh, what a bridal feast.

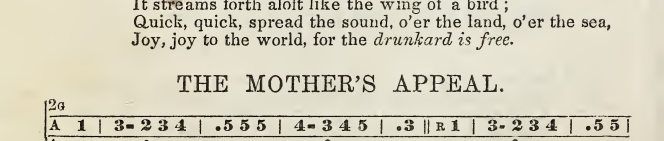
THE DRUNKARD IS FREE.

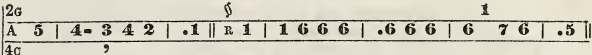
AIR — "*King of the Wind.*" *Tune on page* 117.

1 I'm at home! I'm at home! in my peace and my pride,
My wife and my child smile in joy by my side,
From the haunts of the vicious where e'er they may be,
I have burst in my strength, and the drunkard is free.
No man e'er extended his sceptre to save,
No actions of law snatched me forth from the grave,
And ne'er shall I blush for the glorious hour,
While the pen boasts its strength, or the pledge boasts its power
Come! come! rally round us, the flag is unfurled,
And it floats forth in beauty the pride of the world;
Quick spread the sound o'er the land, o'er the sea,
Joy, joy to the world, for the drunkard is free.

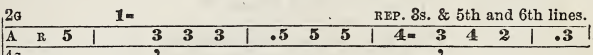
2 Away, then, away from the charms of the bowl.
From the fires that have withered the light of the soul,
'Tis here, friends, 'tis here, in the reign of peace,
We seek our true pleasures and joys to increase,
We need not the fires that flash o'er the brain,
We need not the pleasures that lead but to pain.
Here, here, do we seek true emotion to find,
And boast of the triumphs of love and of mind.
Up, up with the banner, the trumpet is heard,
It streams forth aloft like the wing of a bird;
Quick, quick, spread the sound, o'er the land, o'er the sea,
Joy, joy to the world, for the *drunkard is free.*

THE MOTHER'S APPEAL.


2c
A 1 | 3- 2 3 4 | .5 5 5 | 4- 3 4 5 | .3 || R 1 | 3- 2 3 4 | .5 5 |
4c
Oh! spare my son, Rum-seller! Before it is too late; Urge him not on in madness,
2c
C 1 | 1- 1 2 | .3 3 3 | 2- 1 2 3 | .1 || R 1 | 1- 1 2 | 3 3 |
4c

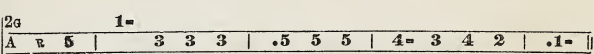


To meet the drunkard's fate. It is I fear already Almost too late to save,



REP. 3s. & 5th and 6th lines.

For even now he neareth, The drunkard's awful grave.



For even now he neareth, The drunkard's awful grave.

2 O spare my son, Rum-seller;
A mother asks the boon;
Will you not hear her prayer?
Will you not grant it soon?
Or shall a mother's pleadings—
A mother's tears be vain?
Will you not, ere he dieth,
Give me him back again?

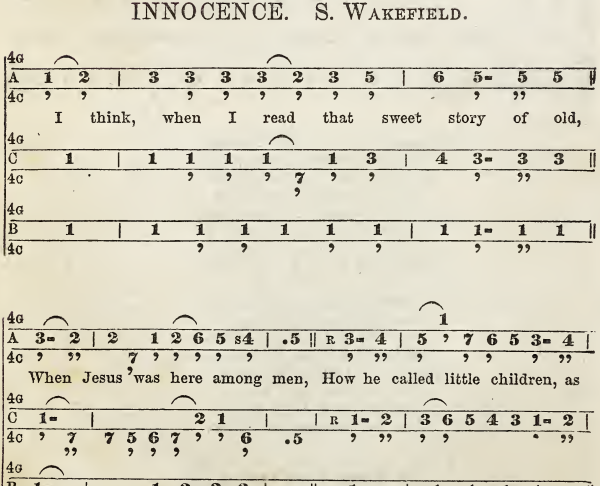
3 He was the sweetest flower,
Our little flock among—
The pride of his fond father.
Who died when he was young.
He bore his father's image,
But does not bear it now;
Yourcruelhand, Rum-seller,
Has torn it from his brow.

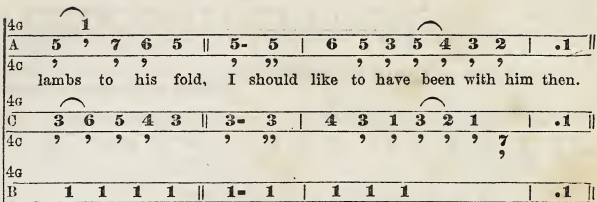
4 Oh! spare my son, Rum-seller!
For a dear sister's sake;
If you with Rum destroy him,
Her tender heart will break;

She prays you spare her brother —
She has a sister's love;
Will you for gain that's paltry,
Too, her destroyer prove?

5 He hath a soul, Rum-seller!
A soul of wond'rous cost!
If he should die a drunkard,
'Twill be for ever lost.
You know the truth most solemn,
Which God to man has given;
No drunkard ever goeth,
To dwell with him in Heaven.

INNOCENCE. S. Wakefield.



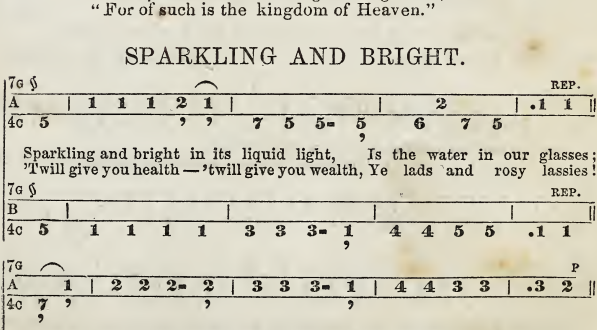


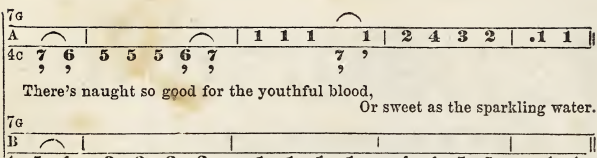
2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.


REP.
Sparkling and bright in its liquid light, Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health — 'twill give you wealth, Ye lads and rosy lassies!
REP.
O, then resign your ruby wine, Each smiling son and daughter;



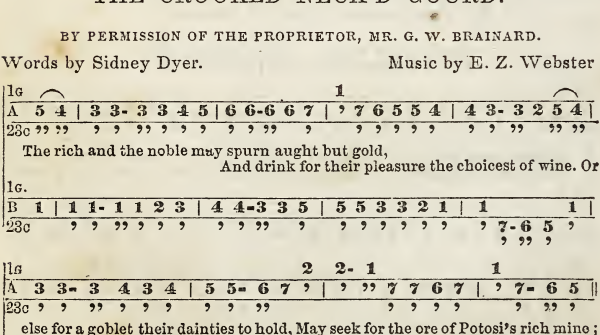
2 Better than gold, is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy home bestowing.
O, then resign your ruby wine, &c.

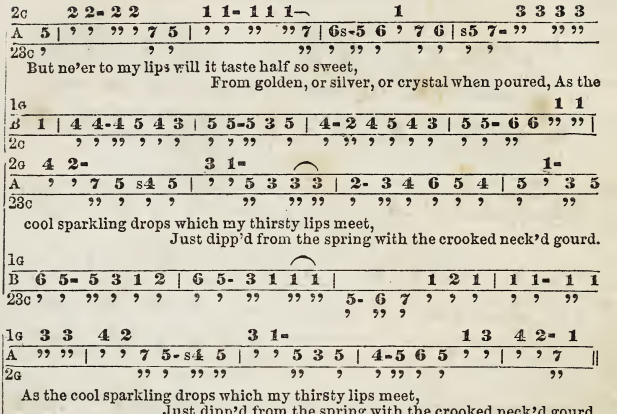
3 Sorrow has fled, from the heart that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother;
They have given up the poison cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.
O, then resign your ruby wine, &c.

THE CROOKED NECK'D GOURD.

BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETOR, MR. G. W. BRAINARD.

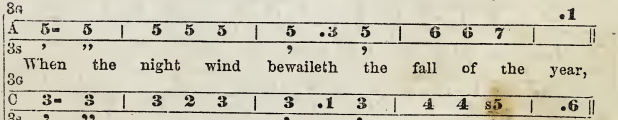
Words by Sidney Dyer. Music by E. Z. Webster

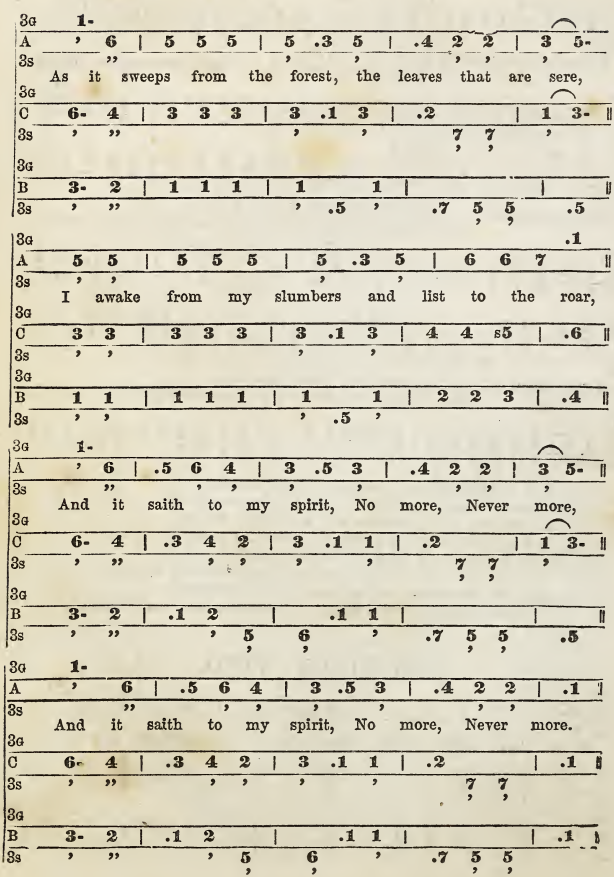

The rich and the noble may spurn aught but gold,
And drink for their pleasure the choicest of wine. Or
else for a goblet their dainties to hold, May seek for the ore of Potosi's rich mine;


But ne'er to my lips will it taste half so sweet,
From golden, or silver, or crystal when poured, As the
cool sparkling drops which my thirsty lips meet,
Just dipp'd from the spring with the crooked neck'd gourd.
As the cool sparkling drops which my thirsty lips meet,
Just dipp'd from the spring with the crooked neck'd gourd.

2 The banqueting hall may its riches display,
And thousands attract to its pleasures again,
Its visions of brightness will soon pass away,
And naught but a sense of deception remain;
But the innocent joys which the heart often felt,
With memory's bright pictures are carefully stored,
And oft we revert to the time when we knelt,
And dipped the cool draught in the crooked neck'd gourd.

THE NIGHT WIND. L.



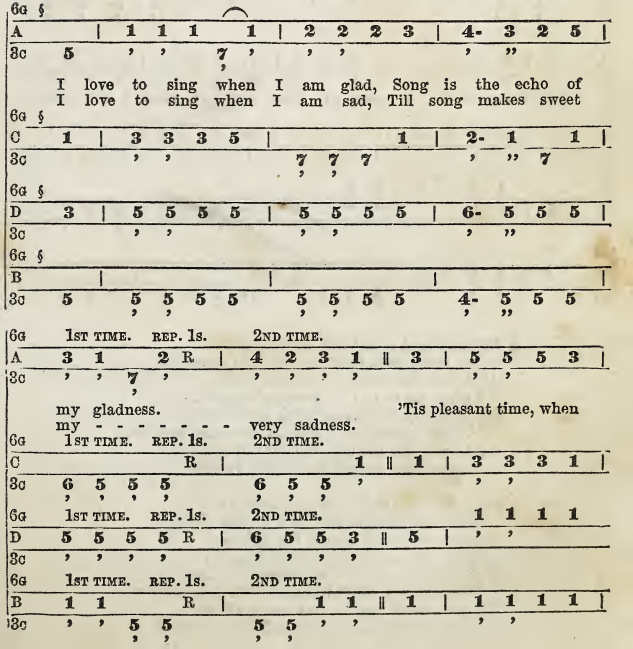

As it sweeps from the forest, the leaves that are sere,
I awake from my slumbers and list to the roar,
And it saith to my spirit, No more, Never more,
And it saith to my spirit, No more, Never more.

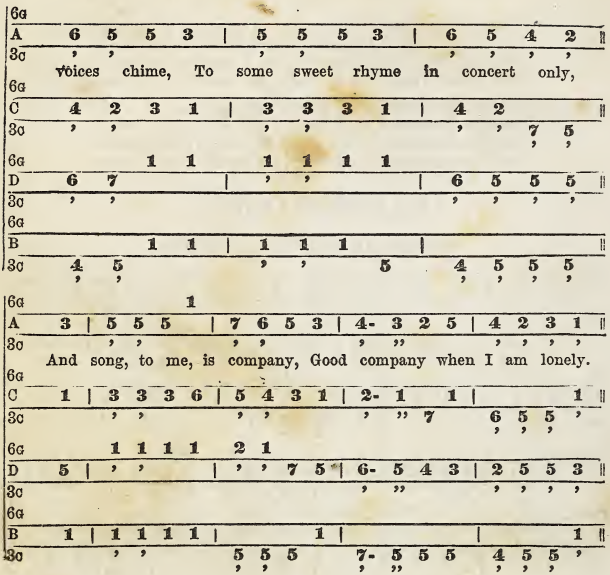
2 Through memory's chambers the forms of the past,
The joys of my childhood come forth on the blast;
And the lost ones, whose beauty I used to adore,
To my heart seems to murmur, No more, Never more.

3 The trees of the forest shall blossom again;
And the song-bird shall carol a soul-thrilling strain;
But the heart fate has wasted, no bloom shall restore:
And its songs will be joyous, No more, Never more.

I LOVE TO SING. L.

Words by G. W. Bethune.

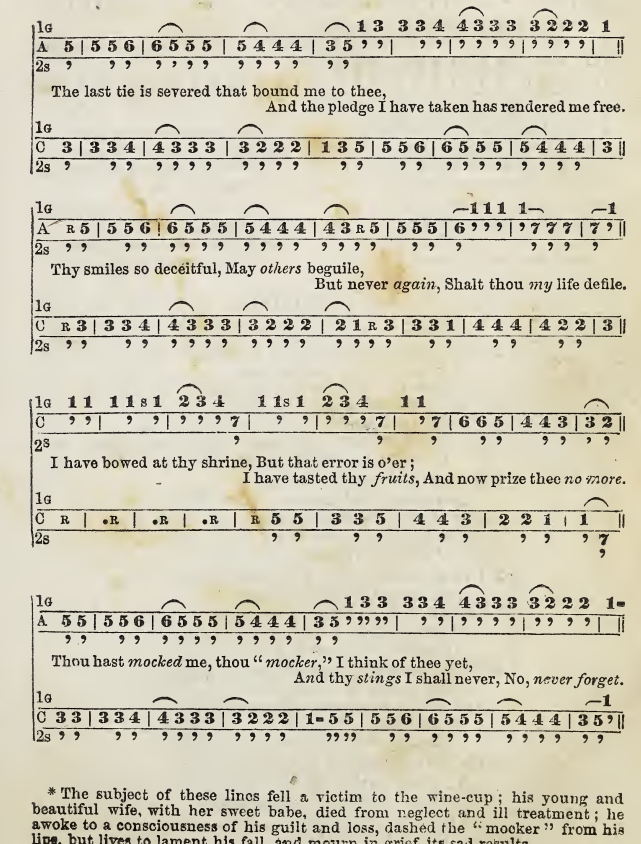

I love to sing when I am glad, Song is the echo of
I love to sing when I am sad, Till song makes sweet
my gladness. 'Tis pleasant time, when
my - - - - - - - very sadness.
1st time. Rep. 1s. 2nd time.



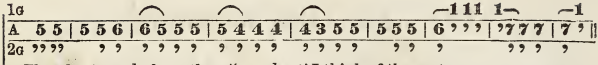
2 Whene'er I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is stirred by each glad bird,
Whose notes are heard in summer bowers;
And song gives birth to friendly mirth,
Around the hearth in wintry hours.

3 Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are for ever ringing;
God lends his ear, well pleased to hear;
The songs that cheer his children's sorrow
Till day shall break, and we shall wake,
Where love will make unfading morrow

THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN. *


The last tie is severed that bound me to thee,
And the pledge I have taken has rendered me free.
Thy smiles so deceitful, May *others* beguile,
But never *again*, Shalt thou *my* life defile.
I have bowed at thy shrine, But that error is o'er;
I have tasted thy *fruits*, And now prize thee *no more*.
Thou hast *mocked* me, thou "*mocker*," I think of thee yet,
And thy *stings* I shall never, No, *never forget*.

* The subject of these lines fell a victim to the wine-cup; his young and beautiful wife, with her sweet babe, died from neglect and ill treatment; he awoke to a consciousness of his guilt and loss, dashed the "mocker" from his lips, but lives to lament his fall, and mourn in grief its sad results.



5 My Mary's heart is broken,
Once buoyant and free,
And the cause of her grief
Lies embosomed in thee.

6 The pledge of our love
Is now with her above,
Where the weary find rest,
And their souls dwell in love.

7 O, how hast thou tortured
The sad ones, now gone.
And bereaved me, and left me,
To sojourn alone.

8 I loved them, I loved them,
I think of them yet!
And shall ever lament them,
Till life's sun is set.

A PARODY.

TUNE—"*Cottage Home*," *p.* 217.

1 I've been a slave full long enough,
And served my master well;
No more I'll drink your filthy stuff,
King Bacchus, fare you well.
Poor old Bacchus don't you cry for me,
Cold water hence shall quench my thirst,
O, that's the drink for me.

2 The old rumseller, in his cage,
Has often filled my cup,
And set my passions in a rage,
But now I've given it up.
O Rumseller, &c.

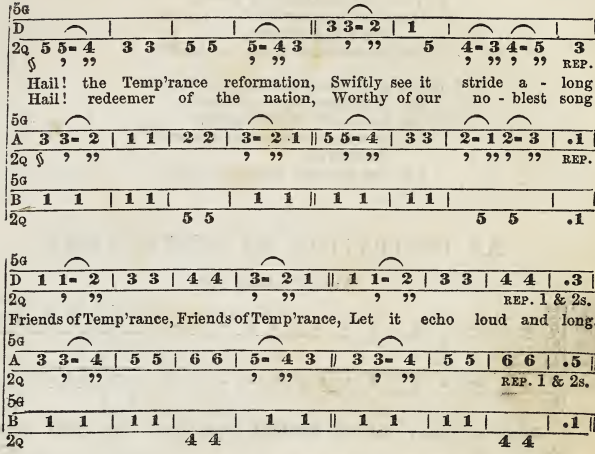
3 I've mingled with the drunken crew,
And passed the bottle round,
Till I and they, the first we knew,
Were stretched upon the ground.
Poor old drunkards, &c.

4 With moderate drinkers, too, I've spent,
Some nights of revelry,
And to the cause my influence lent
Of inebriety.
Moderate drinkers, &c.

5 My old companions, all adieu,
Ye Bacchanalian band—
To you and all your drunken crew,
I give a parting hand.
Old companions, &c.

JUBILEE SONG.

AIR — "*Greenville.*"


Hail! the Temp'rance reformation, Swiftly see it stride a - long!
Hail! redeemer of the nation, Worthy of our no - blest song!
REP.
Friends of Temp'rance, Friends of Temp'rance, Let it echo loud and long.
REP. 1 & 2s.

2 Now the foe will quickly cower —
From the cause of Temp'rance shrink:
See it, by its matchless power,
Snatch the wretch from ruin's brink;
Break his fetters,
Tear asunder every link.

3 It is tens of thousands saving
From a drunkard's grave and hell;
And our flag is proudly waving,
Where Intemp'rance used to dwell
Man or Angel
Never can its value tell.

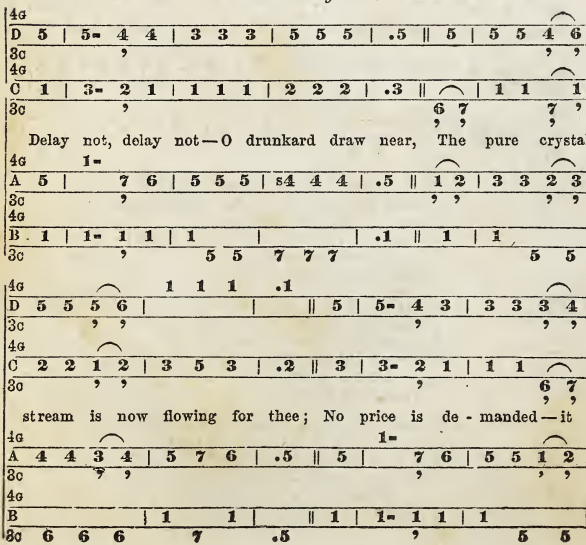
4 Homes, where dwelt loud desolation,
Now abound with comforts rare:
And in place of profanation,
We can hear the voice of prayer:
Peace and Temp'rance
Reign in happy concord there.

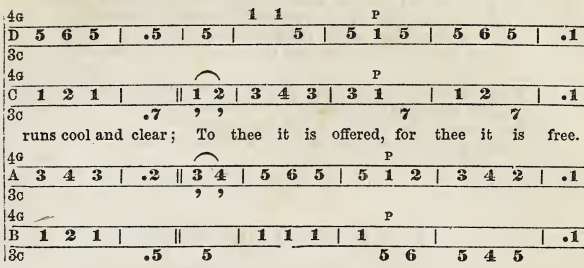
5 Though we triumph, gracious Heaven
Still we much assistance need;
Let thy helping hand be given,
More the glorious work to speed:
For the drunkard,
For the sufferer, Lord, we plead.

6 Bless each Temp'rance celebration—
Every banner now unfurled—
Bless the march of reformation
Every where throughout the world;
To oblivion
Let the monster quick be hurled.

AN INVITATION TO TEE-TOTALISM.

AIR—"*Delay Not.*"





2 Delay not an hour — why longer abuse
Thy mental and physical powers with wine?
The fountain is open — O canst thou refuse,
When health bids thee welcome to bow at her shrine?

3 Delay not a moment — for near is the day
In which the steeled rumseller's business will cease,
On the health and the pockets of tipplers to prey,
Or to rob wives and children of comfort and peace.

4 Delay not, delay not — thy tremulous frame
Will, if longer abused, fill a suicide's grave:
Be a man — leave behind thee a virtuous fame —
Embrace *Total Abstinence* — naught else will thee save.

LIFT NOT THE WINE CUP.

AIR — "*Delay Not.*"

1 Oh! soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,
In the lands of the south where the vine gaily grows,
And blithesome the hearts of the vintagers be,
In the grape purple vales, in the isles of the sea.

2 And fair is the wine when its splendor is poured
'Mid silver and gold round the festival board,
When the magic of music awakes in its power,
And wit gilds the fast falling sands of the hour.

3 Yet lift not the wine cup, though pleasure may swim
'Mid the bubbles that flash round its roseate brim;
For dark in the depths of the fountain below,
Lurk the sirens that lure to the vortex of woe.

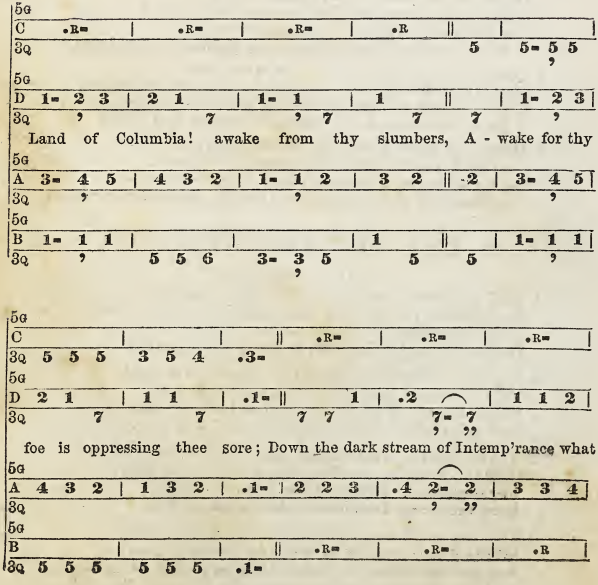
4 They have led the gay spirit of childhood astray,
While it dreamed not of wiles on its radiant way;
And the soft cheek of beauty they've robbed of its bloom,
And quenched her bright eyes in the damps of the tomb.

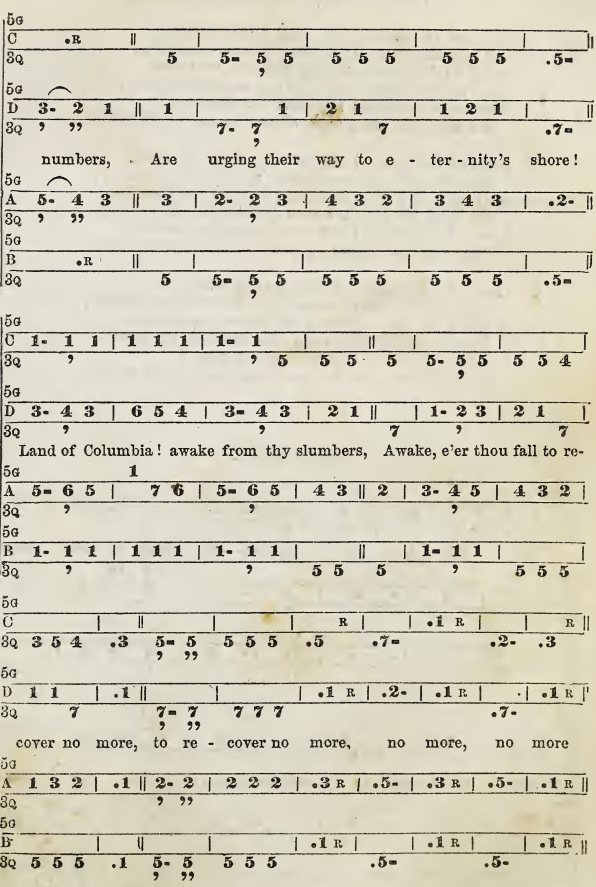
5 They have torn the live wreath from the brow of the brave,
And changed his proud heart to the heart of a slave;
And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,
With the gray hairs of age they have trod to the dust.

6 Then lift not the wine cup, though pleasure may swim
Like an angel of light round its roseate brim;
For dark in the depths of the fountain below,
Lurks the sirens that lure to the vortex of woe.

LAND OF COLUMBIA.

TUNE — "*Daughter of Zion.*"


Land of Columbia! awake from thy slumbers, A - wake for thy
foe is oppressing thee sore; Down the dark stream of Intemp'rance what

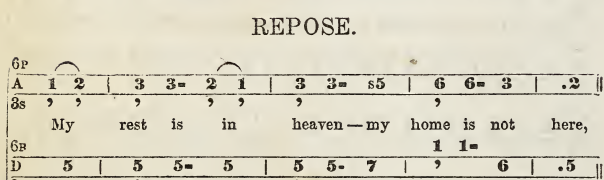

numbers, Are urging their way to e - ter - nity's shore!
Land of Columbia! awake from thy slumbers, Awake, e'er thou fall to re-
cover no more, to re - cover no more, no more, no more

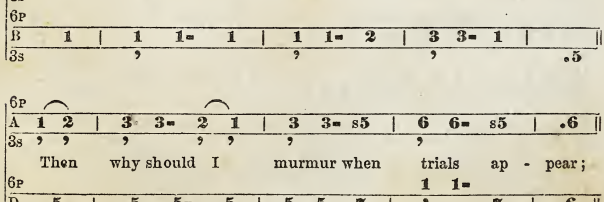
2 Land of Columbia! thy sons are enslaved,
A tyrant infernal has bound them in chains;
Arise in thy might, let thy children be saved,
Expel the dread foe from thy mountains and plains.
Land of Columbia! thy sons are enslaved,
Awake, e'er they sink where despair ever reigns.

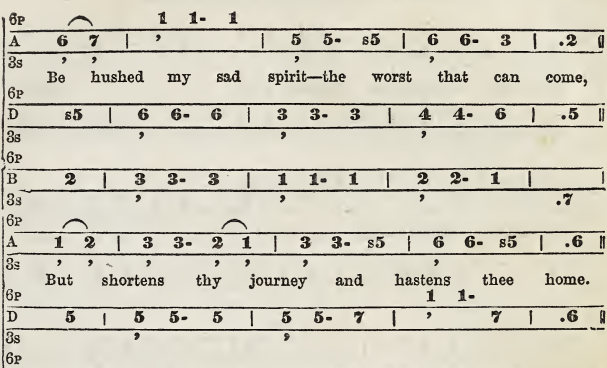
3 Land of Columbia! the morning hath gleamed,
The day-star of temp'rance ascendeth the skies;
Awake to the light that from heaven hath beamed,
No more let the darkness o'ershadow thine eyes.
Land of Columbia! the morning hath gleamed,
Now, hail its bright rays with soul-cheering cries.

4 Land of Columbia! awake to thy glory!
And let thy blest influence be felt the world o'er;
Awake, till intemp'rance be known but in story,
Awake, till its foes shall oppress thee no more!
Land of Columbia! awake to thy glory!
Awake!! and the foe *shall oppress thee no more!*

REPOSE.






6p 1 1- 1
A 6 7 | ' | 5 5- s5 | 6 6- 3 | .2
3s , , , ,
Be hushed my sad spirit—the worst that can come,
6p
D s5 | 6 6- 6 | 3 3- 3 | 4 4- 6 | .5
3s ' ' '
6p
B 2 | 3 3- 3 | 1 1- 1 | 2 2- 1 |
3s ' ' ' .7
6p
A 1 2 | 3 3- 2 1 | 3 3- s5 | 6 6- s5 | .6
3s , , , , , , ,
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.
6p 1 1-
D 5 | 5 5- 5 | 5 5- 7 | ' 7 | .6
3s ' '
6p
B 1 | 1 1- 1 | 1 1- 2 | 3 3- 3 | .6
3s ' ' '

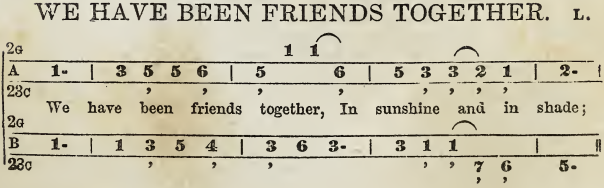
2 A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss,
Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this;
I look for a mansion which hands have not piled—
I long for a city by sin undefiled.

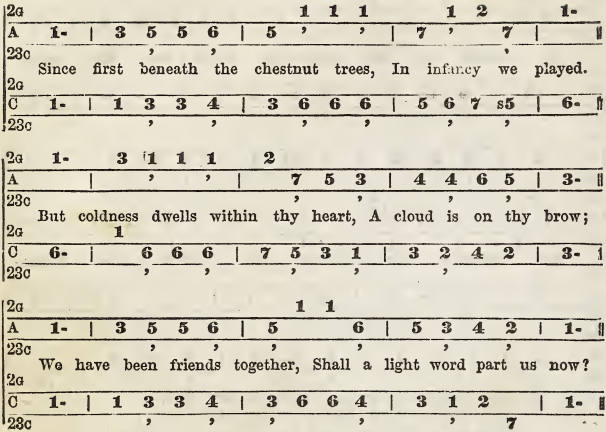
3 Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow—the worst may befall,
One moment in glory makes up for them all.

4 The thorn and the thistle, around me may grow,
I would not repose me on roses below;
I ask not my portion—I seek not my rest,
Till seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.

5 No scrip for my journey—no staff in my hand,
A pilgrim impatient I press to that land;
The path may be rugged, it cannot be long—
With hope I'll beguile it, and cheer it with song.

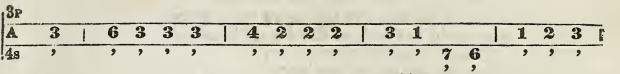
WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER. L.



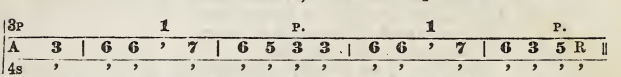

Since first beneath the chestnut trees, In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart, A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together, Shall a light word part us now?

2 We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

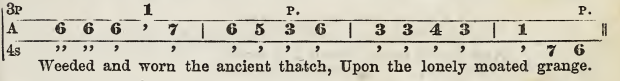
3 We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there,
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?



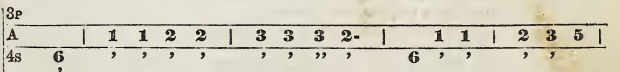
With blackest moss the flower-plots, Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots, That held the peach tree to the wall:



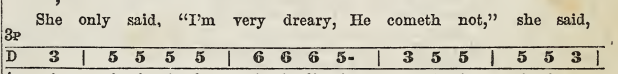
The broken sheds looked sad and strange, Unlifted was the clinking latch;

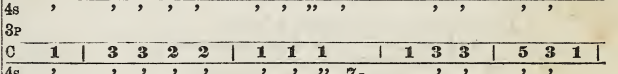


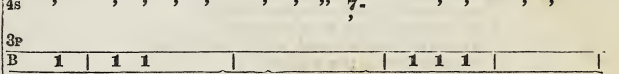
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch, Upon the lonely moated grange.



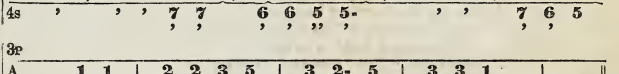
She only said, "I'm very dreary, He cometh not," she said,







She said, "I am aweary, weary, I would that I were dead."



2 Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell e'er the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the gloomy flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, weary—
I would that I were dead!"

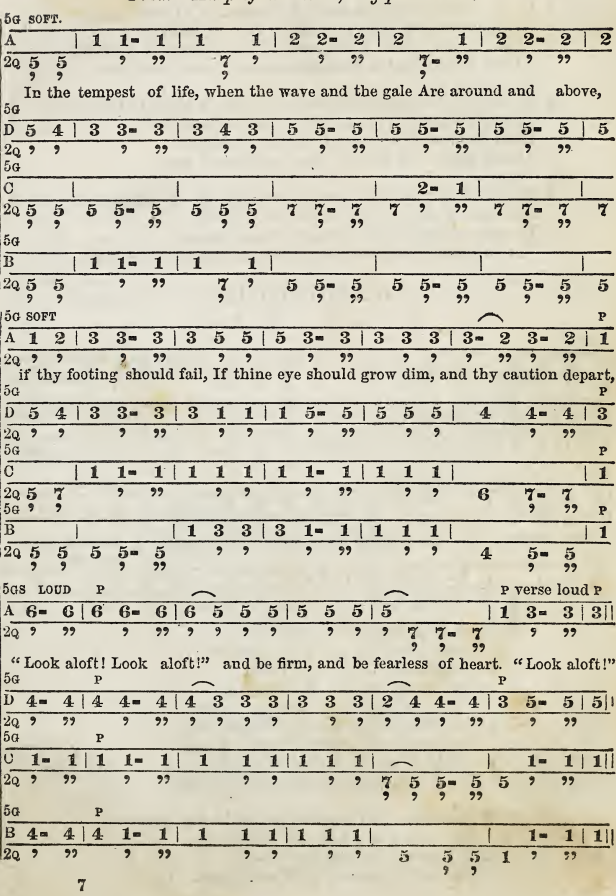
3 About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marishmosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, weary—
I would that I were dead!"

4 And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, weary—
I would that I were dead!"

5 All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about,
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, weary
I would that I were dead!"

LOOK ALOFT.

From "Harp of the West," by permission.


5G SOFT.
In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale Are around and above,
5G SOFT
P
if thy footing should fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
5G
P
5GS LOUD
P
P verse loud P
"Look aloft! Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart. "Look aloft!"
5G
P

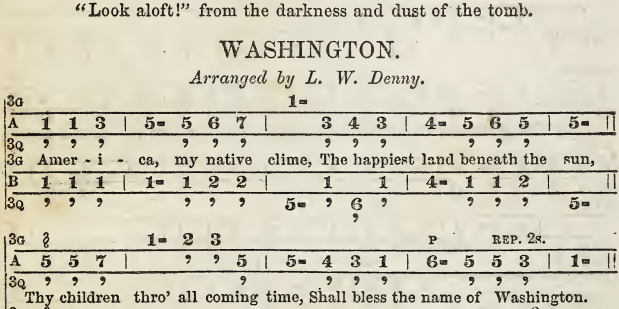
2 If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrow-like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft!" to the friendship which never will fade.

3 Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and in tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft!" to the sun that is never to set.

4 Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom
"Look aloft!" from the darkness and dust of the tomb.

WASHINGTON.

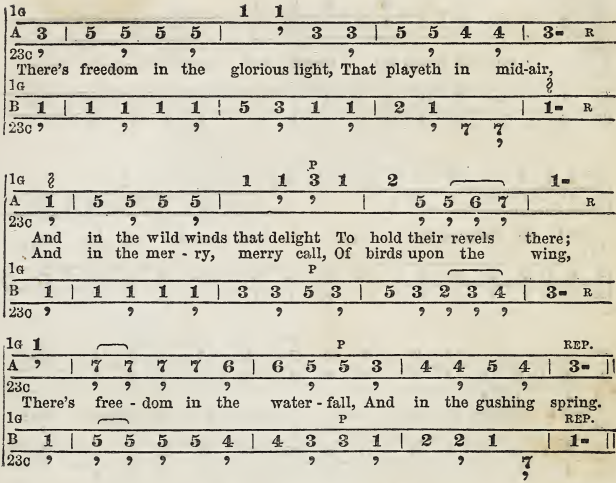
Arranged by L. W. Denny.


1=
Amer - i - ca, my native clime, The happiest land beneath the sun,
P
REP. 2s.
Thy children thro' all coming time, Shall bless the name of Washington.
REP. 2s

2 The conquerors of other days,
Fought well for glory and renown:
Yet not for honor or for praise,
For liberty, fought Washington.

3 The loud-mouthed cannon's awful roar,
The shock of host encountering host:
The field of carnage died in gore,
The loved ones mourning for the lost.

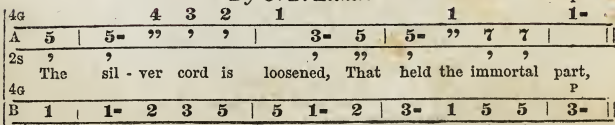
4 Were scenes that tried men's souls, but those
He heeded not, but still pressed on,
'Till victory o'er freedom's foes,
Was nobly gained by Washington. L.

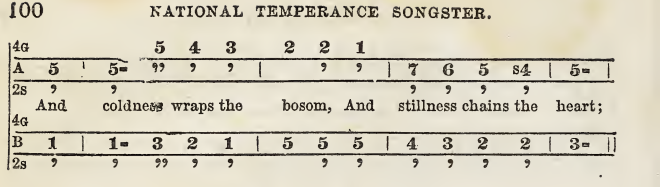

There's freedom in the glorious light, That playeth in mid-air,
And in the wild winds that delight To hold their revels there;
And in the mer - ry, merry call, Of birds upon the wing,
There's free - dom in the water - fall, And in the gushing spring.

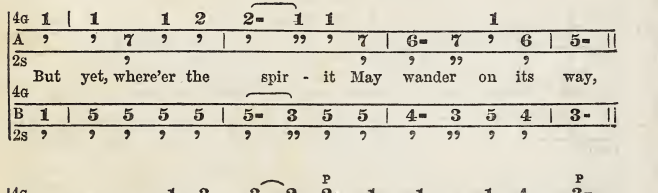
2 There's freedom in the deep wild wood,
And in the lonely glen,
And freedom in vast solitude,
Far from the haunts of men.
But in the city and the town,
The Tyrant, Fashion, reigns
With iron sway, and fools have grown,
To love the Despot's chains. L.

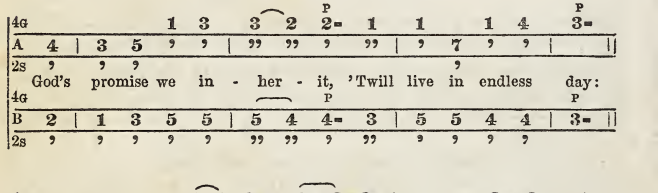
THE SILVER CORD.

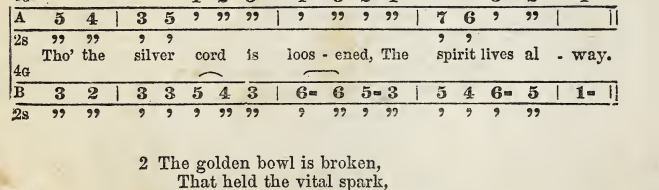
By O. B. Lesher.











2 The golden bowl is broken,
That held the vital spark,
The lips which oft have spoken
Are still, the eyes are dark:
The soul, to God who gave it
Has winged its rapid way,
With him who died to save it,
To dwell in light for aye:—
Tho' the golden bowl is broken,
The spirit lives alway.

3 The cistern wheel is broken,
Checked is the fount of life,
Silent is every token
Of nature's jarring strife.
The promise we inherit,
That there will come a day,
When each immortal spirit,
Shall seek its kindred clay:
Though the cistern wheel be broken,
Yet man shall live alway. L

LONG, LONG AGO.

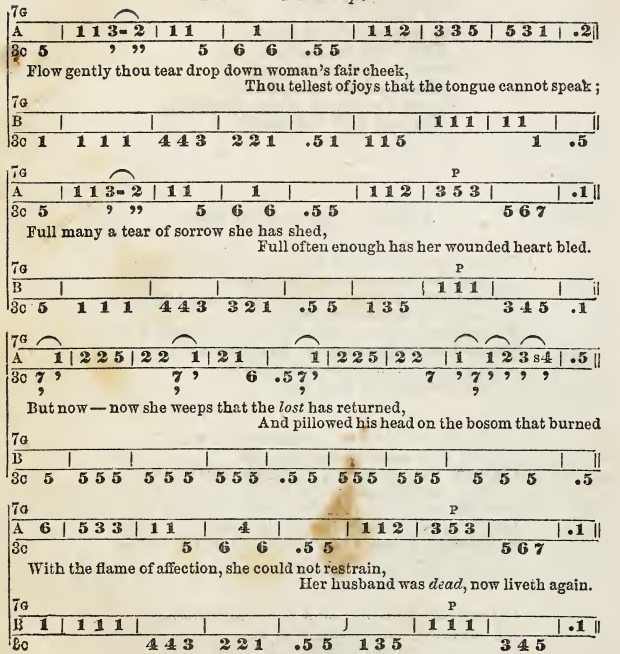
1 Where are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago — long, long ago?
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,
Long, long ago — long ago?
Friends that I loved in their graves are laid low,
Hopes that I cherished are fled from me now,
I am degraded, for rum was my foe,
Long, long ago — long ago.

2 Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head,
Long, long ago — long, long ago.
Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead!
Long, long ago — long ago.
She was my angel, my love and my guide;
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried,
Poor broken hearted! — 'twas well that she died,
Long, long ago — long ago.

3 Let me look back on the days of my youth,
Long, long ago — long, long ago.
I was no stranger to virtue and truth,
Long, long ago — long ago.
Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day!
Oh, for the joys that were purer than they!
Oh, for the hours that I've squandered away!
Long, long ago — long ago.

THE JOYFUL WIFE.

TUNE — "*Indianapolis.*"

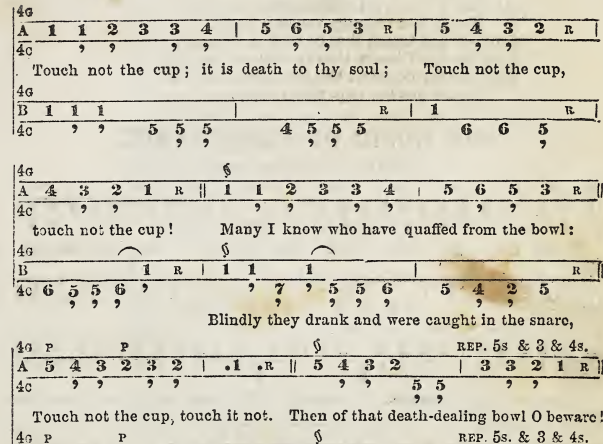

7G
A | 1 1 3- 2 | 1 1 | 1 | | 1 1 2 | 3 3 5 | 5 3 1 | .2 ||
8c 5 ' " 5 6 6 .5 5
Flow gently thou tear drop down woman's fair cheek,
Thou tellest of joys that the tongue cannot speak;
7G
B | | | | | 1 1 1 | 1 1 | | |
8c 1 1 1 1 4 4 3 2 2 1 .5 1 1 5 1 .5
7G
P
A | 1 1 3- 2 | 1 1 | 1 | | 1 1 2 | 3 5 3 | | .1 ||
8c 5 ' " 5 6 6 .5 5 5 6 7
Full many a tear of sorrow she has shed,
Full often enough has her wounded heart bled.
7G
P
B | | | | | 1 1 1 | | |
8c 5 1 1 1 4 4 3 3 2 1 .5 5 1 3 5 3 4 5 .1
7G
A 1 | 2 2 5 | 2 2 1 | 2 1 | 1 | 2 2 5 | 2 2 | 1 1 2 3 s4 | .5 ||
8c 7 ' 7 ' 6 .5 7 ' 7 ' 7 ' ' ' '
But now — now she weeps that the *lost* has returned,
And pillowed his head on the bosom that burned
7G
B | | | | | | | | |
8c 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5
7G
P
A 6 | 5 3 3 | 1 1 | 4 | | 1 1 2 | 3 5 3 | | .1 ||
8c 5 6 6 .5 5 5 6 7
With the flame of affection, she could not restrain,
Her husband was *dead*, now liveth again.
7G
P
B 1 | 1 1 1 | | | | 1 1 1 | | | .1 ||
8c 4 4 3 2 2 1 .5 5 1 3 5 3 4 5

3 The hearth once deserted, and cheerless, and cold,
Now witnesseth beauty and love as of old;
The altar now smokes with devotion's pure flame,
And incense ascends to the Deity's name.

4 The peace and contentment pervading the mind
Is as calm and as sweet as summer's soft wind;
Pure faith and bright hope, like twin sisters stand,
Pointing the way to the blest spirit-land.

TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

TUNE — "*Farewell.*"


Touch not the cup; it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup,
touch not the cup! Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl:
Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare,
Touch not the cup, touch it not. Then of that death-dealing bowl O beware!
Touch not the cup, touch it not. Little they thought that the demon was there,

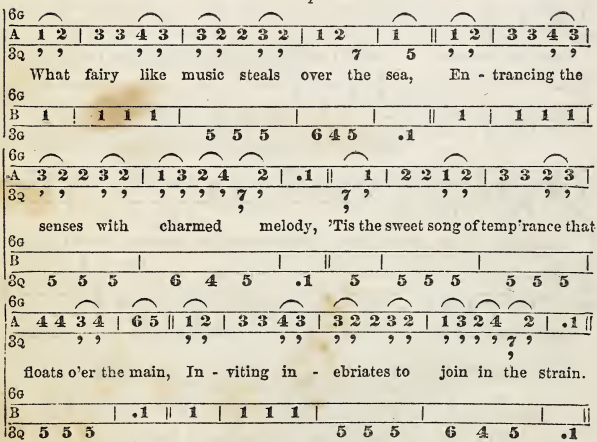
2 Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup,
Though like the ruby it shines in the light,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl;
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul;
Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3 Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom!
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

4 Touch not the cup; drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop for the home, that to thee is so near;
Stop for thy friends, that to thee are so dear;
Stop for thy country, the God that you fear;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

THE MUSIC OF TEMPERANCE.

TUNE — "*Resplendence.*"


What fairy like music steals over the sea, En - trancing the
senses with charmed melody, 'Tis the sweet song of temp'rance that
floats o'er the main, In - viting in - ebriates to join in the strain.

2 Oh, come, beloved brother! we are waiting for thee,
Come, throw off the yoke, and resolve to be free;
And make glad the heart of thy mother once more,
Who has long wept in silence, thy loss to deplore.

3 Oh, come to thy sister! you 'll find her the same,
Although you have caused her much anguish and shame;
Oh, come, take the pledge! and resolve to be wise,
While songs of devotion ascend to the skies.

4 What fairy like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charmed melody?
'Tis the sweet song of temp'rance that floats on the air,
Inviting all classes its comforts to share.

NEW HAIL COLUMBIA.

1 Hail Columbia, happy land;—
Hail ye Washingtonian band,
Who struggle in fair Freedom's cause,
With sterner foes than British laws;
And when the moral strife is done,
What glorious trophies will be won;
A nation saved, will be your boast—
How rich the prize—how light the cost;
Gladness lights each mother's eyes—
Grateful prayers reach to the skies.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
We, a band of brothers joined,
Glorious peace and plenty find.

2 Sound—sound the trump of fame,
Lo! Washington's great name,
Again connected with our cause,
Rings through the world with loud applause;
His name—to ancient freemen dear,
With purer pleasure fills each ear,
Than when from old Britain's power
It wrested Freedom, Heaven's dower;—
Now, linked with temperance on each breeze
It floats the messenger of peace.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
We, a band of brothers joined,
Glorious peace and plenty find.

WHERE DOES THE BLAME LIE?

TUNE—"*New Home.*"

1 O pity me, lady; I'm hungry and cold;
Should I all my sorrows unto you unfold,
I'm sure your kind breast with compassion would flame:
My father's a drunkard—*but I'm not to blame.*

2 My mother's consumptive, and soon will depart,
Her sorrows and trials have broken her heart;
My poor little sisters are starving! O, shame!
Our father's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

3 Time was, we were happy, with plenty and peace,
And every day saw our pleasures increase;
O, then with what kindness we'd lisp forth his name!
But now he's a drunkard—*yet we're not to blame.*

4 Time was, when each morning, around the fireside,
Our sire in the midst like a saint would preside,
And kneel, and for blessings would call on God's name,
But now he's a drunkard — *but we're not to blame.*

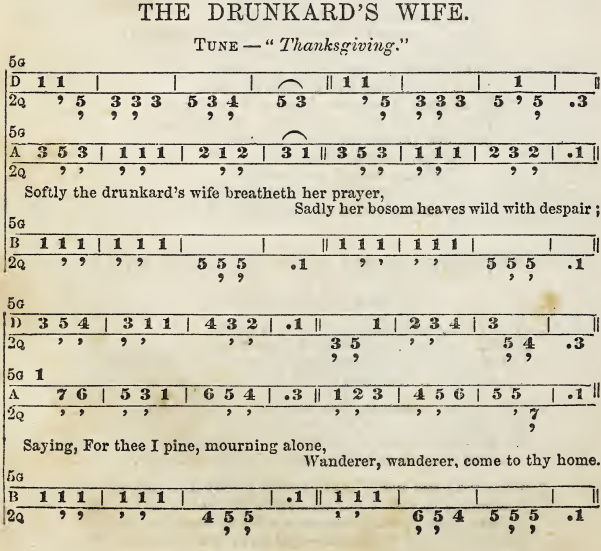
5 Our father then loved us, and all was delight,
Until he partook of this withering blight,
And sunk his poor family in misery and shame,
O yes, he's a drunkard! — *but we're not to blame.*

6 My poor dying mother, must she feel the scorn?
Must she be forsaken, to perish forlorn?
O grief! when we call on that blessed name,
I might well ask the world, *can that saint be to blame?*

7 My sisters, poor orphans! O, what have they done?
Why should you neglect them, or why will you shun?
Let not foul disgrace be attached to their name,
Though their father's a drunkard, *they are not to blame.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

TUNE — "*Thanksgiving.*"


Softly the drunkard's wife breatheth her prayer,
Sadly her bosom heaves wild with despair;
Saying, For thee I pine, mourning alone,
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

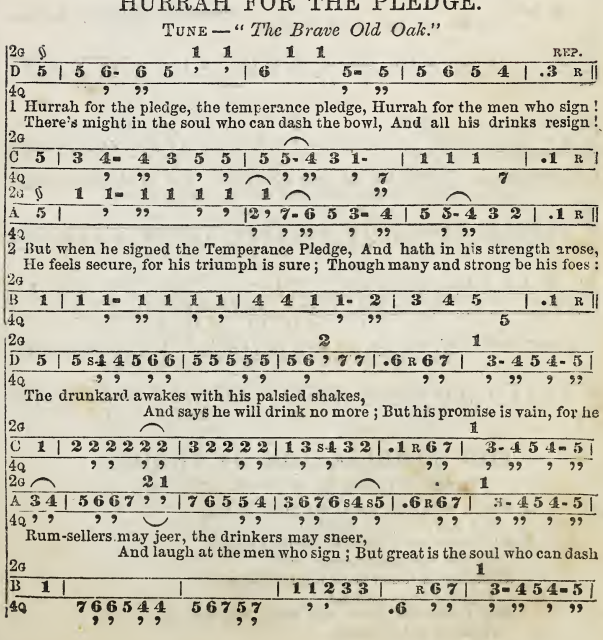
2 He, with the revelers, merrily sung,
Wildly he raised his voice madly in song;
She in a mourning voice blended her tone,
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

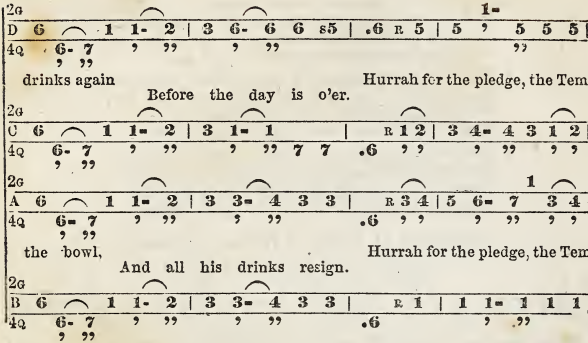
3 Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear,
See how her up-turned eye melts with the tear;
Wife of my bosom, see! I am come:
Come, like a wanderer, back to my home.

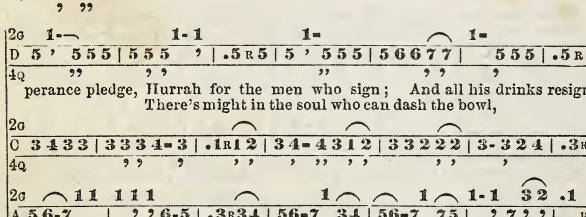
4 Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray,
Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day;
Drunkard no longer, her husband is come,
Happiness, happiness brightens their home!

HURRAH FOR THE PLEDGE.

TUNE — *"The Brave Old Oak."*


REP.
1 Hurrah for the pledge, the temperance pledge, Hurrah for the men who sign!
There's might in the soul who can dash the bowl, And all his drinks resign!
2 But when he signed the Temperance Pledge, And hath in his strength arose,
He feels secure, for his triumph is sure; Though many and strong be his foes:
The drunkard awakes with his palsied shakes,
And says he will drink no more; But his promise is vain, for he
Rum-sellers may jeer, the drinkers may sneer,
And laugh at the men who sign; But great is the soul who can dash


drinks again
Hurrah for the pledge, the Tem-
Before the day is o'er.
the bowl,
Hurrah for the pledge, the Tem-
And all his drinks resign.


perance pledge, Hurrah for the men who sign; And all his drinks resign.
There's might in the soul who can dash the bowl,
perance pledge, Hurrah for the men who sign! And all his drinks resign.
There's might in the soul who can dash the bowl,

THE COMBINATION OF TRADES.

TUNE—"*The Song of Freedom.*" p. 224.

1 Times won't be good 'tis plain to see,
Till we're rid of Alcohol.
And then we'll have a glorious time,
To roll the temperance ball;
Then let us rouse with might and main,
Together one and all,
And work, and work, and work, and work,
Against old Alcohol.

2 The farmers want good times again,
To sell their wheat and pork;
And to get rid of Alcohol,
They're going right to work.
They'll plow, and reap, and sow, and mow,
And gather their crops next fall,
And thrash, and thrash, and thrash, and thrash,
And thrash old Alcohol.

3 The laboring men they want more work,
And higher wages too;
They'll help to roll the temperance ball,
With better times in view;
They'll saw, and chop, and grub, and dig;
And shovel, and shovel away,
Without a drop of Alcohol,
By night or yet by day.

4 The tailors. too, they're on the spot,
To roll the temperance ball;
They know they never got a job
From old King Alcohol;
They'll cut, and baste, and cabbage, and sponge,
And press, and sew, and hem,
And stitch, and stitch, and stitch, and stitch,
For all the temperance men.

5 Shoemakers, too, with right good will,
Will join the working throng,
And what they do for temperance,
They'll do both neat and strong;
They'll cut, and crimp, and last, and stitch,
And peg, and black, and ball;
And peg, and peg, and peg, and peg,
And peg old Alcohol.

6 The hatters do not want to see
Their kettle standing dry;
Just give them room to sign the pledge,
And then the fur will fly;
They'll nap, and block, and collar, and bind,
Together one and all,
And finish, and finish, and finish, and finish,
And finish old Alcohol.

7 The blacksmiths they will roll up sleeves,
And make their sledges swing,
And in the cause of temperance,
They'll make their anvils ring;
They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and weld,
And make the cinders fly,
And hammer, and hammer, and hammer, and hammer,
For Alcohol must die.

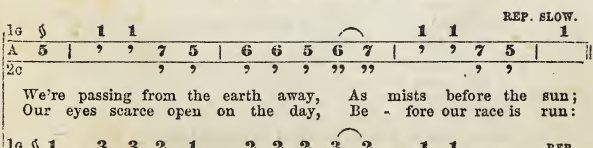
8 The butchers they are on the spot,
With knives and aprons all,
And ready are to go to work,
To dress old Alcohol;
They'll cut, and dress, and carve, and stick,
His carcass they will spoil,
And carve, and carve, and carve, and carve,
And carve old Alcohol.

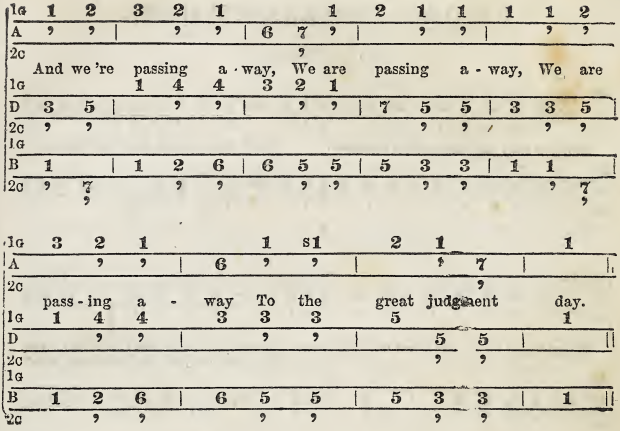
9 The tanners they have volunteered
To take his hide to tan,
And take it to the fair next year,
To be held in Birmingham;
They'll beam, and break, and lime, and bate,
And tan, and tan it well,
And draw a premium on the hide
Of old King Alcohol.

10 The coopers they are on the way
With barrels ready made,
To pack away old Alcohol,
And send him to the shade;
They'll raise, and crause, and guage, and hoop,
With hoops both great and small,
And hoop, and hoop, and hoop, and hoop,
And hoop old Alcohol.

11 And thus we'll shout, and thus we'll sing,
Until our journey's o'er;
A glorious victory we'll obtain,
When Alchy is no more.
Then let us rouse, with might and main,
Together one and all,
And shout, huzza for temperance,
And down with Alcohol.

PASSING AWAY.





2 We're passing from the earth, as falls
The grass before the blade;
Our wealth, our fame, our honors, all
Will soon be lowly laid.

3 "Our fathers, where are they? and do
The prophets live alway?"
Ah! no! How mournful 'tis, how true.
They all have passed away.

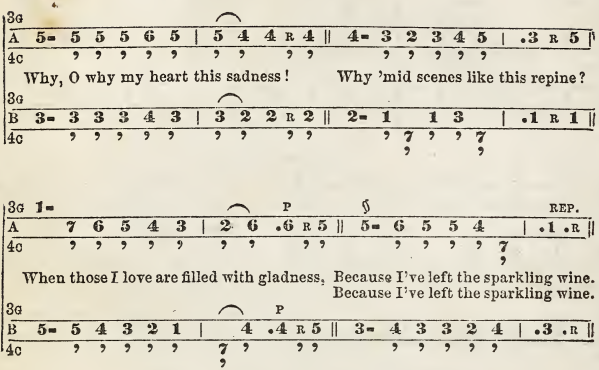
4 We're passing from the earth, as flax
Is by the fire consumed,
Or high, or low, death's scythe attacks,
And brings *all* to the tomb.

5 We're passing down the stream of life,
Swift as the weaver's thread;
Soon there will be an end of strife,
Soon we shall join the dead.

6 Then let us hear and heed the word,
To us in mercy given,
Believe, repent, obey the Lord
And seek the bliss of Heaven. L.

MY OWN TEMPERANCE HOME

TUNE — "*Swiss.*"


3G
A 5- 5 5 5 6 5 | 5 4 4 R 4 || 4- 3 2 3 4 5 | .3 R 5 ||
4C
Why, O why my heart this sadness! Why 'mid scenes like this repine?
3G
B 3- 3 3 3 4 3 | 3 2 2 R 2 || 2- 1 1 3 | .1 R 1 ||
4C
3G 1- P REP.
A 7 6 5 4 3 | 2 6 .6 R 5 || 5- 6 5 5 4 | .1 .R ||
4C
When those I love are filled with gladness, Because I've left the sparkling wine.
Because I've left the sparkling wine.
3G P
B 5- 5 4 3 2 1 | 4 .4 R 5 || 3- 4 3 3 2 4 | .3 .R ||
4C

2 Oh! I've injured those that loved me,
Bound by nature's dearest ties;
The voice of "Father, do not leave me,
Oh! leave your cups, be wise, be wise."
Oh! leave your cups, be wise, be wise.

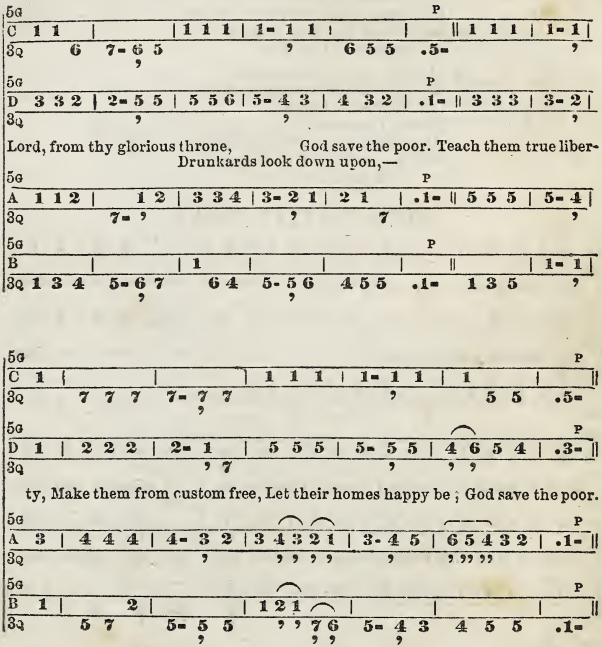
3 These are the sounds that still are ringing,
Through this care worn frame of mine:
But hark! I hear the voice of singing,
"*Oh! Father's left the sparkling wine!*"
Oh! Father's left the sparkling wine!

4 Give me joys — I ask no other —
Joys that bless my humble dome,
Where dwell my daughter and her mother,
Oh give me back my temp'rance home,
Oh give me back my temp'rance home.

5 Joyful tidings still are swelling,
Where long such greetings were unknown;
The pledge brought them to every dwelling,
Oh give me back my temp'rance home,
My own, my own, dear temp'rance home.

GOD SAVE THE DRUNKARD.

TUNE — "*Columbia.*"

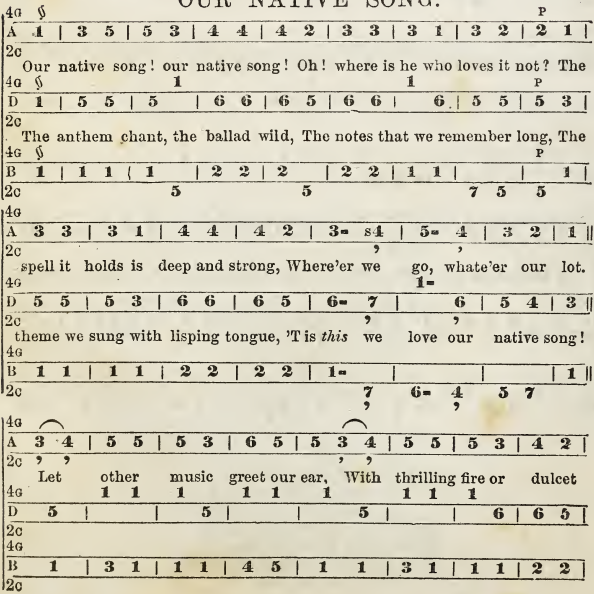

Lord, from thy glorious throne, God save the poor. Teach them true liber-
Drunkards look down upon,—
ty, Make them from custom free, Let their homes happy be ; God save the poor.

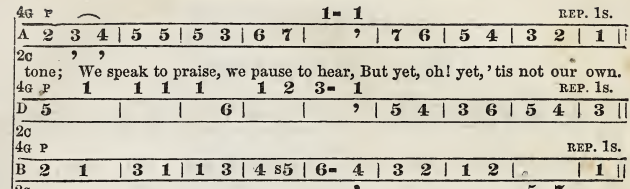
2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain,—
God save the poor.
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless,—
God save the poor.

3 Give them staunch honesty,
Let their pride manly be,—
God save the poor.
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light,—
God save the poor.

4 O God, our cause maintain,
Remove the drunkard's stain,—
God save the poor.
Now, O teetotal band,
Press forward heart and hand,
God by our side will stand,—
God save the poor.

OUR NATIVE SONG.


Our native song! our native song! Oh! where is he who loves it not? The
The anthem chant, the ballad wild, The notes that we remember long, The
spell it holds is deep and strong, Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
theme we sung with lisping tongue, 'T is *this* we love our native song!
Let other music greet our ear, With thrilling fire or dulcet

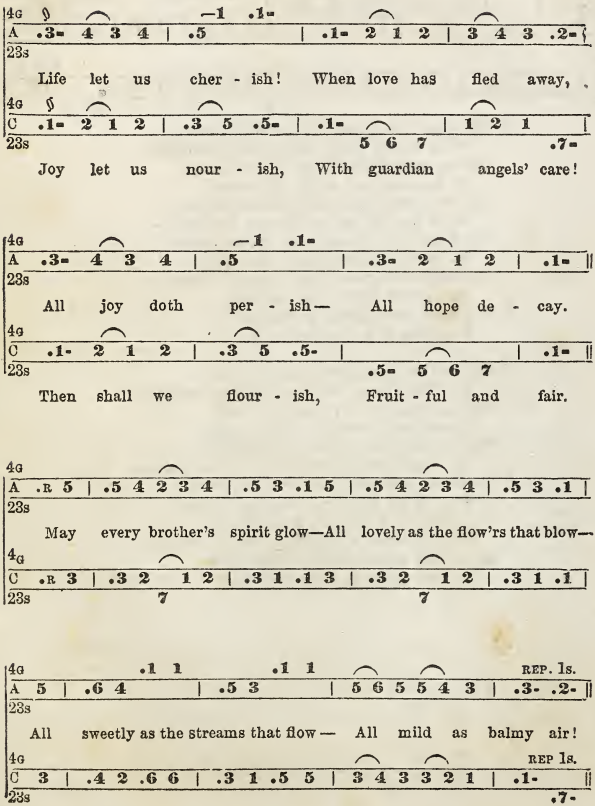

4G P
1- 1
REP. 1s.
A 2 3 4 | 5 5 | 5 3 | 6 7 | ' | 7 6 | 5 4 | 3 2 | 1 |
2C ' '
tone; We speak to praise, we pause to hear, But yet, oh! yet, 'tis not our own.
4G P 1 1 1 1 1 2 3- 1
REP. 1s.
D 5 | 6 | ' | 5 4 | 3 6 | 5 4 | 3 ||
2C
4G P
REP. 1s.
B 2 1 | 3 1 | 1 3 | 4 85 | 6- 4 | 3 2 | 1 2 | 1 ||
2C '
5 7

2 The one who bears the felon's brand,
With moody brow and darken'd name,
Thrust meanly from his father-land,
To languish out a life of shame!
Oh! let him hear some simple strain,
Some lay his mother taught her boy—
He'll feel the charm, and dream again
Of home, of innocence, and joy!
The sigh will burst, the drops will start,
And all of virtue, buried long,
The best, and purest in his heart,
Is waken'd by his native song.

3 Self-exiled from our place of birth,
To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay,
The memory of our own fair earth
May chance awhile to fade away:
But should some minstrel echo fall,
Or chords that breathe *our country's* fame,
Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,
True to the land we love and claim.
The high! the low! in weal or woe,
Be sure there's something coldly wrong
About the heart that does not glow
To hear its own, its native song. E. COOK

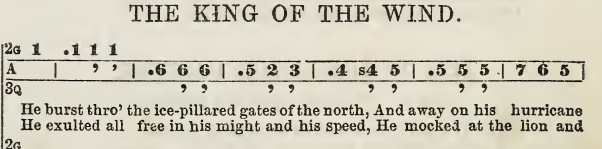
OPENING SONG.

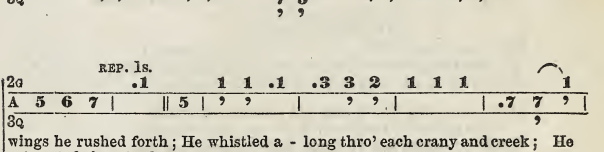
TUNE.—"*Life let us cherish.*"

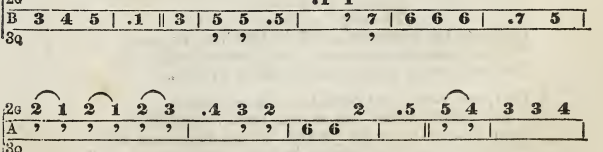

4G
A .3- 4 3 4 | .5 | .1- 2 1 2 | 3 4 3 .2-
23s
Life let us cher - ish! When love has fled away,
4G
C .1- 2 1 2 | .3 5 .5- | .1- | 1 2 1 |
23s 5 6 7 .7-
Joy let us nour - ish, With guardian angels' care!
4G
A .3- 4 3 4 | .5 | .3- 2 1 2 | .1-
23s
All joy doth per - ish— All hope de - cay.
4G
C .1- 2 1 2 | .3 5 .5- | .1-
23s .5- 5 6 7
Then shall we flour - ish, Fruit - ful and fair.
4G
A .R 5 | .5 4 2 3 4 | .5 3 .1 5 | .5 4 2 3 4 | .5 3 .1 |
23s
May every brother's spirit glow—All lovely as the flow'rs that blow—
4G
C .R 3 | .3 2 1 2 | .3 1 .1 3 | .3 2 1 2 | .3 1 .1 |
23s 7 7
4G REP. 1s.
A 5 | .6 4 | .5 3 | 5 6 5 5 4 3 | .3- .2-
23s
All sweetly as the streams that flow— All mild as balmy air!
4G REP 1s.
C 3 | .4 2 .6 6 | .3 1 .5 5 | 3 4 3 3 2 1 | .1-
23s .7-

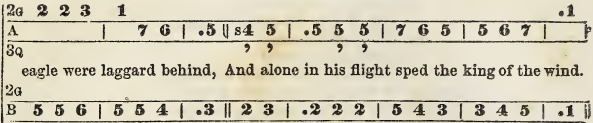
2 Thoughtful, yet cheerful,
Through life we'll glide along,
Sometimes all tearful,
Sometimes all song.
God's bounty may we keep with care,
Our goods with others freely share,
What bows another, help to bear—
No murmur, nor repine.
Loving, we'll cluster,
Like grapes upon the vine;
Faithful, we'll cluster,
This fane divine.

THE KING OF THE WIND.


2G 1 .1 1 1
A | ' ' | .6 6 6 | .5 2 3 | .4 s4 5 | .5 5 5 | 7 6 5 |
3Q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '
He burst thro' the ice-pillared gates of the north, And away on his hurricane
He exulted all free in his might and his speed, He mocked at the lion and
2G
B 1 | .1 1 1 | .4 4 4 | .2 | .1 1 2 | .3 1 1 | 4 4 2 |
3Q ' ' ' ' 7 5 ' ' ' ' ' '


REP. 1s.
2G .1 1 1 .1 .3 3 2 1 1 1 1
A 5 6 7 | || 5 | ' ' | ' ' | .7 7 ' |
3Q '
wings he rushed forth; He whistled a - long thro' each crany and creek; He
taunted the steed;
2G .1 1
B 3 4 5 | .1 || 3 | 5 5 .5 | ' 7 | 6 6 6 | .7 5 |
3Q ' ' '




2G 2 2 3 1 .1
A 7 6 .5 s4 5 .5 5 5 7 6 5 5 6 7
3Q
eagle were laggard behind, And alone in his flight sped the king of the wind.
2G
B 5 5 6 5 5 4 .3 2 3 .2 2 2 5 4 3 3 4 5 .1
3Q

2 He swept o'er the earth — the tall battlements fell,
And he laughed as they crumbled, with maniac yell;
The broad oak of the wood dared to wrestle again,
'Till wild in his fury, he rent it in twain;
He grappled with pyramids, works of an age;
And dire records were left of his havoc and rage,
No power could brave him, no fetters could bind,
Supreme in his sway was the king of the wind.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

TUNE — "*The Star Spangled Banner.*"

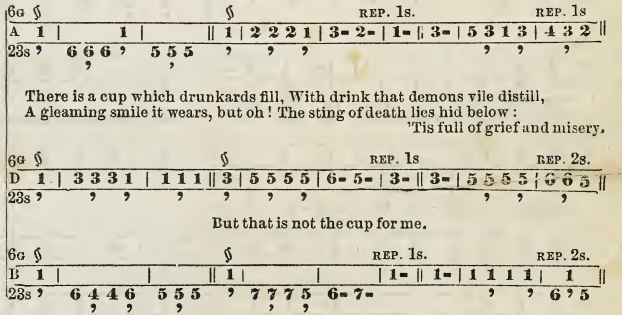
1 Oh! say don't you see as in triumph it waves,
Yon high floating banner. the emblem of virtue,
As a beacon it shines the inebriate to save,
It points to salvation from wine's base allurements.
In language that's clear,
It speaks to the ear,
Stop, mortal, reflect! of the wine-cup beware!
'Tis the temperance banner, and long may it wave,
The emblem of virtue, the drunkard to save.

2 Long, long had the tyrant old *Alcohol* reigned,
And spread devastation in every department;
While millions, his victims, were annually slain,
And hundreds and thousands died broken hearted;
But lo! from above
The angel of love
Presented this emblem, and faithful 't will prove;
'Tis the temperance banner, and long may it wave,
The emblem of virtue, the drunkard to save.

3 Oh haste, then, ye tipplers, no longer delay,
Let reason direct you to shun each temptation;
Sign your name to the pledge, 'tis the only sure way,
To save you from sinking in low degradation;
For conquer we must,
Our cause it is just,
Pure water's our motto, in GOD is our trust;
The temperance banner, long, long may it wave,
The emblem of virtue, the drunkard to save.

4 Then come, ye teetotallers, both aged and youth,
Stand firm to your pledge, a phalanx undivided;
Your conquest is certain, you're fighting for truth,
The victory is ours, the enemy's routed:
Then farewell to wine,
See the pure water shine,
The beverage of Eden when man was in prime;
The temperance banner, O long may it wave,
The emblem of virtue, the drunkard to save.

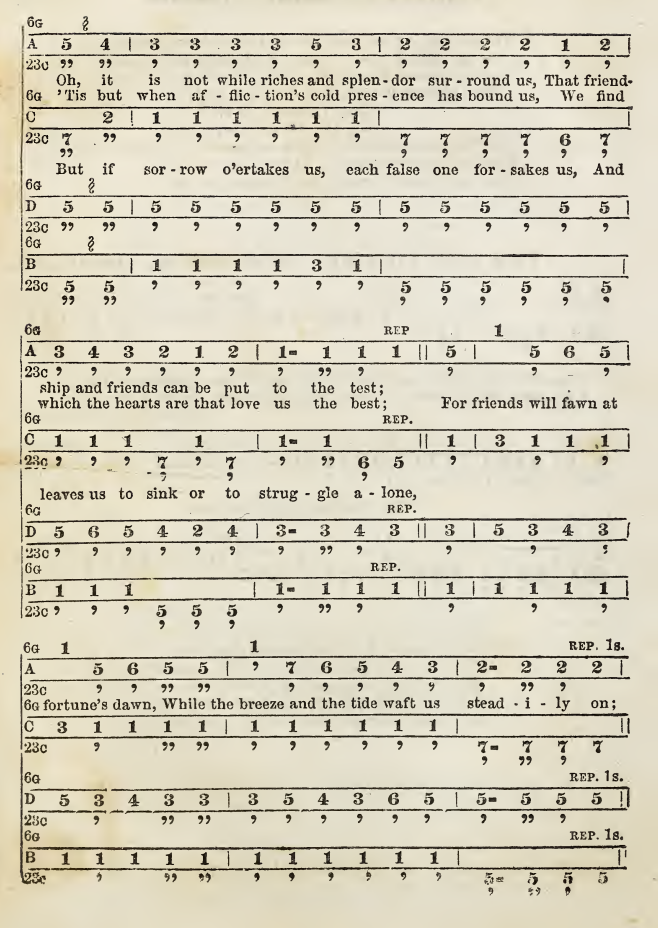
THE CUP FOR ME. BY W. DENTON. MUSIC BY L.

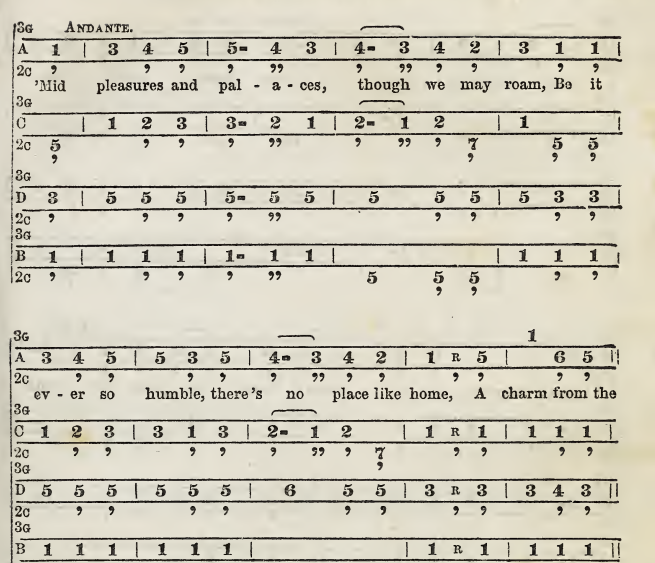


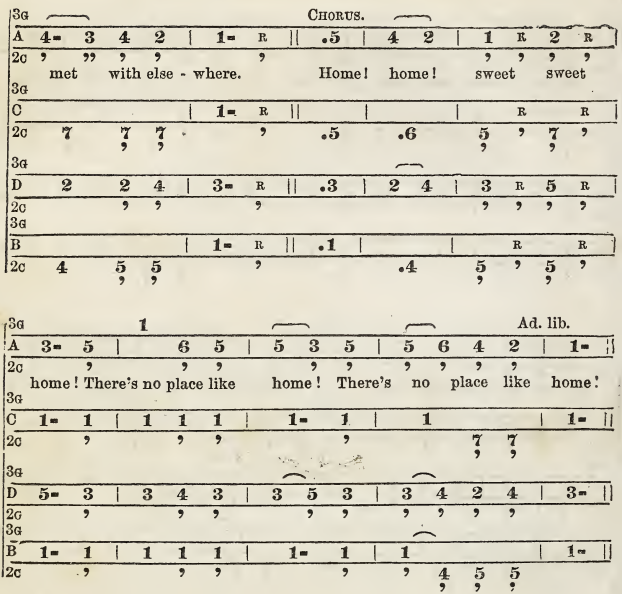
There is a cup which drunkards fill, With drink that demons vile distill,
A gleaming smile it wears, but oh! The sting of death lies hid below:
'Tis full of grief and misery.

But that is not the cup for me.

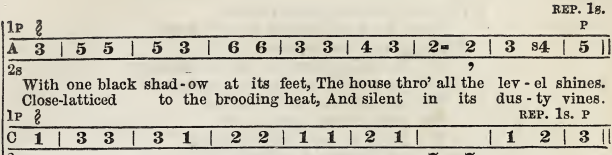
2 There is a cup by temperance filled,
With nectar from the clouds distilled;
There's knowledge, pleasure, life, and wit;
Health, love and joy and peace in it:—
Our FATHER made it for the free,
And that's the cup, dear friends, for me.

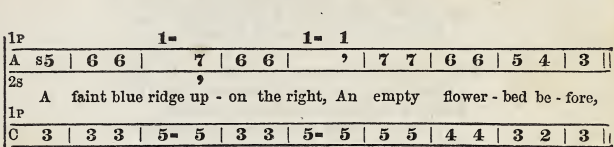

Oh, it is not while riches and splen - dor sur - round us, That friend-
'Tis but when af - flic - tion's cold pres - ence has bound us, We find
But if sor - row o'ertakes us, each false one for - sakes us, And
ship and friends can be put to the test;
which the hearts are that love us the best; For friends will fawn at
leaves us to sink or to strug - gle a - lone,
fortune's dawn, While the breeze and the tide waft us stead - i - ly on;
REP.
REP. 1s.

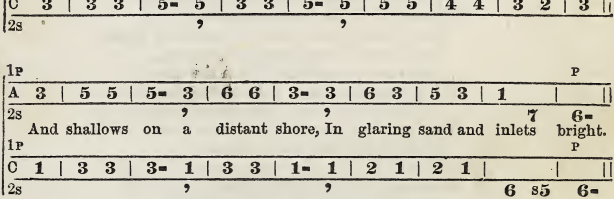

ANDANTE.
'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it
ev - er so humble, there's no place like home, A charm from the
skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er

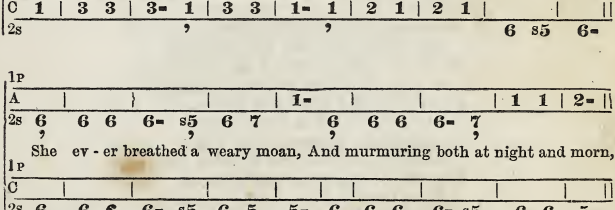


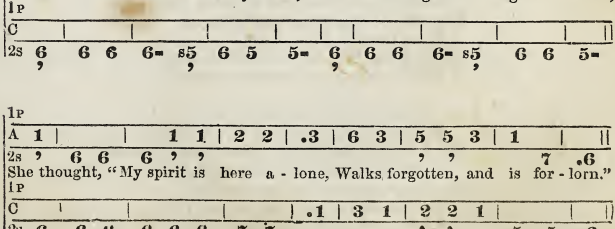
2 An exile from home! splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again:
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!


REP. 1s.
With one black shad - ow at its feet, The house thro' all the lev - el shines.
Close-latticed to the brooding heat, And silent in its dus - ty vines.
REP. 1s.


A faint blue ridge up - on the right, An empty flower - bed be - fore,


And shallows on a distant shore, In glaring sand and inlets bright.


She ev - er breathed a weary moan, And murmuring both at night and morn,


She thought, "My spirit is here a - lone, Walks forgotten, and is for - lorn."

2 She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Through rosy tapers fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown
To left and right, and made appear,
Still-lighted in a secret shrine
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
She ever breathed a weary moan,
And murmuring, both at night and morn,
She said, "My Spirit is here alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

3 Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt;
Till now at noon she slept again,
And seemed knee-deep in mountain grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.
She breathed in sleep a lower moan,
And murmuring, as at night and morn,
She thought, "My Spirit is here alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

4 Dreaming, she knew it was a dream:
She felt he was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere and small.
The river-bed was dusty white;
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.
She whispered, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
"Leave me, Oh! leave me not alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn."

5 And, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth,
For "Love," they said, "must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth."
An image seemed to pass the door,
To look at her with slight and say,
"But now thy beauty flies away,
So be alone forevermore."

"O cruel heart," she changed her tone,
"And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
Is this the end to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn."

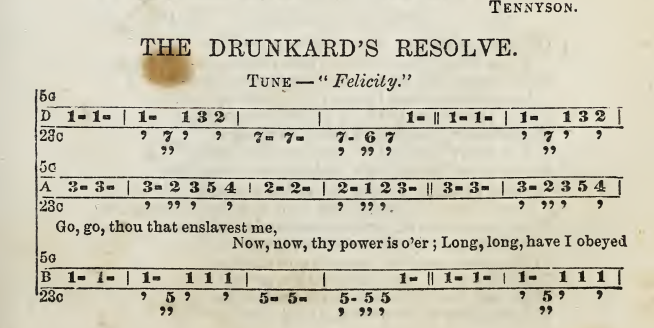
6 But sometimes in the falling day,
An image seemed to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
"But thou shalt be alone no more."
And flaming downward over all
From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
The one black shadow from the wall.
"The day to night," she made her moan,
"The day to night, the night to morn,
And day and night I am left alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

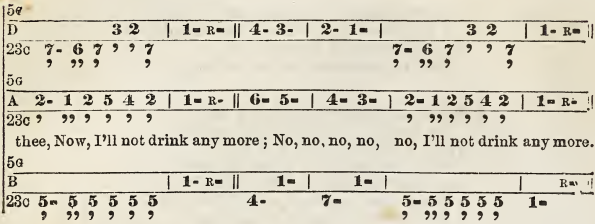
7 At eve a dry cicala sung,
There came a sound as of the sea,
Backward the lattice-blind she flung
And leaned upon the balcony.
There all in spaces rosy bright
Large Hesper glittered on her tears,
And deepening through the silent spheres,
Heaven over heaven rose the night.
And weeping then she made her moan,
"The night comes on that knows not morn,
When I shall cease to be alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

TENNYSON.

THE DRUNKARD'S RESOLVE.

TUNE — "*Felicity.*"




5e
D 3 2 | 1- R- || 4- 3- | 2- 1- | 3 2 | 1- R- ||
23c 7- 6 7 ' ' 7 7- 6 7 ' ' 7
5G
A 2- 1 2 5 4 2 | 1- R- || 6- 5- | 4- 3- | 2- 1 2 5 4 2 | 1- R- ||
23c ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '
thee, Now, I'll not drink any more ; No, no, no, no, no, I'll not drink any more.
5G
B | 1- R- || 1- | 1- | R-
23c 5- 5 5 5 5 5 4- 7- 5- 5 5 5 5 5 1-

2 Thou, thou, bringest me ever
Deep, deep sorrow and pain,
Then, then, from thee I'll sever,
Now, I'll not serve thee again
No, no, no, no, no, I'll not serve thee again.

3 Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me,
Home, friends, pleasures so sweet;
Now, now, forever, I've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet;
No, no, no, no, no, thou and I never shall meet.

4 Joys, joys, bright as the morning,
Now, now, on me will pour,
Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning;
Now, I'll not drink any more;
No, no, no no, no, I'll not drink any more.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY,

TUNE — "*Star Spangled Banner.*" p. 163.

1 On this joyous day, while the cannon's loud voice,
From every green hill-top like thunder is breaking;
And music's soft strains upon ocean and shore,
In each throbbing bosom fresh ardor is waking.
There comes o'er the hills a discordant strain,
Proclaiming, oppression exulteth again;
It fills every zephyr; is borne on each gale,
Bespeaking the widows' and orphans' sad wail.

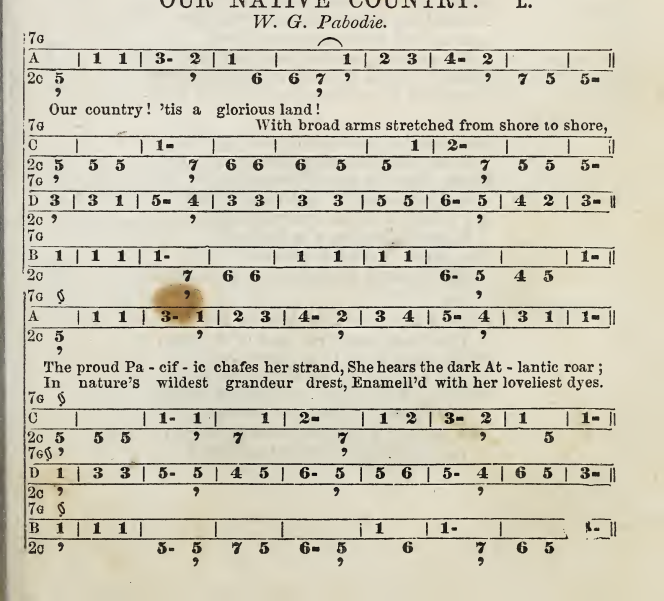
2 'Rouse, freemen, arouse, for action prepare,
Rush forth to retrieve your fond homes from invasion;
Your breasts as of yore, to the battle make bare;
But conquer by power of moral persuasion,
With manly resolve, let each one declare,
The yoke of intemperance he never will bear;
Fling out the white flag, let it float in the gale,
Till temperance all over the land shall prevail.

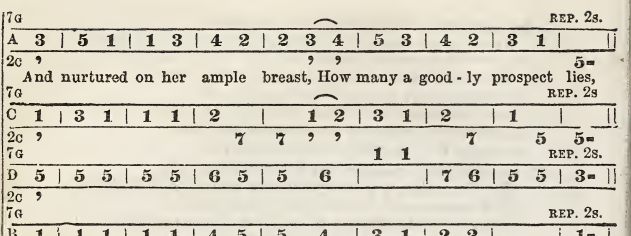
3 See parents unite, and children combine,
To wipe off the scourge that degrades our fair nation;
Their "lives, sacred honor, and fortunes," resign,
To secure their country from base degradation.
Devotion's pure streams incessantly rise,
From woman's kind bosom, to God in the skies;
To lead on to conquest the hosts of the free,
And save the "asylum of sweet liberty."

4 Our cause still goes on, we'll be undismayed,
The fountains of mis'ry will soon cease their flowing,
While heaven directs us, we'll not be afraid,
For cold water armies to millions are growing:
In Israel's God we'll still put our trust,
And boldly march onward; "our cause it is just;"
Soon the white flag of temperance "in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

OUR NATIVE COUNTRY. L.

W. G. Pabodie.


Our country! 'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pa - cif - ic chafes her strand, She hears the dark At - lantic roar;
In nature's wildest grandeur drest, Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

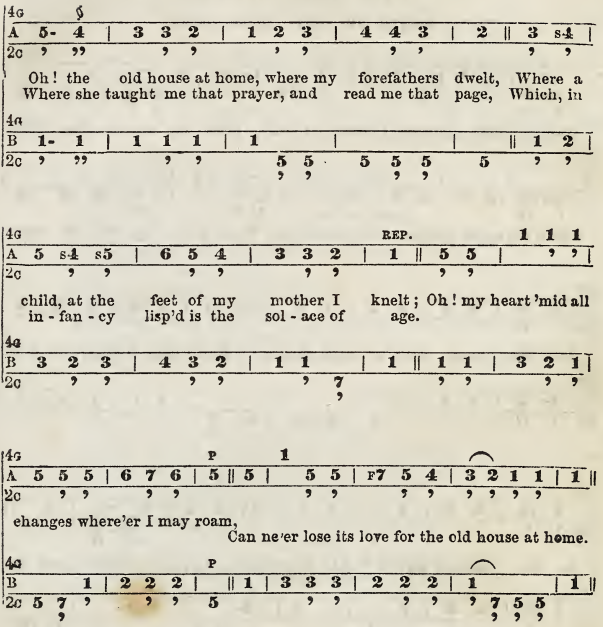

7G
REP. 2s.
A 3 | 5 1 | 1 3 | 4 2 | 2 3 4 | 5 3 | 4 2 | 3 1 |
2c ' ' ' 5-
And nurtured on her ample breast, How many a good - ly prospect lies,
7G
REP. 2s
C 1 | 3 1 | 1 1 | 2 | 1 2 | 3 1 | 2 | 1 |
2c ' 7 7 ' ' 7 5 5-
7G
1 1
REP. 2s.
D 5 | 5 5 | 5 5 | 6 5 | 5 6 | 7 6 | 5 5 | 3- ||
2c '
7G
REP. 2s.
B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 4 5 | 5 4 | 3 1 | 2 2 | 1- |
2c ' 5 5

2 Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

3 And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours,
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

4 Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty! —
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise:
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

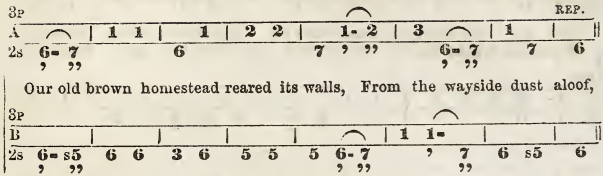
THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME. L.

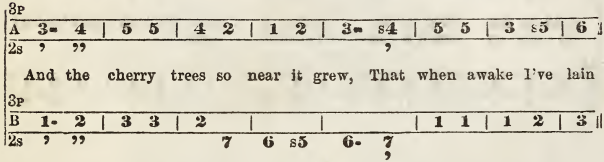

Oh! the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt, Where a
Where she taught me that prayer, and read me that page, Which, in
child, at the feet of my mother I knelt; Oh! my heart 'mid all
in - fan - cy lisp'd is the sol - ace of age.
REP.
changes where'er I may roam,
Can ne'er lose its love for the old house at home.

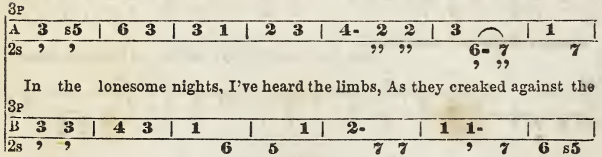
2 It is not for its splendor, that dwelling is dear,
It is not that the wealthy and noble are there:
Round the porch, the wild-rose and jasmine entwine,
And the sweet-scented woodbine there waves in the wind;
And my heart 'mid all changes wherever I roam,
Shall ne'er lose its love for the old house at home.

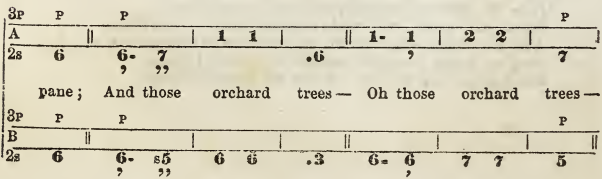
OUR HOMESTEAD. L.

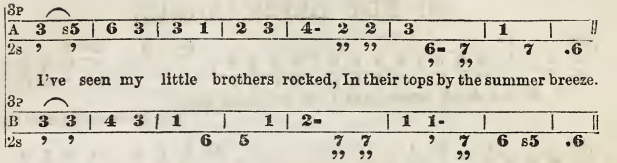
WORDS BY MISS PHŒBE CARY.


REP.
Our old brown homestead reared its walls, From the wayside dust aloof,
Where the apple boughs could almost cast, Their fruit - age on its roof;







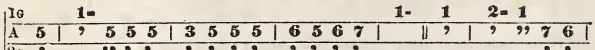


2 The sweetbrier under the window sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask-rose by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotics rich and rare,
That in other eyes were lovelier,
But not to me so fair;
And those roses bright — Oh, those roses bright —
I've twined them with my sister's locks,
That are lain in the dust from sight.

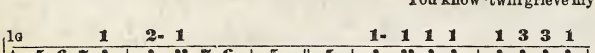
3 We had a well — a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly;
And there never was water half so sweet
As that in my little cup,
Drawn from the curb, by the rude old sweep
Which my father's hand set up;
And that deep old well — Oh, that deep old well! —
I remember yet the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

4 Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
Where my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair —
That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light — O, that broad hearth's light!
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night.

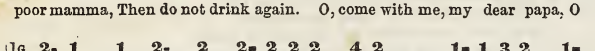
DO NOT DRINK AGAIN.



O, do not drink again, papa, O, do not drink again!
You know 'twill grieve my



poor mamma, Then do not drink again. O, come with me, my dear papa, O



leave your drink and come, For I have told my poor mamma
That I would bring you home.

2 The people here are swearing so,
I do not like to stay;
And poor mamma is sick, you know,
Oh come with me, I pray!
I'm choking with the smoke, papa,
Oh, see those cruel men
Are fighting! let us go, papa —
I would not drink again.

3 The house is cold at home, papa,
And we have had no bread;
And little Charlie. too, papa;
I fear is almost dead.
Then do not drink again, papa,
Oh, do not drink again!
You know 't will grieve my poor manma,
Oh, do not drink again.

FREEDOM'S CALL.

TUNE — "*Wallace.*" p. 234.

1 Friends of freedom! swell the song,
Young and old, the strain prolong,
Make the temp'rance army strong,
And on to victory.

2 Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march a world to save;
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?

3 Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruined families!

4 Raise the cry in every spot—
"Touch not — Taste not — Handle not,"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

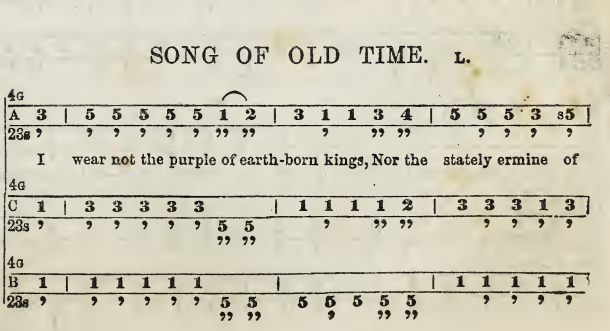
5 Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest.
By living soberly.

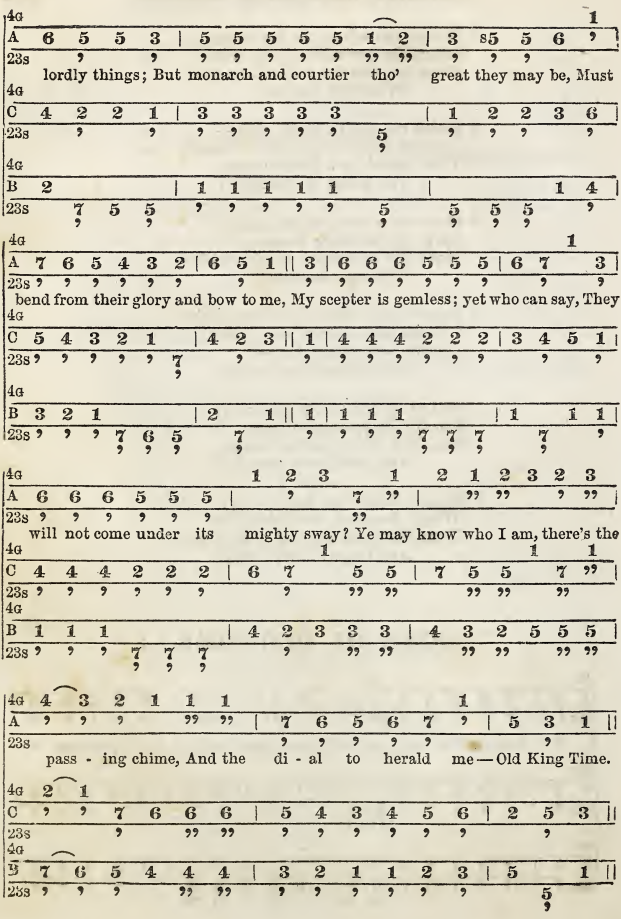
6 Raise the glorious watchword high—
"Touch not — Taste not — lest you die!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee

7 God of Mercy! hear us plead;
For thy help we intercede,
See, how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.

8 Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When, beneath thy genial ray;
Temp'rance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

SONG OF OLD TIME. L.


4G
A 3 | 5 5 5 5 5 1 2 | 3 1 1 3 4 | 5 5 5 3 s5 |
23s
I wear not the purple of earth-born kings, Nor the stately ermine of
4G
C 1 | 3 3 3 3 3 | 1 1 1 1 2 | 3 3 3 1 3 |
23s
4G
B 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 | | 1 1 1 1 1 |
23s


lordly things; But monarch and courtier tho' great they may be, Must
bend from their glory and bow to me, My scepter is gemless; yet who can say, They
will not come under its mighty sway? Ye may know who I am, there's the
pass - ing chime, And the di - al to herald me — Old King Time.

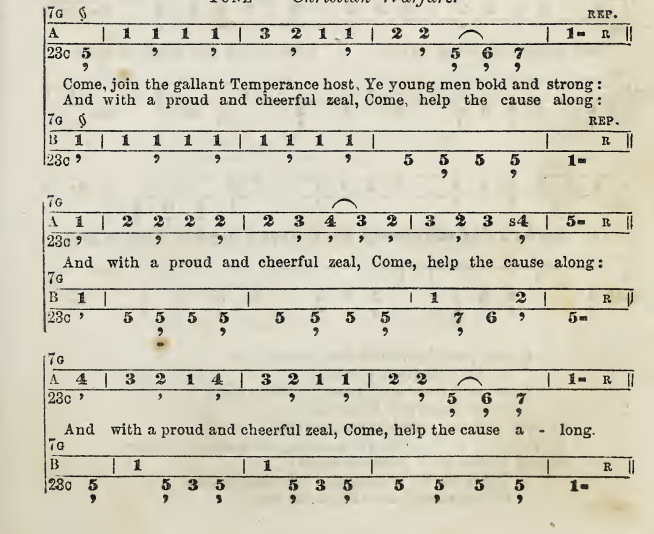
2 Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light,
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow.
In the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
Who laughs at my power? the young and the gay;
But they deem not how closely I track their way,
Wait till their first bright sands have run,
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

3 I eat through treasures with moth and rust;
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
I make the shell-proof tower my own,
And break the battlement stone by stone.
Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,
Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;
But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
And Time, old Time, will be king after all.

ELIZA COOK.

THE CALL.

TUNE — "*Christian Warfare.*"


Come, join the gallant Temperance host. Ye young men bold and strong:
And with a proud and cheerful zeal, Come, help the cause along:
And with a proud and cheerful zeal, Come, help the cause along:
And with a proud and cheerful zeal, Come, help the cause a - long.

7G CHORUS.
A 1- 1 1 1 | 3- 1 1 | 2 2 2 3 4 | 5 3 1
23c , , , , , , , , , ,
O, that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful.
7G
B 1- 1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | 1 1 1
23c , , , , 5 5 5 5 ,
7G
A R 1 1 1 1 1 | 3 2 1 1 | 2 2 | 1- R
23c , , , , , 5 6 7
O that will be joy - ful, When young men drink no more.
7G
B R 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | R
23c , , 7 , 5 5 5 5 1-
7G
A 1 | 2 2 2 2 | 2 3 4 3 2 | 3 2 3 s4 | 5- R
23c , , , , , , , , , ,
When young men drink no more, - When young men drink no more,
7G
B | 1 2 | R
23c 1 5 5 5 5 5- 5 5 7 6 , 5-
7G
A 4 | 3 2 1 4 | 3 2 1 1 | 2 2 | 1-
23c , , , , , , , 5 6 7
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring, When young men drink no more.
7G
B 1 1
23c 5 5 3 5 5 3 3 5 5 5 5 1-

2 Come, join the brave, the noble Sons,
Ye men of riper years,
And save your wives and children dear,
From want and bitter tears:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O, that will be joyful, when strong men drink no more,
When strong men drink no more:
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When strong men drink no more.

3 Come, join the social temperance host,
Ye men of hoary heads,
And end your days where temperance
Its peaceful influence sheds:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when old men drink no more,
When old men drink no more:
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When old men drink no more.

4 Come, join the noble temperance host,
Ye dames and maidens fair,
And breathe around us, in our path,
Affection's hallowed air:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on, to conquests not yet won;
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When woman cheers us on.

5 Come, join the cheerful temperance host,
Ye who distill and sell
The poison that destroys the health
And brings the fatal spell:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when the STILL is worked no more;
When the STILL is worked no more, in all our happy shore;
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When the STILL is worked no more.

6 Come, join the gallant temperance host,
Ye sons and daughters, all,
Of this our own America,
Come, at the friendly call:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say,
When all shall proudly say, "Away the bowl, away;"
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When all shall own our sway.

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

BY E. WILLIAMSON.

1 We come, we come, in bright array,
And in procession grand;
The good, the generous, and the great,
Compose our countless band.

2 Against King Alcohol we come,
Our banner we've unfurled,
Resolved we are to drive the foe
Forever from our world.

3 Upon its folds we have inscribed,
Eternal hate to rum,
And hope to march to victory,
For this we come, we come.

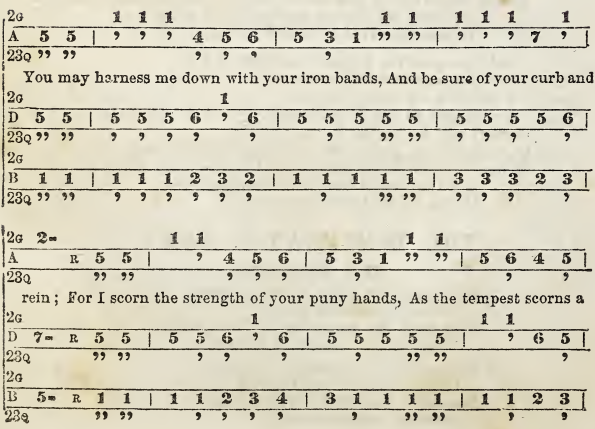
4 Unhappy wives, and drunkards sad,
Whose hearts were filled with pain,
With beaming eyes and buoyant hopes
Now join our happy train.

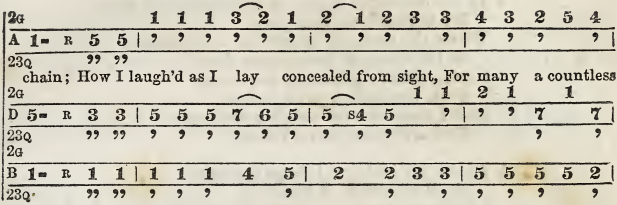
5 Delightful music cheers us on,
It sweetly greets the ear,
It falls from grateful cheerful lips,
Attended by a tear.

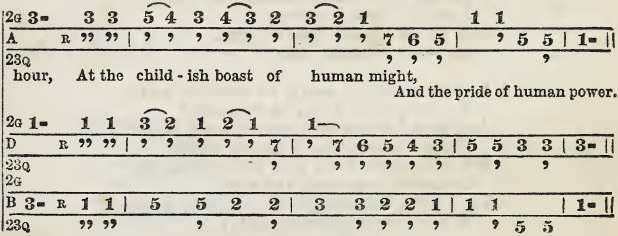
6 Upon our efforts angels smile,
And gaze with sweet delight,
Whilst in this cause we are engaged,
Against the powers of night.

THE SONG OF STEAM. L.

Words by G. W. Cutter.


You may harness me down with your iron bands, And be sure of your curb and
rein ; For I scorn the strength of your puny hands, As the tempest scorns a





2 Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast.
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

3 Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountains steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
And those where his beams decline:
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

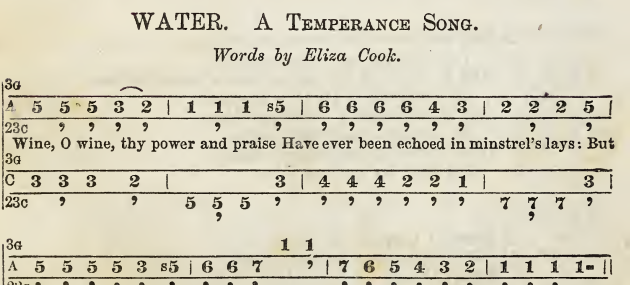
4 In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow!

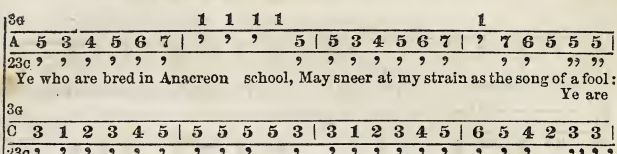
5 I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint —
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print,
On every Saturday eve.

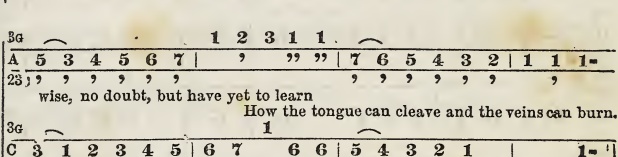
6 I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!

WATER. A Temperance Song.

Words by Eliza Cook.


Wine, O wine, thy power and praise Have ever been echoed in minstrel's lays: But
water, I deem hath a mightier claim, To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.

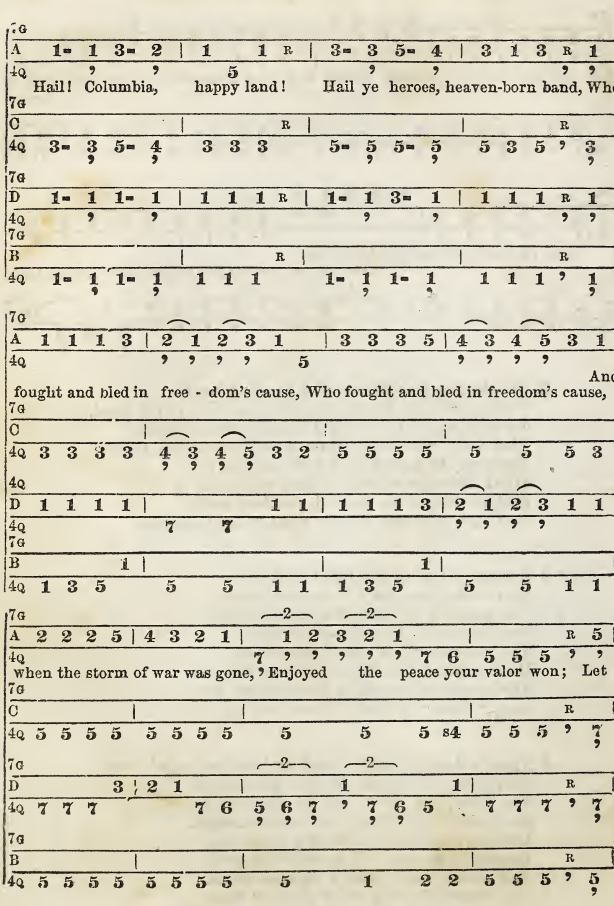


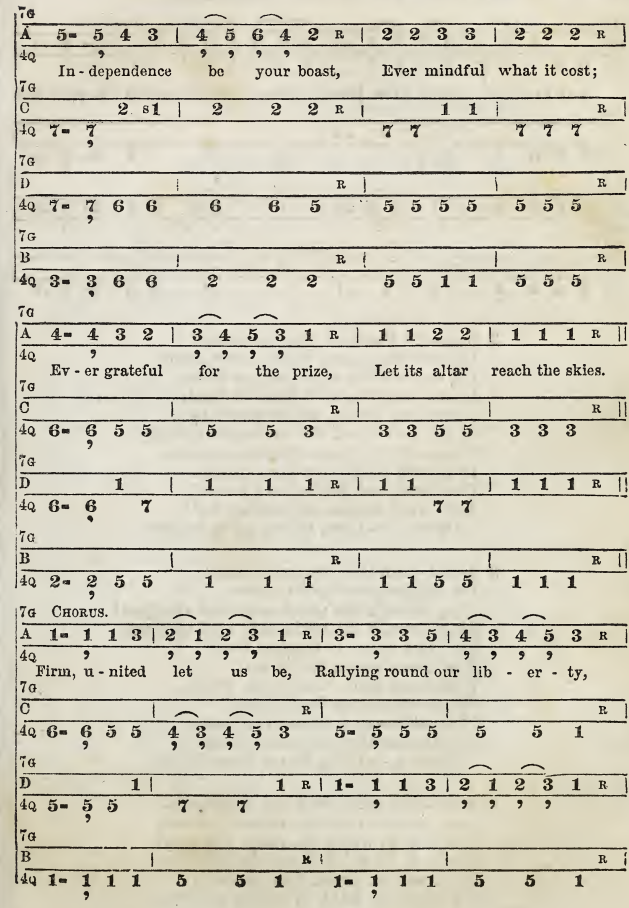


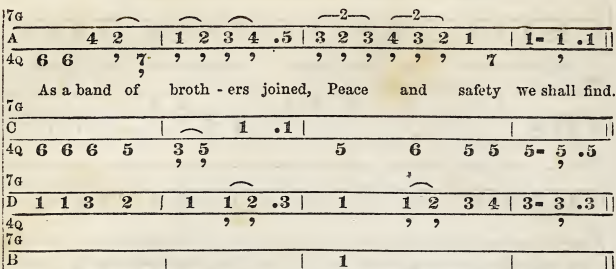
2 Should you ever be one of a fainting band,
With your brow to the sun, and your feet to the sand,
I would wager the thing I'm most loth to spare,
That your bacchanal chorus would never ring there.
Traverse the desert, and then you can tell
What treasures exist in a deep cold well,
Sink in despair on the red, parched earth,
And then you may reckon what water is worth.

3 Famine is laying her hand of bone
On the ship becalm'd in a torrid zone;
The gnawing of hunger's worm is past,
But fiery thirst lives on to the last.
The stoutest one of the gallant crew
Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue;—
The hot blood stands in each gloomy eye,
And, "Water, O God!" is the only cry.

4 There's drought in the land, and the herbage is dead,
No ripple is heard in the streamlet's bed;
The herd's low bleat, and the sick man's pant,
Are mournfully telling the boon we want.
Let Heaven this one rich gift withhold,
How soon we find it is better than gold;
And water, I say, hath a right to claim,
The minstrel's song and a glorious fame.


Hail! Columbia, happy land! Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band, Who
And
fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
when the storm of war was gone, Enjoyed the peace your valor won; Let


In - dependence be your boast, Ever mindful what it cost;
Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its altar reach the skies.
CHORUS.
Firm, u - nited let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty,



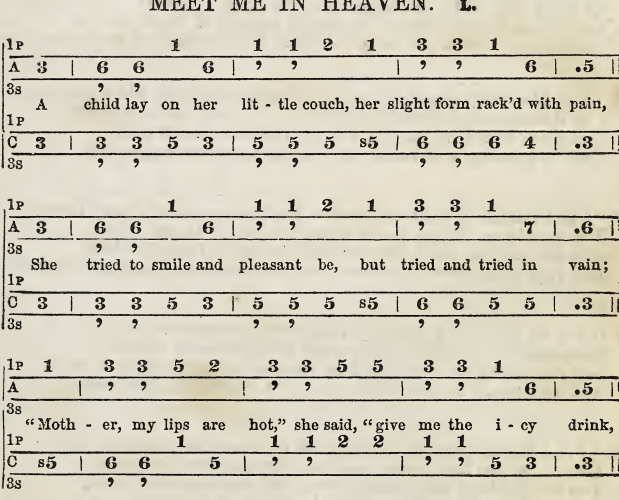
2 Immortal Patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine, where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail!
CHORUS.—Firm, united let us be, &c.

3 Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let *Washington's* great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Now listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.
CHORUS.—Firm, united let us be, &c.

4 Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you;

When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or *Liberty*.
CHORUS.—Firm, united let us be, &c.

MEET ME IN HEAVEN. L.


A child lay on her lit - tle couch, her slight form rack'd with pain,
She tried to smile and pleasant be, but tried and tried in vain;
"Moth - er, my lips are hot," she said, "give me the i - cy drink,
And come and sit be - side me, ere to slumber's chains I sink.

2 "And try to keep me 'wake, for now my strength is almost gone,
I am so worn and restless, when my burning fever's on.
And lay your gentle hand upon my hot and throbbing brow;
Ah! that is sweet, mother!—and I am better—better now.

3 "You are so good and beautiful! — ah! mother, I half-long
To linger in this happy world, although I know it's wrong;
You say I must not murmur, and you say that it is best,
Ah! mother, will you miss me, when I am gone unto my rest?

4 "You must not let them breathe my name, I know 't will make you weep
To think how coldly in the grave, all by myself I sleep;
You 'll miss me, too, around the hearth at close of winter's ev 'n,
You must not, must not weep, but think I 'm waiting you in heaven.

5 "And when they close my eyes, and fold my hands so white and still,
You 'll come and sit beside me then? — ah! yes, I know you will,
And place within my fingers, too, the roses sweet and pale,
They 're growing wild beside the rill, far down this happy vale.

6 "I feel your tears upon my hand — don 't weep — don 't weep for me,
You 've told me in that far-off home how happy I should be,
And *you* must think of this, and take my Bible from the shelf,
And read those words I learned to say — you taught me them yourself.

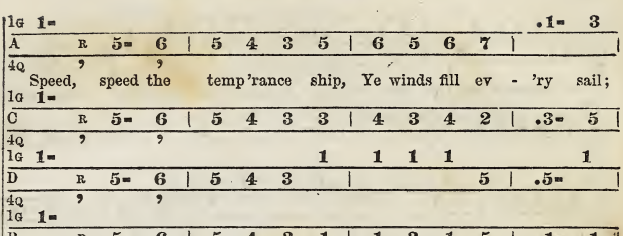
7 "And let the violets, purple, on my grave in summer grow,
They look so sweet and modest, and I always loved them so;
But you must not think that I am there — my spirit free will rise,
And ever watch the coming of your own sweet 'saint-like eyes.'

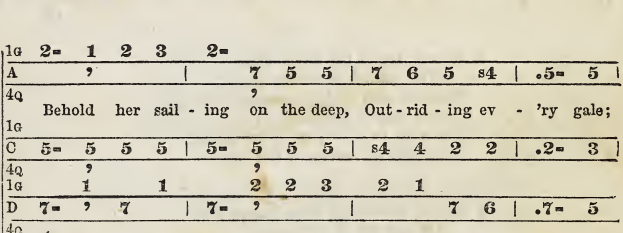
8 "I feel you 're weeping, mother, and you must not, must not weep,
But try, as you have taught me oft, a trusting heart to keep:
You see you have not taught in vain, my years are only seven,
And yet I feel I 'm old enough to look for you in heaven.

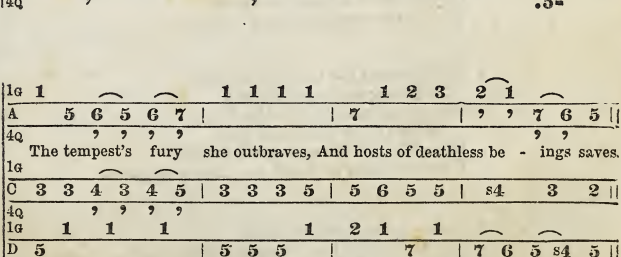
9 "'T is turning darker, darker now — you say 't is morn without,
Just mid-day, and the sun is bright, the wild birds all about;
I can not see a ray of light — how quick and short my breath,
Oh, tell me, mother, tell me! do you think that this is death?

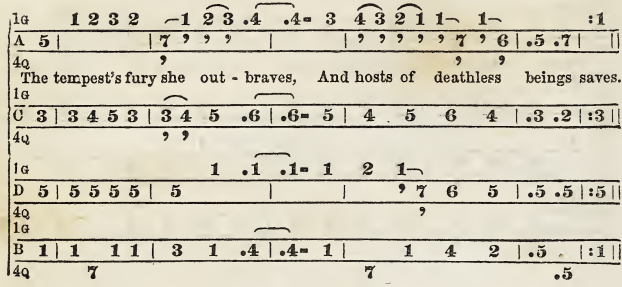
10 "I can not bear these shadows o 'er my closing eyelids cast,
I want to have my sight, and see your sweet face to the last;
I tried to hush my murmuring, oh, how long and hard I 've striven,
And now I 'm free! oh, mother dear, meet me, meet me, in heaven."

MELODIA.


Speed, speed the temp'rance ship, Ye winds fill ev - 'ry sail;


Behold her sail - ing on the deep, Out - rid - ing ev - 'ry gale;


The tempest's fury she outbraves, And hosts of deathless be - ings saves.



2 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship!
Who joined us in the cry?
Mothers and children cease to weep,
Our ship is passing by:
We wish to take you all on board,
A freight of mercy to the Lord.

3 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship!
For her we'll ever pray;
'T is Israel's God alone can keep
In safety, night and day:
On him we'll evermore depend,
Who is the contrite sinner's friend.

4 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship!
Ye young and aged shout;
Behold her sailing o'er the deep,
With all her streamers out,
Bound for the true tee-total shore,
Where streams of death are known no more.

---

1 Praise to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide,
While temp'rance (ever blessed cause)
Is urged on every side:
Balmy and rich its odors rise,
To fill each realm beneath the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying men
Its influence feel, and live;
Sweet as the purest atmosphere,
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew—to God they bring
Their thanks thro' Christ, their conq'ring king.

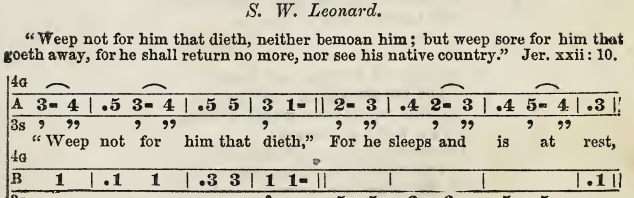
3 Let all receive the grace,
Which brings such blessings nigh;
Nor one reject, lest, in disgrace,
He faint, and fall, and die:
Ye temp'rance men, their doom deplore,
For, O, they fall to rise no more.

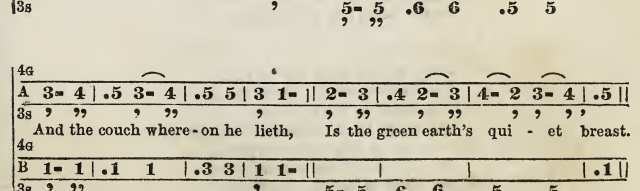
4 O, may I e'er be kept
From wine's destructive bowl;
That wily foe, which seeks to kill
My body and my soul:
Savior, with aid divine, anew,
I bid its touch a last adieu.

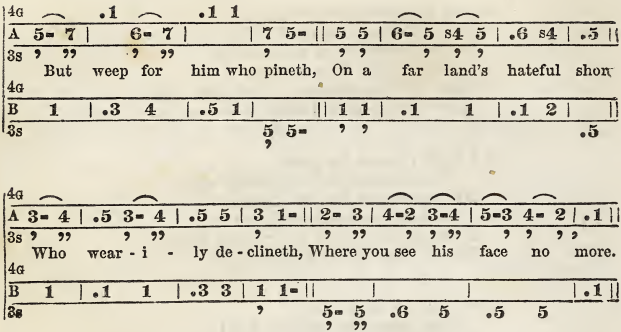
WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

S. W. Leonard.

"Weep not for him that dieth, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." Jer. xxii: 10.







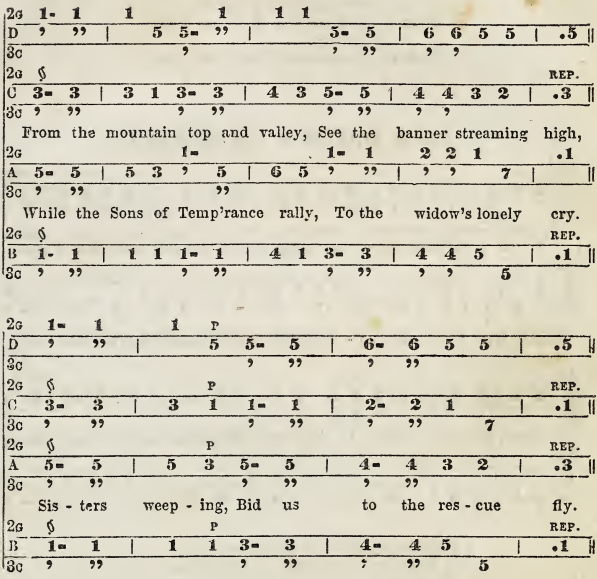
2 "Weep not for him that dieth,"
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth,
When they name the early dead;
But weep for him that liveth,
Where none may know or care,
When the sigh his faint heart giveth,
Is the last sigh of despair.

3 "Weep not for him that dieth,"
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it flieth,
Is a world of misery;
But weep for him that weareth,
The captive's galling chain;
To the agony he beareth,
Death were but little pain.

4 "Weep not for him that dieth,"
For *he* hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to *his* replieth,
Which *he* hath not heard for years;
But weep for him that weepeth,
On that cold land's cruel shore —
Blest, blest is he who sleepeth,
Weep for the dead no more.

ZION.

HASTINGS.

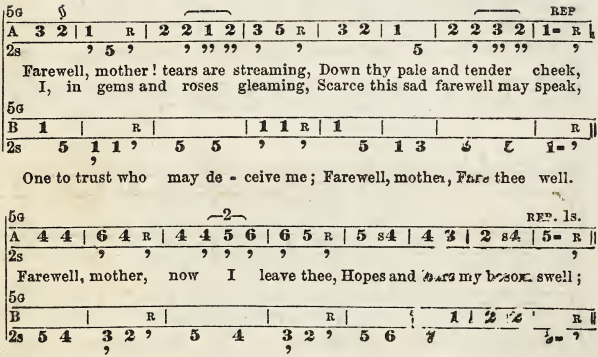

From the mountain top and valley, See the banner streaming high,
While the Sons of Temp'rance rally, To the widow's lonely cry.
Sis - ters weep - ing, Bid us to the res - cue fly.
REP.

2 Could we hear the mothers pleading.
Heaven relief would quickly send,
Can we see our country bleeding,
Still refuse our aid to lend?
No, dread monster,
Here thy triumph soon shall end.

3 Hear the trump of Temp'rance sounding;
Rouse ye, freemen, why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome in the happy day,
When the tyrant
Must resign his cruel sway.

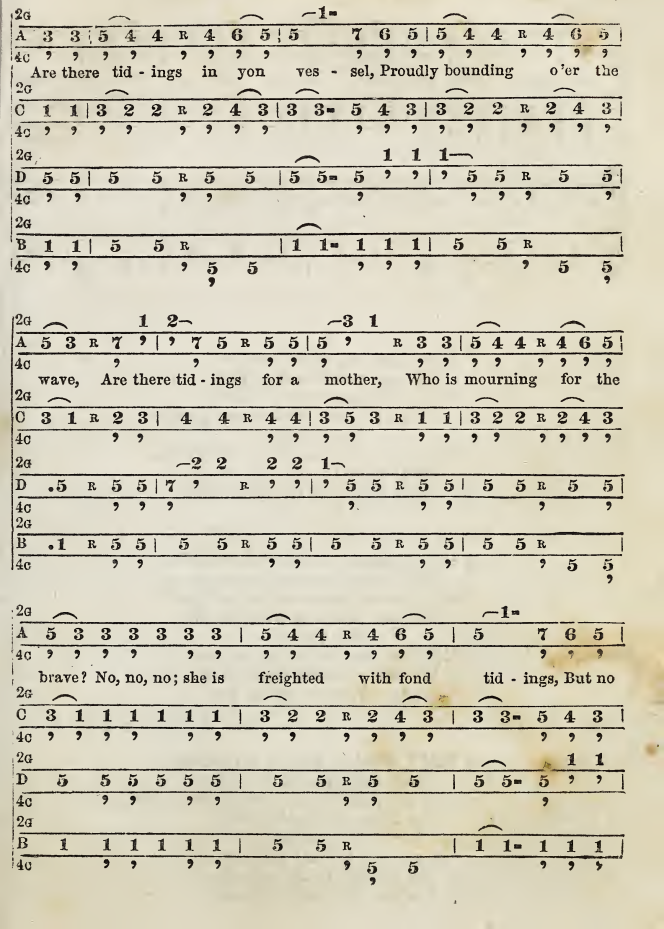
4 Nor shall he again molest us,
Though he has oppressed us sore;
Nor his poisonous breath infest us:
Soon we'll drive him from our shore.
All uniting,
Shout "the monster's reign is o'er."

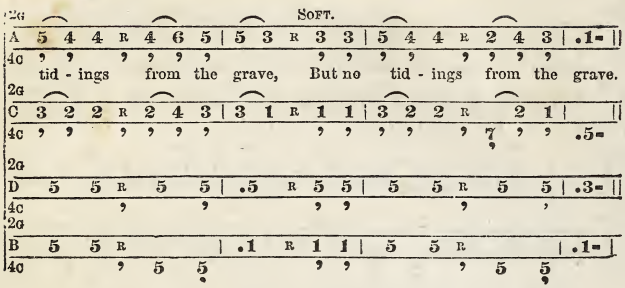
THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.


Farewell, mother! tears are streaming, Down thy pale and tender cheek,
I, in gems and roses gleaming, Scarce this sad farewell may speak,
One to trust who may de - ceive me; Farewell, mother, Fare thee well.
Farewell, mother, now I leave thee, Hopes and fears my bosom swell;

2 Farewell, father, thou art smiling,
Yet there's sadness on thy brow,
Winning me from that beguiling
Tenderness to which I go;
Farewell, father, thou didst bless me,
Ere my lips thy name could tell,
He may wound, who can caress me,
Father, guardian, fare thee well.

3 Farewell, sister, thou art twining
Round me in affection deep,
Wishing joy, but ne'er divining,
Why "a blessed bride" should weep.
Farewell, brave and gentle brother,
Though more dear than words can tell,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
All beloved ones, fare ye well.


Are there tid - ings in yon ves - sel, Proudly bounding o'er the
wave, Are there tid - ings for a mother, Who is mourning for the
brave? No, no, no; she is freighted with fond tid - ings, But no



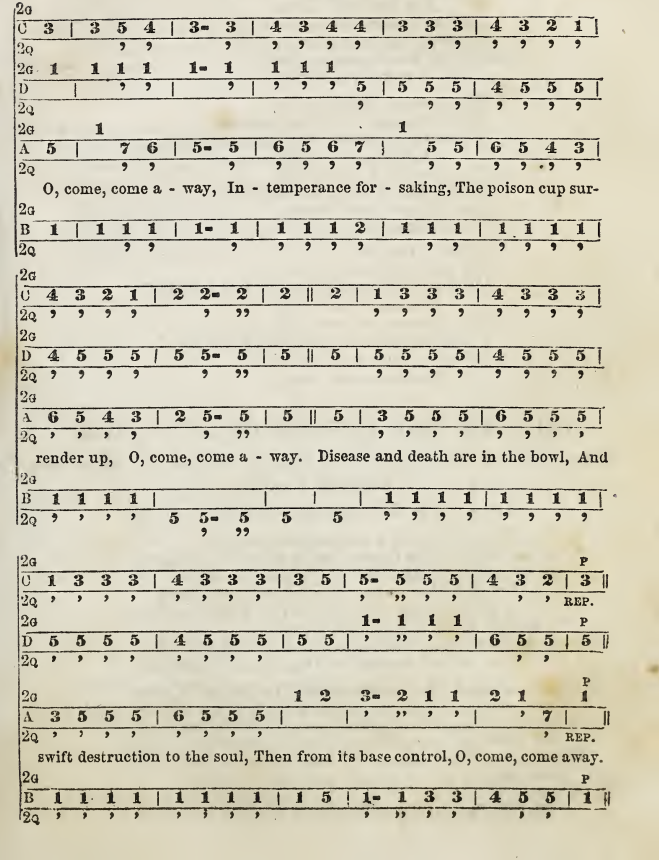
2 Do not ask me why I hasten
To each vessel that appears;
Why so anxious and so wildly
I wait the cherished hope of years.
No, no, no;
Though my search prove unavailing,
What have I to do with tears,
What have I to do with tears.

3 Do not blame me when I seek him
With these worn and weary eyes;
Can you tell me where he perished?
Can you show me where he lies?
No, no, no;
Yet there surely is some record
When a youthful sailor dies,
When a youthful sailor dies.

4 Had I watched him by his pillow,
Had I seen him on his bier;
Had my grief been drowned in weeping
But I can not shed a tear.
No, no, no;
Let me still think I shall see him —
Let me still think he is near.
Let me still think he is near.

COME, COME AWAY.

TUNE — "*Fourth of July.*"


O, come, come a - way, In - temperance for - saking, The poison cup sur-
render up, O, come, come a - way. Disease and death are in the bowl, And
swift destruction to the soul, Then from its base control, O, come, come away.

2 When sparkleth the wine,
When reddeneth the color,
Then lift not up the fatal cup,
But turn, turn away.
Look not upon it then, forsooth,
It biteth like a serpent's tooth,
Old age and blooming youth,
O, come, come away.

3 When sweet Temperance,
Wife, husband, children blessing,
With evening songs her notes prolongs,
O, come, come away.
For surer far is he to cure
His ill, where drink is water pure,
And life's toil well endure,
Then, come, come away.

4 Away to the polls,
Old men and young advancing,
With nerves of steel, and hearts that feel,
O, come, come away;
Like freemen take a noble stand,
A true and faithful temperance band,
And vote Rum from the land,
O come, come away.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1846.

Dedicated to the Morning Star Division, No. 66, Sons of Temperance,
BY R. M. FOUST.

AIR — "*The Star Spangled Banner.*" p. 163.

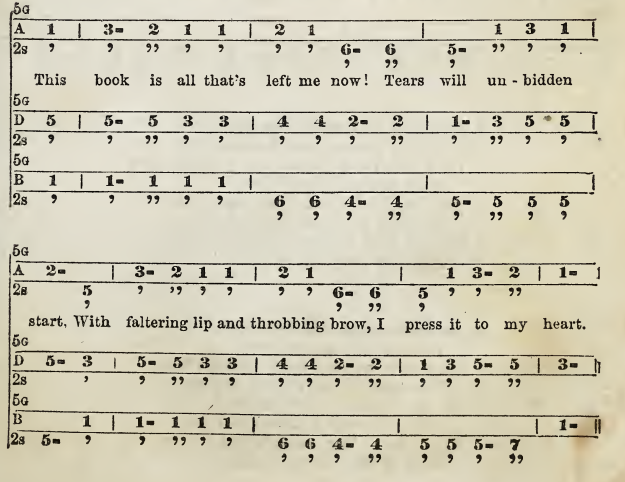
1 Hail Liberty's birth-day! approaching in light,
Which soon will in beauty and splendor be gleaming;
With banners and emblems of Temperance bright,
And Pledge to the breeze all gloriously streaming,
We come to your stars, and stripes red, white and blue,
To Purity, Love, and Fidelity true;
And plant our proud banner beside it to wave,
"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

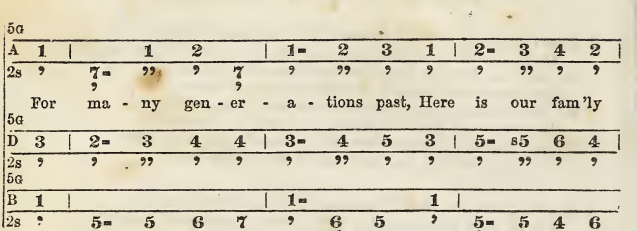
2 What are those who in thousands with badges of white,
Come proclaiming to drunkards there's mercy still flowing?
Who are routing intemperance with o'erwhelming might,
And the blessings of health in their pathway strewing?
Whose souls beat with ardor, whose arms nerved in truth,
Bring days to the aged, and years to the youth?
'Tis the true *Sons of Temperance,* may their banner e'er wave
"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

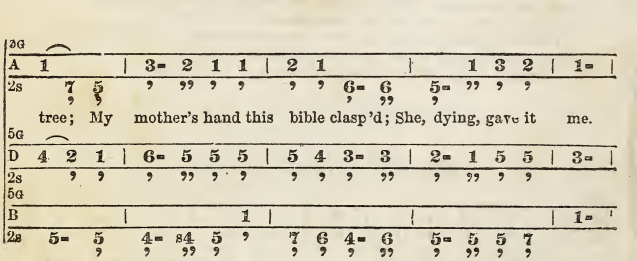
3 Yes, the Temperance banner of might rear on high;
Be the north, and the South, and the East and West claimed;
Be our land for e'er free, free as clouds o'er the sky,
Intemperance crushed, and his foul spirit tamed!
Be the orphan's wail hushed, the widow's tear dried,
Be crime and want banished our land far and wide,
By our proudly pledged banner, which floats but to save
"The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

4 Rouse, rouse ye, then, freemen, join this noble band,
Aid to wipe out the stain which intemperance is making,
Rouse up in your strength, and rescue our land
From the demon whose blows its firm pillars are shaking.
Come on, grasp the pledge, your manhood renew,
Gather around our proud banner, with the red, white and blue,
Then will liberty smile, you her nation will save,
Blessed "land of the free, and home of the brave."

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.







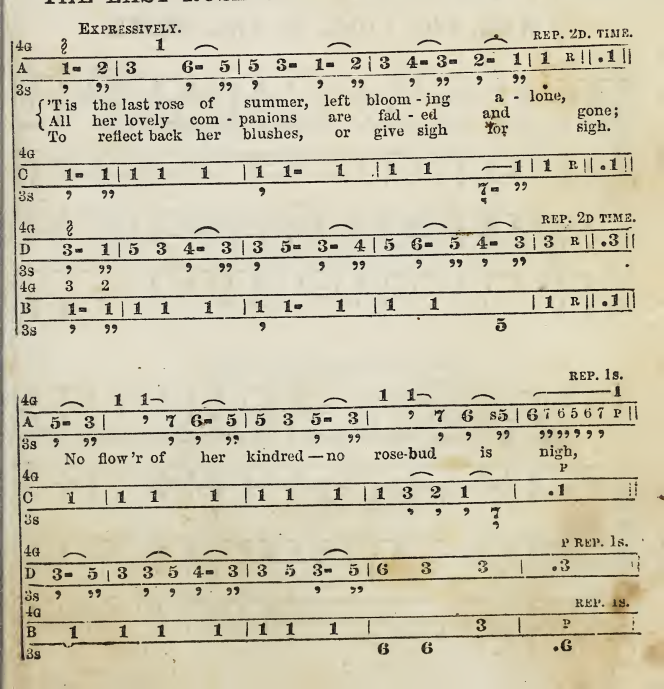
2 Ah! well do I remember those,
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3 My father read this holy book,
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear.
Her angel-face — I see it yet?
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

GEN. G. P. MORRIS.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER. IRISH MELODY.

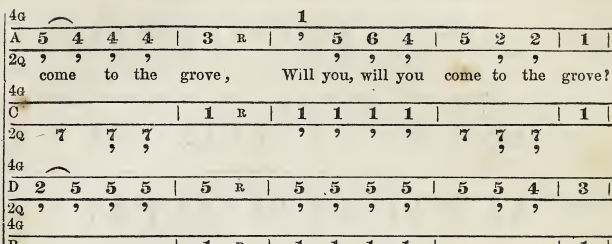

EXPRESSIVELY.
REP. 2D. TIME.
'Tis the last rose of summer, left bloom-ing a-lone,
All her lovely com-panions are fad-ed and gone;
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh-for sigh.
REP. 2D TIME.
REP. 1s.
No flow'r of her kindred — no rose-bud is nigh,
P REP. 1s.
REP. 1s.

2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go! sleep thou with them
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

3 So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle, the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who could inhabit this bleak world alone?

WILL YOU COME TO THE GROVE.

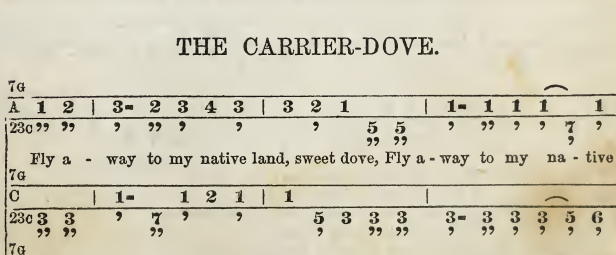
Will you come to the grove, 'tis a beautiful shade, And par - take of the
vi - ands so taste - ful - ly spread? Will you, will you, will you, will you

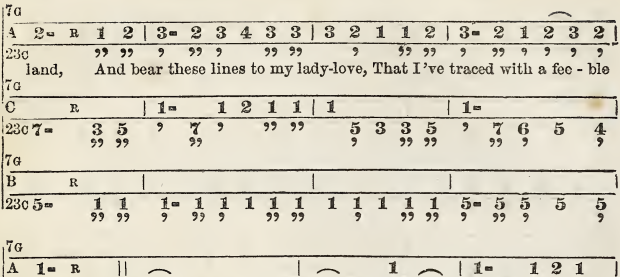


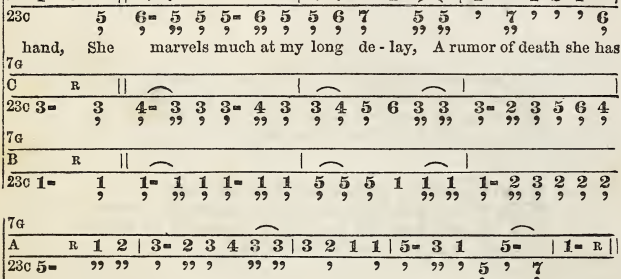
2 Will you come to the place, where the evergreens grow,
Whose leaves drink the dew, and decay never know?
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the place,
Will you, will you come to the place?

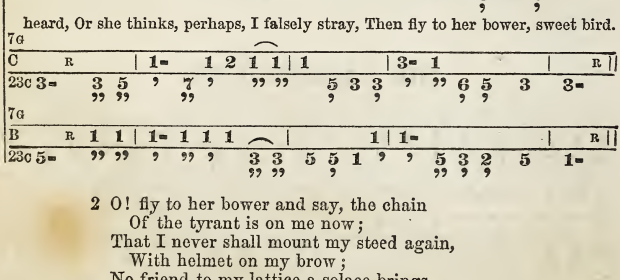
3 We will sportively chat, and will merrily sing,
While we drink of the water that flows from the spring;
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?
Will you, will you come to the spring?

THE CARRIER-DOVE.









2 O! fly to her bower and say, the chain
Of the tyrant is on me now;
That I never shall mount my steed again,
With helmet on my brow;
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
Except when your voice is heard;
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

3 I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove,
I shall miss thy visit at eve;
But bring me a line from my lady-love,
And then I shall cease to grieve;
I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth,
I can fall by the conqueror's sword,
But I can not endure she should doubt my truth,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

THE SPIRIT-BIRD.

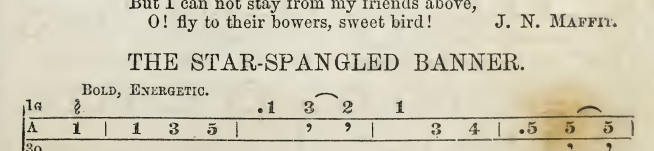
1 Fly away to the promised land, sweet dove,
Fly away to the promised land,
And bear these sighs to the friends I love,
The happy, the beautiful band.
Deep gloom hath saddened my weary breast,
With sorrow my heart is stirred,
I long to hear from the land of the blest;
O! fly to their bowers, sweet bird!

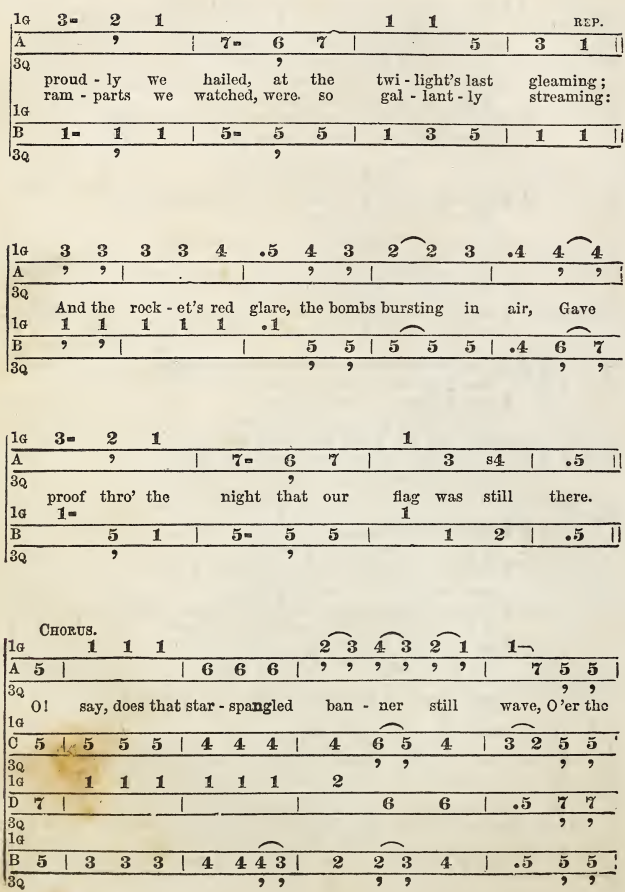
2 O! fly to their bowers sweet dove, and say
The light of hope's on me now;
I long to list to a Seraph's lay,
With bright glory upon my brow;
I feel that this world is not my home,
An angel's sweet voice I have heard,
It comes from beyond the dark, lone tomb—
O! fly to their bowers, sweet bird!

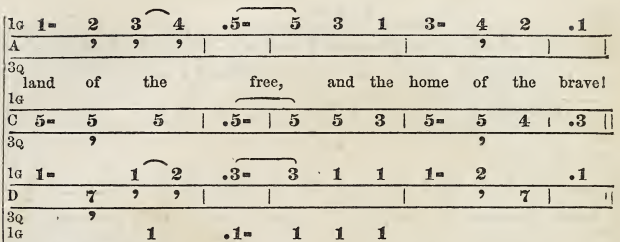
3 I will wait thy coming at dawn, sweet dove,
I will wait thy coming at eve;
But bear some news from the friends I love,
And then I will cease to grieve;
I could spring from this prison on wings of love,
I could fall by death's conquering sword;
But I can not stay from my friends above,
O! fly to their bowers, sweet bird! J. N. Maffit.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Bold, Energetic.


1a
A
3Q
O! say can you see from the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous flight, O'er the
1a
B
3Q


REP.
proud - ly we hailed, at the twi - light's last gleaming;
ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming:
And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
CHORUS.
O! say, does that star - spangled ban - ner still wave, O'er the



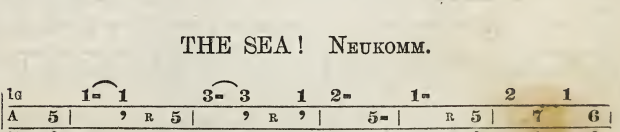
2 On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that, which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.

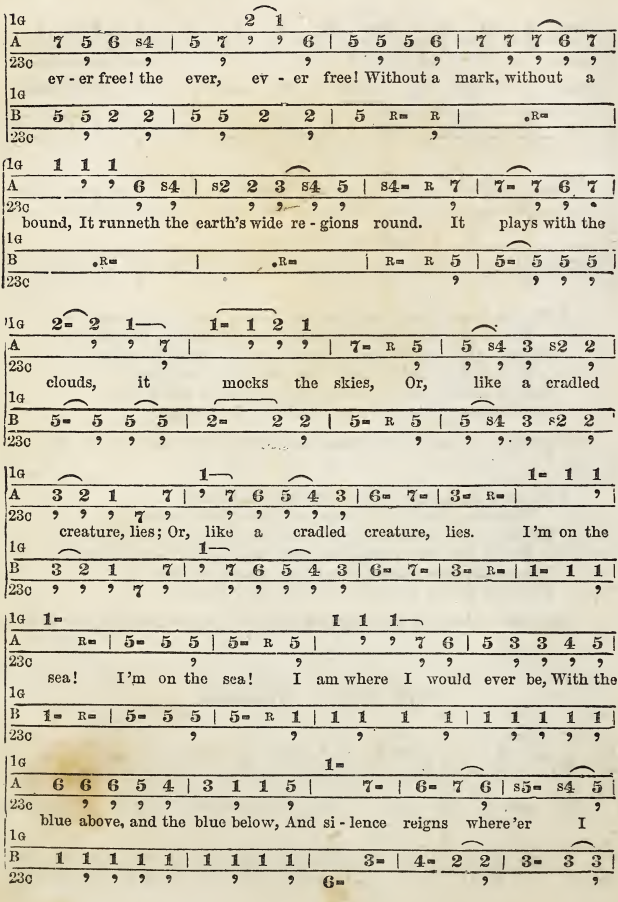
CHORUS.—'T is the star-spangled banner, long may it wave, &c.

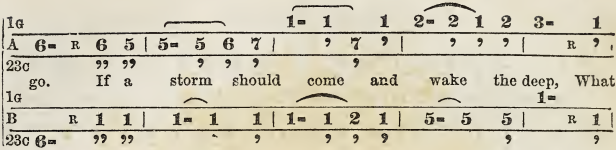
3 O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserv'd us a nation,
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God be our trust!"

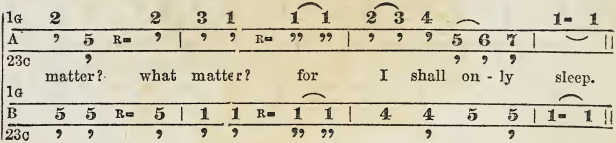
CHORUS.—And the star-spangled banner, in triumph shall wave, &c.

THE SEA! NEUKOMM.




ev - er free! the ever, ev - er free! Without a mark, without a
bound, It runneth the earth's wide re - gions round. It plays with the
clouds, it mocks the skies, Or, like a cradled
creature, lies; Or, like a cradled creature, lies. I'm on the
sea! I'm on the sea! I am where I would ever be, With the
blue above, and the blue below, And si - lence reigns where'er I

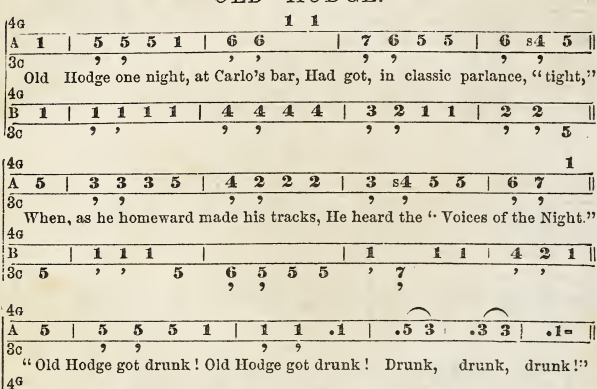




2 I love--O how I love to ride,
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blast doth blow.
I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

3 The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale, it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an out-cry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have liv'd, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range;
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And death whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea.

OLD HODGE.

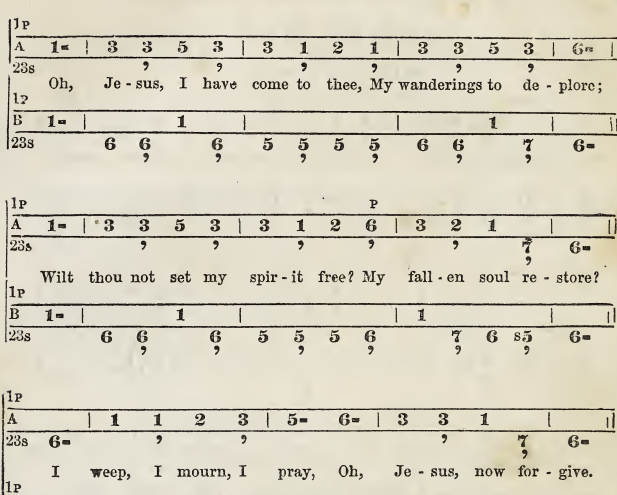

Old Hodge one night, at Carlo's bar, Had got, in classic parlance, "tight,"
When, as he homeward made his tracks, He heard the "Voices of the Night."
"Old Hodge got drunk! Old Hodge got drunk! Drunk, drunk, drunk!"

2 As with a quite uncertain step,
Unto a mill pond's brink he came,
Where old king Bullfrog held his court,
He thought he heard one call his name:

3 "Old Hodge, old Hodge!" he stopped and gazed,
Till goblins seemed to fill the dark;
And Hodge, though brave, was rather scared,
"What's that?" he said. "what's that? O hark!"
"Old Hodge got drunk!
Old Hodge got drunk!
Drunk, drunk, drunk!"

4 "You lie, you lie!" said Hodge, "*you lie!*"
A deep voice answered, "Never more!"
And Hodge thought Nick himself was near,
Among the bushes on the shore.

5 So thinking it was best to run,
He started like a railroad car;
But horrid shapes now thronged his path,
And voices shouted near and far.
"Old Hodge got drunk!
Old Hodge got drunk!
Drunk, drunk, drunk!"


1P
A 1- 3 3 5 3 3 1 2 1 3 3 5 3 6-
23s
Oh, Je - sus, I have come to thee, My wanderings to de - plore;
1P
B 1- 1 1
23s 6 6 6 5 5 5 5 6 6 7 6-
1P P
A 1- 3 3 5 3 3 1 2 6 3 2 1
23s 7 6-
Wilt thou not set my spir - it free? My fall - en soul re - store?
1P
B 1- 1 1
23s 6 6 6 5 5 5 6 7 6 s5 6-
1P
A 1 1 2 3 5- 6- 3 3 1
23s 6- 7 6-
I weep, I mourn, I pray, Oh, Je - sus, now for - give.
1P
B 1- 3- 1 1
23s 6- 5 5 5 5 6 s5 6-

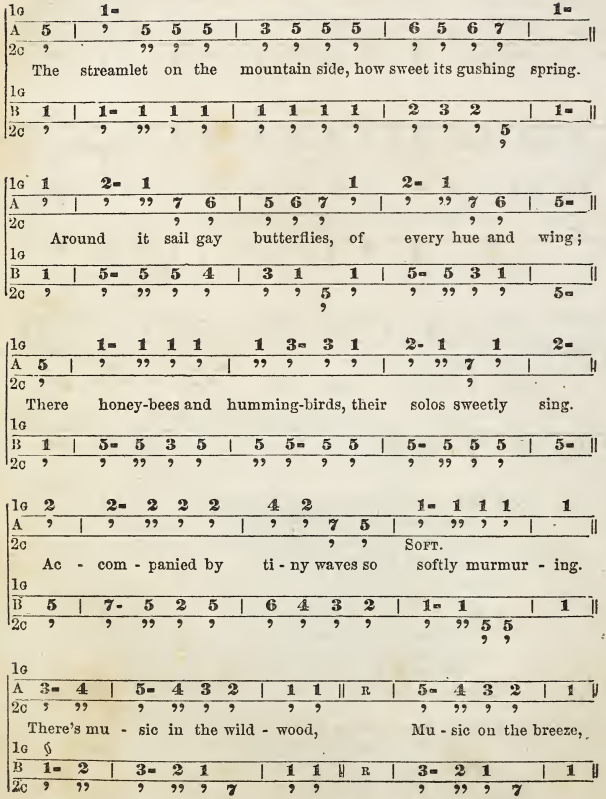
2 My sins are more than I can bear,
Oh speak them all forgiven:
My soul away from earth I tear,
To seek a place in heaven.
CHORUS. — I weep, I mourn, I pray, &c.

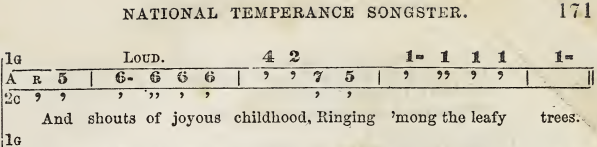
3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief;
My soul's deep anguish see:
And grant me now that sweet relief,
Which none can give but thee.
CHORUS. — I weep, I mourn, I pray, &c.

4 Didst thou not die, that I might live,
Might live thy love to know;
Oh, let me now thy love receive,
And in thy favor grow.
CHORUS. — I weep, I mourn, I pray, &c.

SUMMER MORN.

WORDS BY S. W. L.

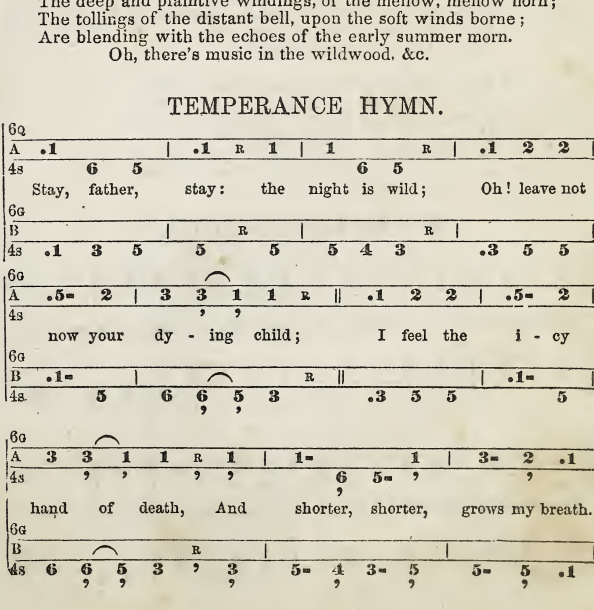

The streamlet on the mountain side, how sweet its gushing spring.
Around it sail gay butterflies, of every hue and wing;
There honey-bees and humming-birds, their solos sweetly sing.
SOFT.
Ac - com - panied by ti - ny waves so softly murmur - ing.
There's mu - sic in the wild - wood, Mu - sic on the breeze,



2 There's music in the waterfall, as singing on its way,
In chorus with the mocking-bird, its sparkling waters play,
The black-bird on the hawthorn bush, trills forth his notes so gay;
And mournfully the whippoorwill, chants out a solemn lay.
Oh, there's music in the wildwood, &c.

3 The bayings of the staunch bloodhound, among the golden corn;
The deep and plaintive windings, of the mellow, mellow horn;
The tollings of the distant bell, upon the soft winds borne;
Are blending with the echoes of the early summer morn.
Oh, there's music in the wildwood, &c.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.


Stay, father, stay: the night is wild; Oh! leave not
now your dy - ing child; I feel the i - cy
hand of death, And shorter, shorter, grows my breath.

2 Stay, father, stay: ere morning's light
My soul may wing her upward flight,
And oh! I cannot, cannot die,
While thou, my father, are not by.

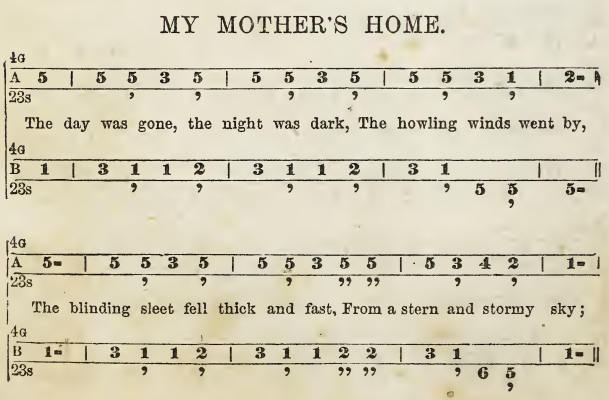
3 Stay, father, stay: my mother's gone,
And thou and I are left alone;
And from her star-lit home on high
She 'll weep that I alone should die.

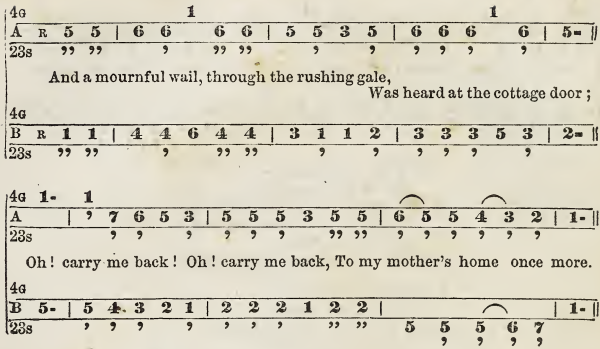
4 Stay, father, stay: oh! leave this night
The mad'ning bowl, whose withering blight
Hath cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.

5 Stay, father, stay: alone — alone —
With none to cheer, and none to mourn;
How can I leave this world of woe,
And to the land of spirits go?

6 Stay, father, stay: once more I ask
Oh! count it not a heavy task
To stay with me till life shall end,
My last, my only earthly friend.

MY MOTHER'S HOME.

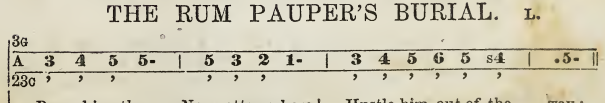

4G
A 5 | 5 5 3 5 | 5 5 3 5 | 5 5 3 1 | 2-
23s
The day was gone, the night was dark, The howling winds went by,
4G
B 1 | 3 1 1 2 | 3 1 1 2 | 3 1 | 5 5 5-
23s
4G
A 5- | 5 5 3 5 | 5 5 3 5 5 | 5 3 4 2 | 1-
23s
The blinding sleet fell thick and fast, From a stern and stormy sky;
4G
B 1- | 3 1 1 2 | 3 1 1 2 2 | 3 1 | 1-
23s

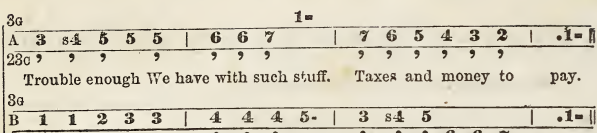

And a mournful wail, through the rushing gale,
Was heard at the cottage door;
Oh! carry me back! Oh! carry me back, To my mother's home once more.

2 A youth had left his mountain home—
Had wandered far and long—
Had drained the goblet's fiery tide,
At the festal midnight throng,
But a dream of home came o'er his heart,
As he crept to the cottage door;
Oh! carry me back! &c.

3 Like to the weary wandering bird,
I'll seek my mountain nest,
And lay this aching head once more,
On my gentle mother's breast;
Once more I'll seek the household hearth,
By the elm tree old and hoar;
Oh! carry me back! &c.

THE RUM PAUPER'S BURIAL. L.



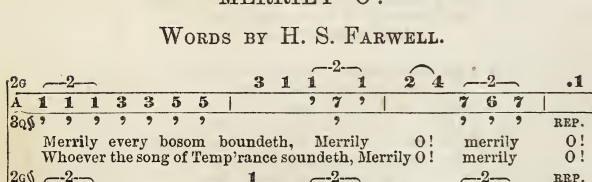


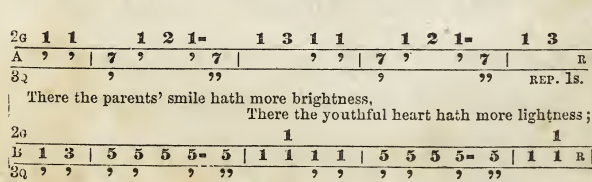
2 Bury him there—
No matter where!
Off in some corner at best!
There 's no need of stones
Above his bones,
Nobody 'll ask where they rest.

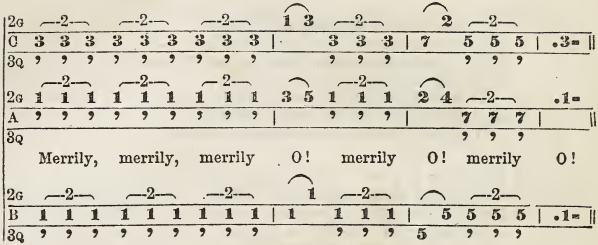
3 Bury him there—
No matter where!
None by his death are bereft;
Stopping to pray?
Shovel away!
We still have enough of them left.

MERRILY O!

Words by H. S. Farwell.


Merrily every bosom boundeth, Merrily O! merrily O!
Whoever the song of Temp'rance soundeth, Merrily O! merrily O!
Every joy the home surroundeth, Merrily O! Merrily O!





2 Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily O! wearily O!
Where'er the weed Intemp'rance twineth,
Wearily O! wearily O!
Here the parents' smile dies in sadness,
Here the youthful heart hath no gladness;
Every flower of life declineth.
Wearily O! wearily O!
Wearily, wearily, wearily O!
Wearily O! wearily O!

3 Cheerily then awake the chorus,
Cheerily O! cheerily O!
All our way is light before us,
Cheerily O! cheerily O!
If a virtuous life hath more pleasure
Than where care and strife fill each measure,
Why not join the temp'rance chorus?
Cheerily O! cheerily O!
Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily O!
Cheerily O! cheerily O!

MAINE LAW FLAG.*

By R. E. H. Levering.

Tune — "*Temperance Flag.*" p. 50.

1 Our Flag is true! Our Flag is true!
The Maine Law Flag of bright renown!
Our Flag is true! Our Flag is true!
The Standard Flag the work to crown!
That glorious Banneret is waved
By patriot hands with patriot aim,
And shall be till our race is saved
Of every land and every name!

* *From the "Temperance Musician."*

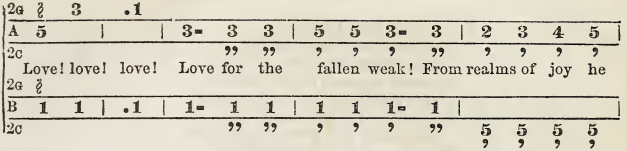
2 Our Flag is bright! Our Flag is bright!
Its radiance is the heavenly flame!
Our Flag is bright! Our Flag is bright!
And shows the source from whence it came!
It waves in mercy o'er the world,
To save from sin and save from crime,
And never shall its charms be furled.
'Till comes the heaven-appointed time!

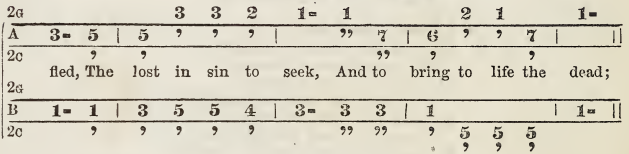
3 Our Flag is pure! Our Flag is pure!
No party stain obscures its white!
Our Flag is pure! Our Flag is pure!
No lucre shall its glories blight!
'T is waved by men of every name,
For general bliss and general good;
And not for earthly gold or fame,
But for the higher praise of God!

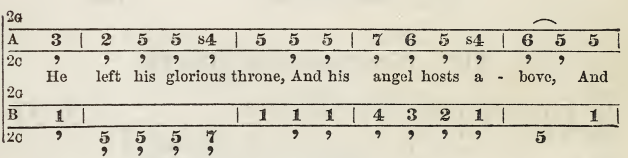
4 Our Flag is strong! Our Flag is strong!
The RIGHT and TRUTH shall never fail!
Our Flag is strong! Our Flag is strong!
Its heavenly mission must prevail!
'T is blest by heaven and blest by earth,
And doubly blest shall bless again,
And GOD shall help its goings forth
To triumph over hill and plain!

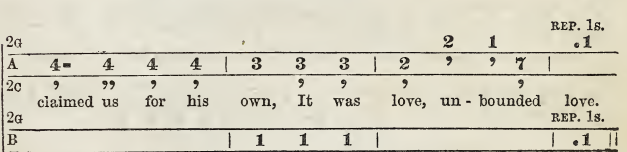
5 Our Flag is free! Our Flag is free!
The SONS OF FREEDOM wave it high!
Our Flag is free! Our Flag is free!
And FREEDOM is its destiny!
To free the body, soul, and mind.
From alcohol's black sin and death;
To raise the free to joys refined,
And grace them with the conqueror's wreath!

6 Our Flag shall spread! Our Flag shall spread!
'Till EVERY STATE the MAINE LAW OWN!
Our Flag shall spread! Our Flag shall spread!
'Till ALCOHOL is dead and gone!
'Till all the Union, happier still,
Completely freed from RUM's cursed power,
Shall every glorious trait reveal
To glory rise to sin no more!









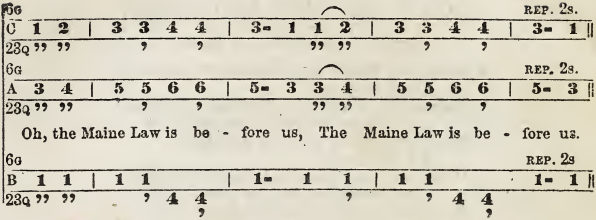
2 Love! love! love!
Love for the sick and faint!—
'T was love his footsteps moved:
Where sorrow dwelt he went,
And the poor his friendship proved;
The haunts of grief he sought,
And the dungeons of despair;
And oh! what deeds he wrought
For the sick and dying there.

3 Love! love! love!
Love on the cross displayed!
The Prince of Life to bleed!
In death's damp prison laid!—
It was love, pure love indeed!
For us from death arose!—
He arose and went on high—
He triumphed o'er our foes,
And he lives no more to die.

4 Love! love! love!
Love on the throne of heaven!
He changes not his name;
All power to him is given.
And his love is still the same;
And we shall share his throne,
For he died and lived for this;
Bright heaven shall be our own—
An eternity of bliss! W. R.

THE TEMPERANCE STATE.

We have come from hill and valley, We've come from hill and valley,
For a glorious Temp'rance rally, From the old Temp'rance State;
And we'll swell the mighty chorus, Throughout the Temp'rance State.



2 We will see our sisters, brothers,
Our fathers, and our mothers,
With our neighbors and all others,
In the old Temp'rance State.
Oh, the Maine Law, &c.

3 We will stop the curse of stilling
All kinds of drink for killing,
And all fermented swilling,
In the old Temp'rance State.
Oh, the Maine Law, &c.

4 Now come, ye jolly tillers,
Ye lawyers, doctors, stillers,
Come, ye jug and bottle fillers,
In the old Temp'rance State
Oh, the Maine Law, &c.

5 Then hurrah for reformation,
By all in every station,
Throughout the whole creation,
And the old Temp'rance State.
Oh, the Maine Law, &c.

6 See the Maine Law banner floating.
Where the Temp'rance boys are voting,
And the cause of peace promoting
Throughout the Temp'rance State.
Oh, the Maine Law, &c.

7 May no evil e'er betide us,
To sever or divide us,
But the God of mercy guide us,
In this our happy State.
Oh, the Maine Law, &c.

SONG OF THE HOPELESS.

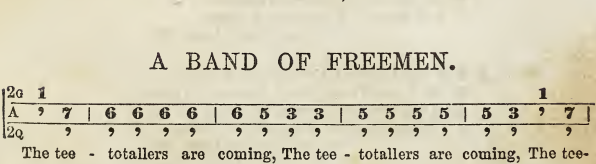
TUNE—"*Old Folks at Home.*"

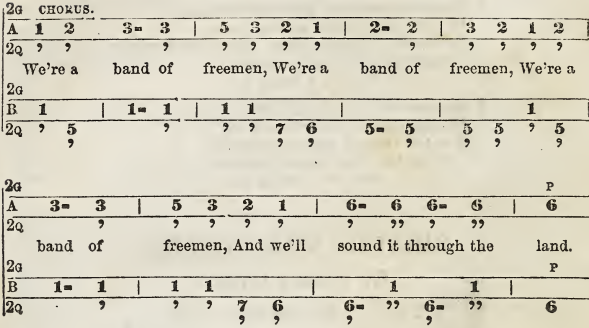
1 Long time before my pledge was broken,
Long, long ago,
I went where love and truth were spoken,
And where the warm hearts glow.
Oh! sadly, sadly now we wander,
All, all alone,
With none to please and none to pander,
For now thy memory's gone.
All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
Oh! hark ye, how my heart grows weary,
Far from my temperance home.

2 Naught in the world to give me pleasure,
Life is a waste,
No soft repose nor mental leisure,
Kind death I bid you haste.
Here, where the flowers I used to gather,
Round mother's grave,
The gray hairs of my poor old father,
My heart hard would not save,
All the world, &c.

3 The joys of earth, the hopes of heaven,
Are never mine;
My brain's on fire, my heart is riven,
All with the use of wine.
Oh, why should I strive any longer,
Rather let me die,
The lust of liquor's only stronger,
The oftener I cry.
All the world, &c.

A BAND OF FREEMEN.


2G
A
2Q
The tee - totallers are coming, The tee - totallers are coming, The tee-
2G
A
2Q
to - tal - lers are coming, With the cold water pledge


2G CHORUS.
A 1 2 3- 3 | 5 3 2 1 | 2- 2 | 3 2 1 2
2Q , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
We're a band of freemen, We're a band of freemen, We're a
2G
B 1 | 1- 1 | 1 1 | | | 1
2Q , 5 , , , , 7 6 5- 5 5 5 , 5
2G P
A 3- 3 | 5 3 2 1 | 6- 6 6- 6 | 6
2Q , , , , , , , , , ,
band of freemen, And we'll sound it through the land.
2G P
B 1- 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 |
2Q , , , 7 6 6- , 6- , 6
, , , ,

2 We have alcohol forsaken,
We will all the land awaken,
Standing firmly and unshaken,
To the cold water pledge.
We're a band, &c.

3 We will save our sisters, brothers,
Our fathers, sons, and mothers,
Our neighbors and all others,
With our cold water pledge.
We're a band, &c.

4 We will stop the curse of 'stilling
Alcoholic drink for killing,
And all fermented swilling,
With the cold water pledge.
We're a band, &c.

5 Then come, ye jolly tillers,
Preachers, doctors, lawyers, 'stillers,
Come, ye jug and bottle fillers,
Take the cold water pledge.
We're a band, &c.

6 Then hurrah for reformation,
Yes, by all in every station,
Through all the wide creation,
With the cold water pledge.
We're a band, &c.

7 Now the cause of peace promoting,
Where the people all are voting,
With the "Maine Law" banners floating
And the cold water pledge.
We 're a band, &c.

8 May no evil e'er betide us,
Which can sever or divide us,
But the God of mercy guide us,
With the cold water pledge.
We 're a band, &c.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

By Phœbe Carey.

Tune — "*New Home.*" p. 33.

1 Nay, come not to me with your pledges, before
You have pledged yourself never to drink any more;
For I care not what else you may think or may do,
You must turn from the wine-cup, or I will from you.

2 You can "love me as well and as truly," you say:
If you can, I can't "honor, respect and obey:"
I might think all your words and your wishes a joke,
If in sober earnest not always you spoke.

3 If my eyes are not brighter to you than the foam
Of the wine cup, I never can gladden your home;
And the lip that to me its devotion would prove
Must only be sweet with the red wine of love.

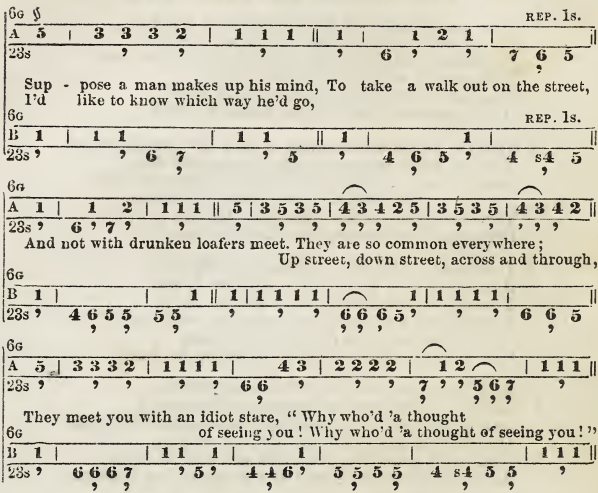
4 And you smile, do you, Harry? You 'll come to repent,
For I tell you it is n't like me to relent;
I never will like you, I 'll never forgive,
And I never will have you so long as I live!

5 You may do almost anything else that you please;
You may even get angry, may scold, or may tease;
You may smoke till you 're lost in the clouds, if you won't;
You may chew if you choose, and I 'll never say don't.

6 You may go out and spend pleasant evenings from home,
And I 'll never look sullen nor cross when you come;
Only always remember I 'm waiting — and then
I 'd rather you 'd be back as early as ten.

7 And you won't sign the pledge, Harry! what shall I do?
For I think you love me, and I know I love you.
"You are right, but, dear Mary, you urge me in vain;
For I signed the pledge last night, and shan't do it again!"

WHO 'D 'A THOUGHT OF SEEING YOU?


REP. 1s.
Sup - pose a man makes up his mind, To take a walk out on the street,
I'd like to know which way he'd go,
REP. 1s.
And not with drunken loafers meet. They are so common everywhere;
Up street, down street, across and through,
They meet you with an idiot stare, "Why who'd 'a thought
of seeing you! Why who'd 'a thought of seeing you!"

2 In old "Kentuck" the other day,
While traveling over dale and hill,
I found a Christian elder, gray,
Who made and sold by jug and gill.
I took him rather unawares,
Is this the way that Christians do?
He answered, (savage as a bear,)
"Why, Mister, what is that to you —
Why, who'd 'a thought of seeing you?"

3 The devil's tea-kettle you boil,
Six-sevenths of each blessed week
And then in sanctimonious style,
You tell poor souls the Lord to seek.
And when you're charged with pouring out
The devil's tea for black and blue;
You answer with a sneering flout,
"Why, who'd 'a thought of seeing you?
Why who'd 'a thought of seeing you?"

4 While on my rounds, sirs, not long since,
I met a politician brave;
Said I, good sir, now do not wince,
But let us try the land to save.
Let's have a prohibition law,
The only thing, sir, that will do;
So bring the rummies up to taw;
Said he, "Why, neighbor, is that you?
Why, who'd 'a thought of seeing you?"

THE DRINK OF THE FREE.

1 Give sparkling cold water, the drink of the free,
Give sparkling cold water — cold water to me;
The waters that gush from the steep mountain side,
Dash onward with music a silvery tide,
The roe of the forest oft comes to the brink
Of the smooth gliding rill, its waters to drink.

2 There is health in the drops as they fall from the skies,
And life in the springs, in the valleys that rise;
And the pure sparkling water was graciously given,
For life and for health, by our Father in heaven:
Then come, ye intemperate, leave brandy and wine;
Drink only the beverage that is all divine.

3 The broad noble river, gliding on to the sea,
Bears health on its bosom — and ever is free;
It sings, as it hastens through valleys along,
A charming, a beautiful, soul-stirring song;
And this is its lay as it glides to the sea,
"Cold water, cold water's the drink of the free."

4 How welcome, reviving to bud and to flower,
Is the health-imparting, warm April shower;
And glitters the rain-drop, like some sea-washed gem,
On floweret expanding, on bud and on stem;
And night-dews that fall at the still hour of even,
Are welcome to earth-land as rain drops from heaven.

5 Give sparkling cold water, cold water to me,
'Twas made by the Maker as drink for the free;
"The floweret drinks with its neat little cup,
The warm shower falleth — the fields drink it up;"
Then huzza! for cold water, the drink of the free —
Give sparkling cold water, cold water to me.

SONG OF JOY.

TUNE — "*Beacon Light.*"

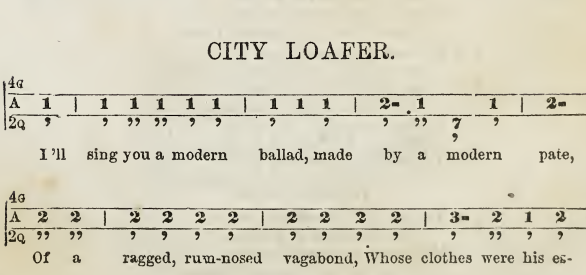
1 From morning's golden portals,
To evening's setting sun,
Columbia's erring mortals,
Have bowed the knee to rum;
From the Atlantic ocean,
Across the western plain,
There 's been a great devotion
To hug the drunkard's chain.

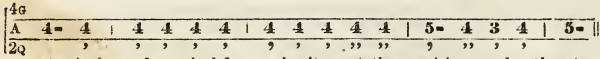
2 What though the summer breezes
Blow soft o'er southern lands,
Thoughnorthern prospect pleases,
And cheers the heart of man;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
So long as men, in blindness,
Bow down to Demon Rum.

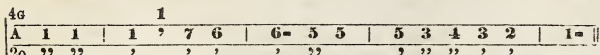
3 Can we who 've seen the evil
Of drinking wine and beer,
Can we, for drunkards fearful,
Restrain the falling tear?
Cold water, Oh, cold water!
The joyful words proclaim,
Till tipplers all have sought her,
And washed away their shame.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, the story
And you proclaimers go;
Let none be left abiding
The drunkard's deeper woe.
Oh, make the soul now joyful,
That has been sad so long;
Till drunkard's break the bottle,
And join the Temp'rance song.

CITY LOAFER.


4/4
A 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 2- 1 | 1 | 2- |
2Q , , ,, ,, , , , , , , ,, 7 ,
I 'll sing you a modern ballad, made by a modern pate,
4/4
A 2 2 | 2 2 2 2 | 2 2 2 2 | 3- 2 1 2 |
2Q ,, ,, , , , , , , , , , ,, , ,
Of a ragged, rum-nosed vagabond, Whose clothes were his es-
4/4
A 3- || 3 | 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 3 3 | 4- 3 2 3 |
2Q , , , , , , , , , ,, ,, , ,, , ,
tate; He swaggered through the market house at an in - dependent





2 His rags so thick, hung all around, like ribbons from a pole;
His hat it lacked a rim and crown, his shoes they lacked a sole.
He lingered round the butchers' stalls, with tattered vest and hose,
Or at a kitchen door he stood, and snuffed his rum-red nose,
Like a hungry, loafer vagabond, all of the modern time.

3 When winter cold brought Christmas old, he left the butcher's stall;
He liked the smell of beef — but cold he could not bear at all.
At night he was a wanderer, and joined the midnight brawl
Of restless spirits, black and white, who graced the watch-house hall —
Like a homeless, shivering vagabond, all of the modern time.

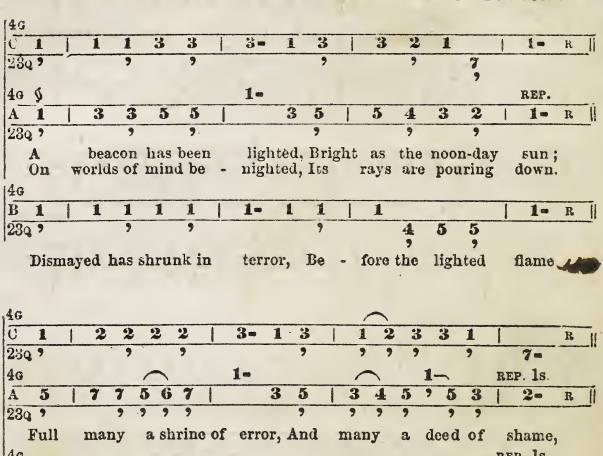
COME, COME, COME.

1 Come, come, come,
Come to the Temp'rance Hall,
The pledge of freedom sign;
Come, banish alcohol,
Rum, brandy, beer and wine,
From the dens of drunken mirth,
The dark abodes of rum.
Where sorrow has its birth,
Come forth, ye rummies, come.

2 Ye that the brandy red
Are mighty to consume,
Come, let it ne'er be said,
Ye fear the temp'rance room.
Ye topers, leave your beer,
Brightly although it foam;
To the water cold and clear,
Ye red nosed drinkers, come
Come, come, &c.

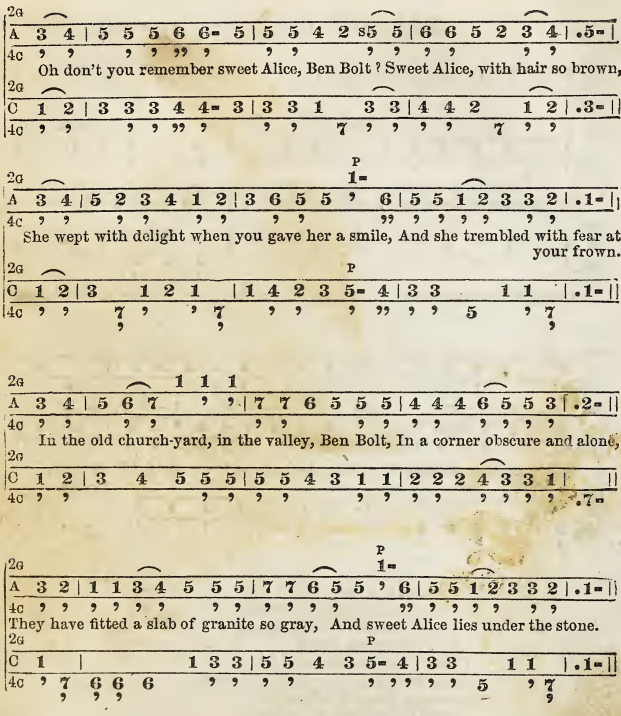
3 Ye boys that quaff the wine,
With faces all in bloom,
March up in goodly line —
Room for the wine-boys, room.
Come one, come all, and flee
The drunkard's awful doom;
Awake, arise, be free!
To health, wealth, honor come.
Come, come, &c.

BEACON LIGHT. A. D. FILMORE.


4G
C 1 | 1 1 3 3 | 3- 1 3 | 3 2 1 | 1- R
23Q
4G 1- REP.
A 1 | 3 3 5 5 | 3 5 | 5 4 3 2 | 1- R
23Q
A beacon has been lighted, Bright as the noon-day sun;
On worlds of mind be - nighted, Its rays are pouring down.
4G
B 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | 1 | 1- R
23Q
Dismayed has shrunk in terror, Be - fore the lighted flame
4G
C 1 | 2 2 2 2 | 3- 1 3 | 1 2 3 3 1 | R
23Q 7-
4G 1- 1- REP. 1s.
A 5 | 7 7 5 6 7 | 3 5 | 3 4 5 5 3 | 2- R
23Q
Full many a shrine of error, And many a deed of shame,
4G REP. 1s.
B | 1- 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | R
23Q 5 5 5 5 5-

2 Intemperance has foundered,
The demon gasps for breath;
His rapid march is downward,
To everlasting death.
Old age and youth united,
His works have prostrate hurled,
And soon himself, affrighted,
Shall hurry from this world.

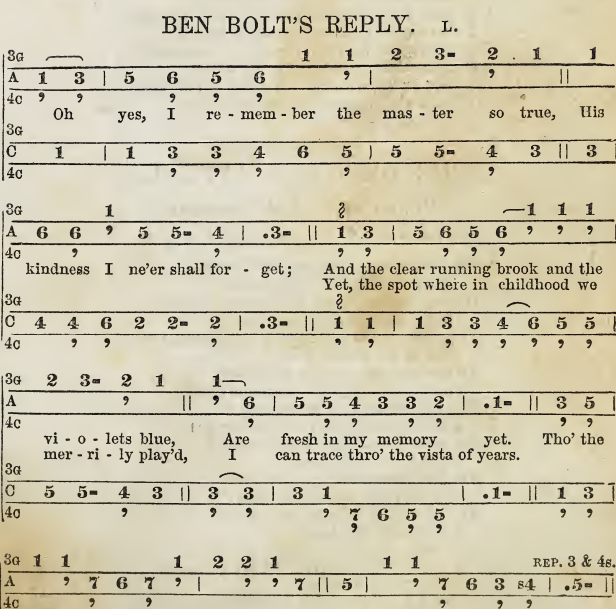
3 Bold temperance, untiring,
Strikes at the monster's heart;
Beneath her blows expiring,
He dreads her well-aimed dart.
Her blows, we 'll pray, "God speed them,"
The darkness to dispel;
And how we fought for freedom,
Let future ages tell.


Oh don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And she trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

2 Oh don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green, sunny slope of the hill;
Where oft we have played, 'neath its wide spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill?
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around;
And the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
Lies scattered, and fallen on the ground.

3 Oh don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true;
And the little nook, by the clear running brook,
Where we gathered the flowers as they grew?
On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt.
And the running little brook is now dry;
And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There remains, Ben, but you and I.

BEN BOLT'S REPLY. L.


Oh yes, I re - mem - ber the mas - ter so true, His
kindness I ne'er shall for - get; And the clear running brook and the
Yet, the spot where in childhood we
vi - o - lets blue, Are fresh in my memory yet. Tho' the
mer - ri - ly play'd, I can trace thro' the vista of years.
REP. 3 & 4s.
fond hopes and wishes of youth have decayed, And smiles are less frequent than
tears,
REP. 3 & 4s.

2 Ah, yes, I remember the wood and the hill,
And the songs which we sang with such glee,
The farmer's old homestead, the porch and the mill,
And the silvery sycamore tree.
You say that "a quiet now reigns all around,"
I wish it would reign in my breast,
Where sorrow and troubles and trials abound
With anguish, and grief, and unrest.

3 Ah, yes, I remember the lovely and pure
"Sweet Alice, with hair so brown:"
It is well she lies 'neath the granite, secure
From sin and the cold world's frown.
She is happier far than the few who remain
On this sin-stained and cruel shore;
Then let us hope on till we meet her again,
Where sighing and tears are no more. L.

THE ORPHAN'S APPEAL.

Words by F. A. B. Simkins.

Tune—"*Jeannette and Jeannot.*" p. 32.

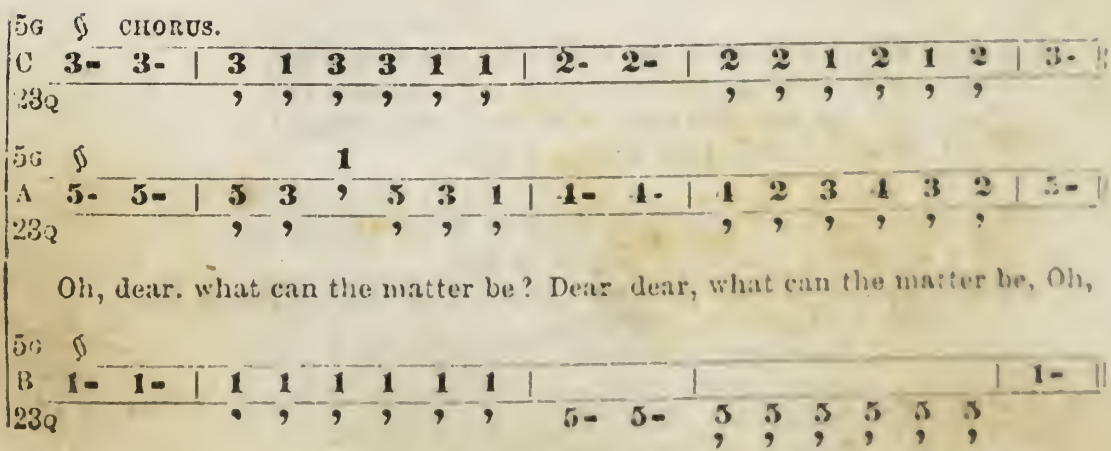
1 My father once was bold and strong,
And braved life's voyage well;
How much he loved, how much beloved,
No human tongue can tell.
They came, kind friends, though strangers,
To win my father o'er
To temp'rance, and he promised
He would touch the bowl no more.
Then my mother was so happy,
And my own heart leaped for joy;
My own dear father smiled again,
Upon his darling boy.
But evil hands held to his lips
The blasting "curse of soul;"
And, tempted over-much, he fell
A victim to the bowl.

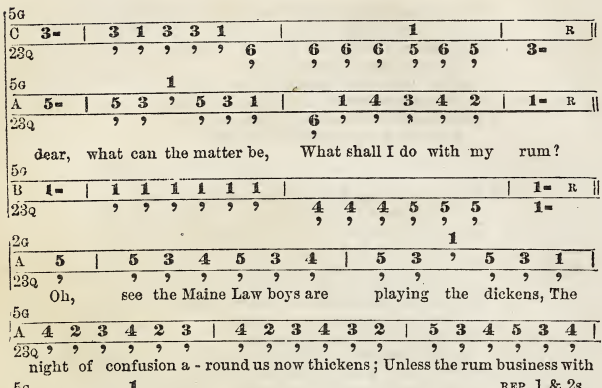
2 Our cup of happiness was full—
Alas! too full to last:
Those blissful hours of beaming joy
Like visions flitted past.
Where'er my father traced his steps,
The guileful cup was there:
Temptation overcame—
He drank "the chalice of despair."

Oh, to see him reeling come,
Once so loving, now so dumb!
It broke my own dear mother's heart:
The blighting, damning rum!
And he who once was kind and true,
Whose presence once would cheer;
Now made our home a demon's haunt,
And filled our hearts with fear.

3 Then she whom he had sworn to love,
His partner and his pride,
In meekness and in grief unspoken,
Bowed low her head and died!
My father is in prison, while
The wretches who prepared
The potion that has placed him there,
By Christian laws are spared!
Oh, ye men of feeling hearts,
And of motives good and pure,
How can ye wink at crime so long?
Nay, how so much endure?
In God s own name, why seek ye not
To hold and punish those
Who deal the damning liquid out,
And crime's great fountain close?

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?




dear, what can the matter be, What shall I do with my rum?
Oh, see the Maine Law boys are playing the dickens, The
night of confusion a - round us now thickens; Unless the rum business with
some of us quickens, We'll all have to cut with our rum.

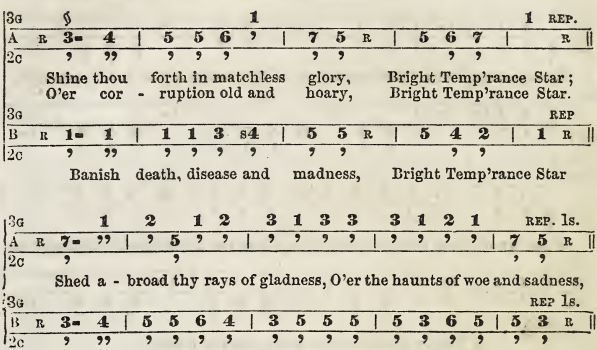
2 I used to get rich through the toiling mechanic,
Who spent all his earnings in pleasures Satanic;
But now I confess I am in a great panic,
Because I can sell no more rum.
Oh, dear, &c.

3 My customers once to my bar-room were flocking—
Yes, some without coat, or a shoe, or a stocking—
But now, I declare it is really quite shocking,
I cannot dispose of my rum.
Oh, dear, &c.

4 I once clothed in satin my wife and my daughter,
But now they wear calico; what is the matter?
They give up my rum for the sake of cold water!
Oh, what shall I do with my rum?
Oh, dear, &c.

5 I'll quit this hard business, for t' is of no use to me,
All a continual source of abuse to me;
Good friends of Temp'rance I know will stick close to me,
Soon as I give up my rum.
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Good by, rum-drinking customers,
Now I will sell no more rum.

THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE. L.

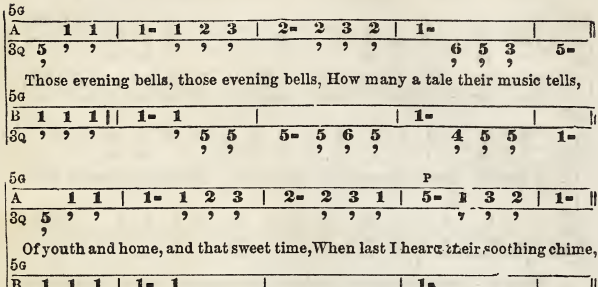

Shine thou forth in matchless glory, Bright Temp'rance Star;
O'er cor - ruption old and hoary, Bright Temp'rance Star.
Banish death, disease and madness, Bright Temp'rance Star
Shed a - broad thy rays of gladness, O'er the haunts of woe and sadness,

2 Shine upon the captive's prison,
Bright Temp'rance Star;
Tell him of the power new risen,
Bright Temp'rance Star;
And the realms that sit in sorrow,
From thy rays a charm shall borrow,
Telling of a glorious morrow,
Bright Temp'rance Star.

3 Shine upon the cleaving billow,
Bright Temp'rance Star;
O'er the sailor's lonely pillow,
Bright Temp'rance Star;
Brighten every distant nation,
Banish care and tribulation,
Preach the tidings of salvation,
Bright Temp'rance Star.

4 And the mists that hover o'er thee,
Bright Temperance Star;
Trembling, soon shall fly before thee,
Bright Temperance Star;
Hail! all hail! thy lustre flowing,
From the founts of glory glowing,
Life, and health, and beauty showing,
Bright Temp'rance Star.

EVENING BELLS. W. H. BUNTIN.


Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime,

2 Those joyous hours have passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

3 And so 't will be when I am gone,
Those tuneful peals will still ring on;
When other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing thy praise, sweet evening bells. T. MOORE

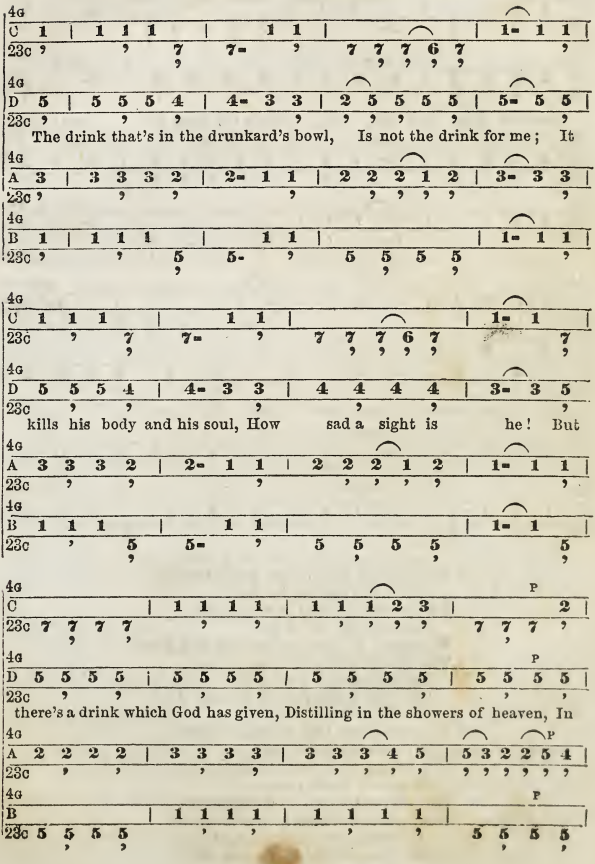
SOME LOVE STRONG BEER.

TUNE — "*Some Love to Roam.*" p. 55.

1 Some love strong drink, and the maniac's cheer,
And the bacchanalian's glee;
But the gurgling rill, from the rock-bound hill,
And a peaceful home for me.
The sot may laugh, and the poison quaff,
And boast he's chainless, free;
But a healthy brain, free from mania's pain,
Is the liberty for me.

2 No more disgrace, with a rum-blotch face,
The bright image of your God!
But look behind, with a sober mind,
Closely scan the ground you've trod;
Then count the cost of pleasure's lost
In drunken revelry;
And say to the world, with your pledge unfurled
Give no more strong drink to me.

THE DRINK FOR ME.


The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, Is not the drink for me; It
kills his body and his soul, How sad a sight is he! But
there's a drink which God has given, Distilling in the showers of heaven, In

2 The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
Forever dry he 'll be:
But there 's a stream so cold and clear,
The thirsty traveler lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he.
Oh, that 's the stream for me, &c.

3 The wine-cup that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me:
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see.
But there 's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health, and length of days.
Oh, that 's the cup for me, &c.

DESCRIPTION OF RUM'S DOINGS.

"Oh, thou invisible spirit of Rum! if thou had'st not name by which to know thee, we would call thee DEVIL."—SHAKSPEARE.

1 Let thy devotee extol thee,
And thy wond'rous virtues sum;
But the worst of names I'll call thee,
Oh! thou hydra-monster RUM!

2 Pimple maker — visage bloater,
Health corrupter — idler's mate;
Mischief breeder — vice promoter,
Credit spoiler — devil's bait.

3 Alms house builder — pauper maker,
Trust betrayer—sorrow's source;
Pocket-emptier — Sabbath-breaker,
Conscience stifler — guilt's recourse.

4 Nerve-enfeebler — system shatterer,
Thirst-increaser — vagrant thief;
Cough producer — treacherous flatterer,
Mud-bedauber — mock relief.

5 Business-hinderer — spleen distiller,
Woe-begetter—friendship's bane;
Anger-heater — Bridewell filler,
Debt involver — toper's chain.

6 Memory-drowner—honor wrecker,
Judgment-warper — blue faced quack;
Feud beginner — rags bedecker,
Strife enkindler—fortune's wreck.

7 Summer's heater—winter's cooler,
Blood polluter — specious snare:
Mob collector — man's transformer,
Bond undoer — gambler's fare.

8 Speech bewrangler — headlong bringer,
Vitals burner — deadly fire;
Riot mover — firebrand flinger,
Discord kindler — misery's sire.

9 Sinew's robber — worth depriver,
Strength subduer — hideous foe,
Reason thwarter — fraud contriver,
Money waster — nation's woe.

10 Vile seducer — joy dispeller,
Peace disturber — blackguard's guest;
Sloth implanter — liver sweller,
Brain disturber — hateful pest.

11 Utterance boggler — stench emitter,
Strong men's sprawler—fatal drop;
Tumult raiser — venom spitter,
Wrath inspirer — coward's prop.

12 Pain inflicter — eyes inflamer,
Heart corrupter — folly's nurse;
Secret babbler — body maimer,
Thirst defeater—loathsome curse.

13 Wit destroyer — joy impairer,
Scandal dealer — foul-mouthed scourge;
Senses blunter — youth ensnarer,
Crime inventer — ruin's verge.

14 Virtue blaster — base deceiver,
Rage displayer — sot's delight;
Noise exciter — stomach heaver,
Falsehood spreader — scorpion's bite.

15 Quarrel plotter—rage discharger,
Giant conqueror—wasteful sway;
Chin carbuncler — tongue enlarger,
Malice venter — *Death's broad way.*

16 Tempest scatterer — window smasher,
Death's forerunner — hell's dire drink;
Ravenous murderer — wind pipe slasher,
Drunkard's *lodging, meat,* and *drink.*

THE TEMPERANCE BRIDE.

BY CHARLES M. MEE.

TUNE—"*The Soldier's Tear.*"

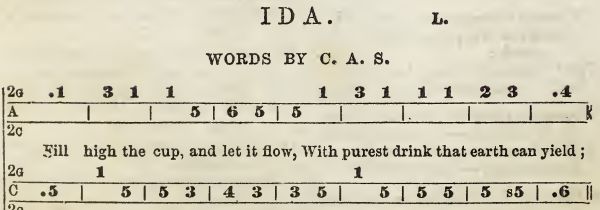
1 From the haunts of sin he turned,
With a glad and lightsome bound,
His soul with fearful horrors spurned
Its dark unhallowed ground.
His heart with sorrow bled,
To hear the drunkard's cries,
And prayed that time might quickly shed
Reform before their eyes.

2 O'er a temperance fireside,
A female pensive stood,
A blooming, blushing bride,
But shortly won and wooed.
Oh! who would wish to spurn
The look of joy and pride,
That greets a husband's safe return
To his temperance fireside.

3 Sure, none could leave a spot
Where temperance loves to dwell,
To drink, carouse and sot
Within some drunkard's hell.
The most misguided man,
Whose life must quickly end,
By drink shorn to a span,
Says woman's his best friend.

IDA. L.

WORDS BY C. A. S.


2G .1 3 1 1 1 3 1 1 1 2 3 .4
A 5 6 5 5
2C
Fill high the cup, and let it flow, With purest drink that earth can yield;
2G 1 1
C .5 5 5 3 4 3 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 .6
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2G
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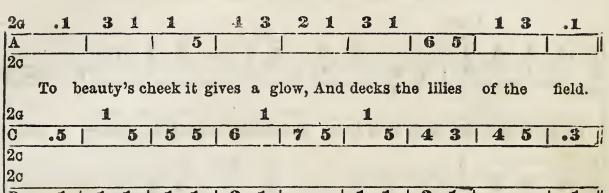
IDA. *Continued.*



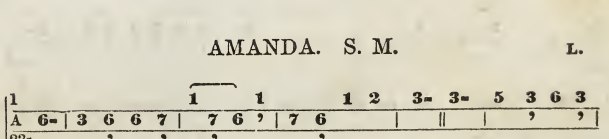
2 In its pure wave no poison sleeps,
To steal the reason, fire the brain
It never makes the orphan weep,
Nor soils the hero's wreath of fame.

3 From bubbling brook and mountain free.
It brightly flows, 'tis freely given;
Fill high the cup, I'll drink to thee,
A precious gift to man from heaven.

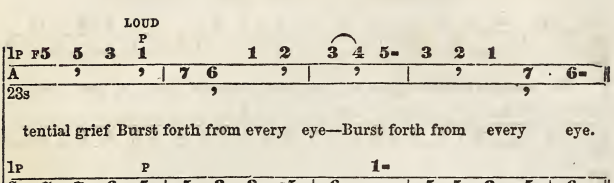
4 The ruby wine may richly flow
From luscious grape to tempt the eye;
It has a false deceitful glow,
Then touch it not—from danger fly.

5 Then once again that nectar bring,
Which heaven's goodness gives to man
The bright drops of the sparkling spring,
That I may drink to thee again.

AMANDA. S. M. L.



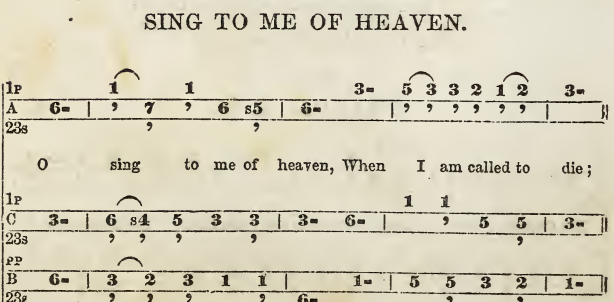
AMANDA. *Continued.*



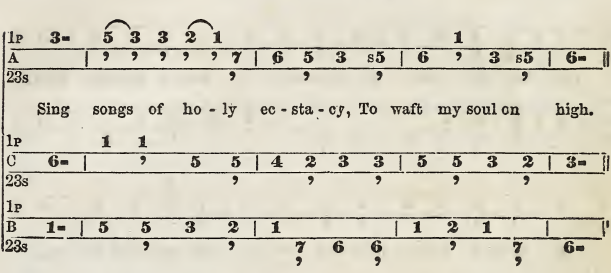
2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul
He shed those tears for thee—He shed, &c.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there—And there's, &c.

SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.



SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. *Continued.*



2 When cold and sluggish drops,
Roll off my dying brow;
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let Heaven begin below.

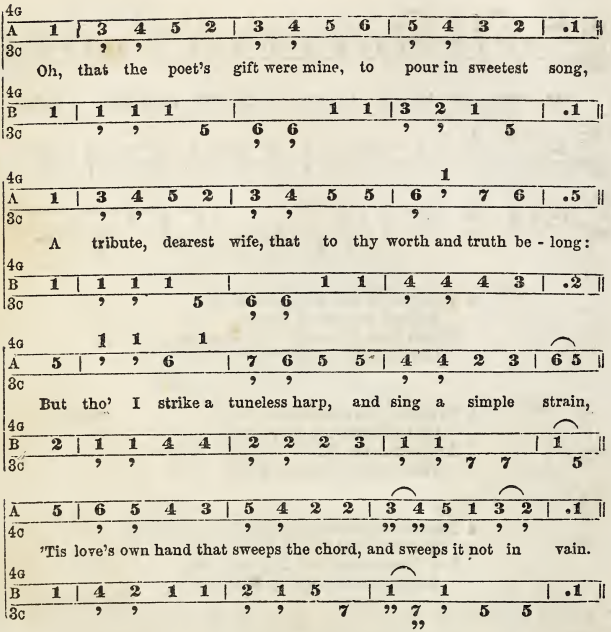
3 When my last moments come,
Oh! smooth my dying face;
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
That on my features plays.

4 Assembled round my bed,—
Let one loud song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth
And greet me first in Heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and clammy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Around my lifeless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of Heaven—delightful Heaven,
My glorious home above.

AFFECTION. L.


Oh, that the poet's gift were mine, to pour in sweetest song,
A tribute, dearest wife, that to thy worth and truth be - long:
But tho' I strike a tuneless harp, and sing a simple strain,
'Tis love's own hand that sweeps the chord, and sweeps it not in vain.

2 O let us both, while life shall last, be to each other kind,
Pursuing still our onward course, the same in heart and mind;
Tho' thorns around our pathway spring, yet still the flowers will bloom,
And mutual love shall light us through our darkest hour of gloom.

3 And when our task on earth is done, and we are called to die,
May we be found prepared to meet the summons from on high,
To be rejoined in realms above, and dwell on that blest shore,
Where pain and sorrow never come, and death is felt no more.

D. J. K.

LAND OF REST. AUSTIN LANE.

Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come? When
I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home — And
VERY SOFT.
dwell in peace at home, And dwell in peace at home, When
SOFT.
LOUD.
I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

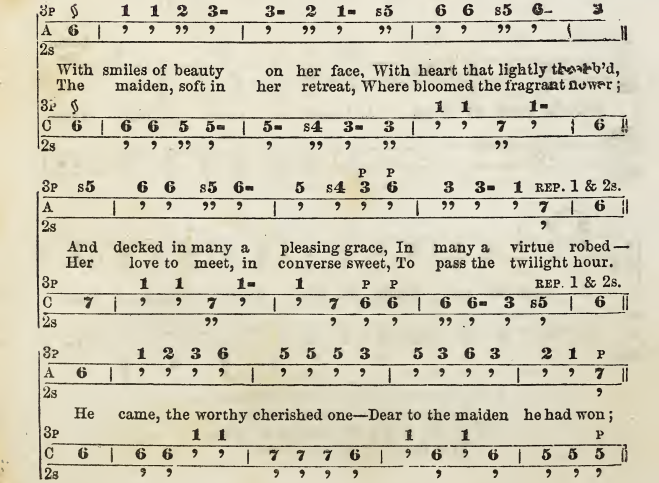
3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

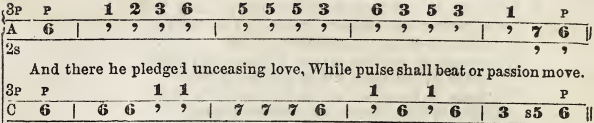
4 I should at once have quit this field,
Where foes with fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed—
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home

THE BROKEN PLEDGE. J.


With smiles of beauty on her face, With heart that lightly throb'd,
The maiden, soft in her retreat, Where bloomed the fragrant flower;
And decked in many a pleasing grace, In many a virtue robed—
Her love to meet, in converse sweet, To pass the twilight hour.
He came, the worthy cherished one—Dear to the maiden he had won;


3P P 1 2 3 6 5 5 5 3 6 3 5 3 1 P
A 6 , , , , , , , , , , , , 7 6
2s , ,
And there he pledged unceasing love, While pulse shall beat or passion move.
3P P 1 1 1 1 P
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2 A care shade gloomed the mother's brow —
Her heart beat heavily,
With plaintive tone. like sorrow's moan,
She sang her lullaby;
At midnight, when the storm was wild,
While anxious deep concern
Her bosom filled, and coldness chilled,
She waited his return.
He came, was yet the cherished one,
Though whom his fellow man would shun,
A drunkard, and his lips now move
To curse the one he pledged to love.

3 She lay upon her dying bed,
And felt upon her heart
The hand of death, while struggling breath
Told her she must soon depart;
Yet he, to whom affections clung,
Came not, nor stood beside;
Her heart, though young, with woe was wrung,
When she 'mong strangers died.
Rum drove the poisoned barbed dart,
That pierced that warm devoted heart:
Rum made the man a demon prove —
'Twas this that broke the pledge of love.

WHAT WE HATE.

AIR — "*Old Arm Chair.*"

1 We hate it, we hate it, and who shall dare,
To chide us for hating the whisky and beer;
We've hated it long — we've hated it well,
And the reasons we hate it, we freely can tell.
We hate it, because it has injured our health;
We hate it, because it has stolen our wealth;
We hate it, because it has stolen our peace,
Has marred all our friendship, and robbed us of ease.

2 We hate it, we hate it. and hope you may join
Us in hating the brandy, in hating the wine;
In hating it as an unprincipled thief,
The cause of our losses, our sorrow, and grief.
We hate it, because 't was our father's foe;
We hate it, because 't was our mother's woe;
Because it has left on our relative's face,
The deep burning lines of eternal disgrace.

3 We hate it, because many fond hearts it breaks;
We hate it, because many orphans it makes;
We hate it, because it makes rich men to fail;
We hate it, because it sends poor men to jail.
Because 't is the curse of our free happy land;
We *do* hate it, therefore, and here take our stand,
Not to use it, nor drink it, nor buy it, nor sell,
While there's water in river, or cistern, or well.

WHAT WE LOVE.

AIR—"*Rockaway.*"

1 We love the clear cold water spring,
We love the bright and sparkling wave;
It is a healthy blessed thing,
The drink our great Creator gave.
No! give us not the wine or beer,
The whisky, brandy, or the gin;
But give to us the water clear,
In drinking it there is no sin.
Oh! we love, &c.

2 Oh! how delightful 't is to stroll
Upon the golden sanded shore;
To mark the billows as they roll,
To hear the dashing waters roar.
It is a soul-inspiring sight,
A token of our Father's love,
And brings to our remembrance, bright,
Sweet thoughts of that glad stream above.
Oh! we love, &c.

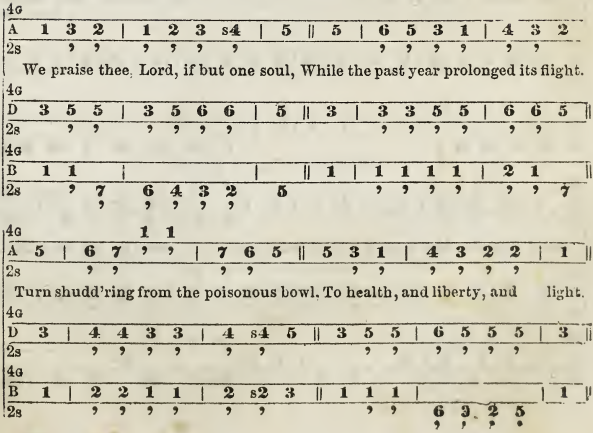
STRONG RUM.

TUNE — "*Some Love to Roam.*" p. 55.

1 Some love strong rum, or ale's white foam,
As it rises to be free;
And for right good cheer, some whistle beer,
But the limpid stream for me.
To the forest shade, or the mountain glade,
So cheerily forth I go,
To drink my fill at the gurgling rill,
When the sun is shining low.

2 In the stream I dip my burning lip,
And the cooling draught pour in;
I ask no spring of brandy sling,
Or of toddy made of gin.
For what nature gave I only crave,
The fount that gurgles free;
The greenwood trees, a cooling breeze,
And a limpid stream for me.

CHARLESTOWN. L.

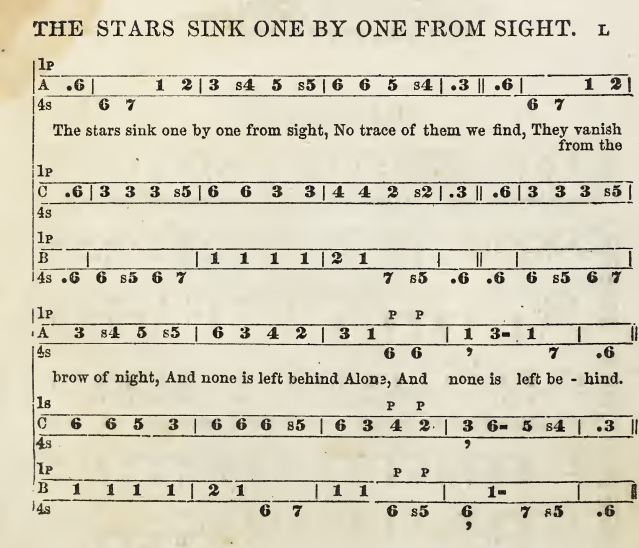

We praise thee, Lord, if but one soul, While the past year prolonged its flight.
Turn shudd'ring from the poisonous bowl. To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise thee if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Behold the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end;
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, Almighty King,
Unwavering at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

THE STARS SINK ONE BY ONE FROM SIGHT. L


The stars sink one by one from sight, No trace of them we find, They vanish from the
brow of night, And none is left behind Alone, And none is left be - hind.

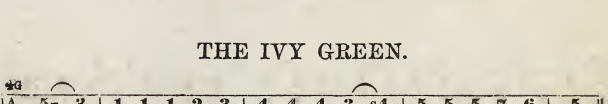
2 The sun goes to his ocean bed,
In all his rays enshrined;
He wraps them round his crimson head,
And leaveth none behind
To mourn,—
And leaveth none behind.

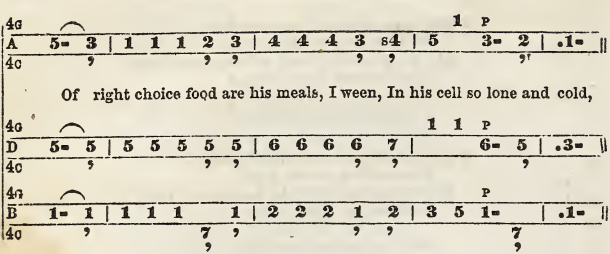
3 The beautified and gifted dead,
The noblest of our kind,
Have cast their works aside, and fled,
And we are left behind,
Alone,
And we are left behind.

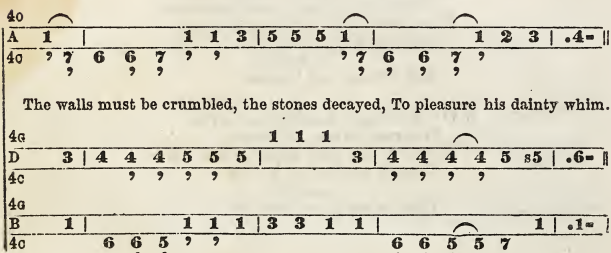
4 The dear old friends of early times,
Hearts round our hearts entwined,
Have faded from us in their prime,
And we are left behind
To mourn,
And we are left behind.

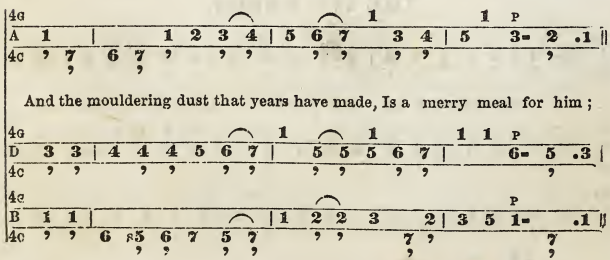
5 O! dear ones, teach us so to run
Our race in sun and wind,
That we may win when ye have won,
Though we be left behind
Awhile,
Though we be left behind.

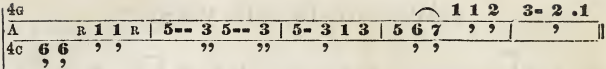
THE IVY GREEN.



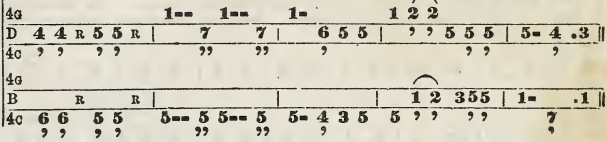

Of right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold,


The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed, To pleasure his dainty whim.


And the mouldering dust that years have made, Is a merry meal for him;



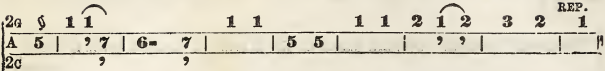
Creeping, Creeping, Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the ivy green.

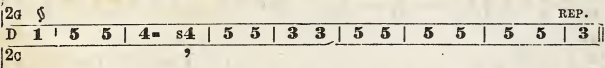


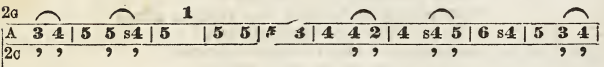
2 Fast he stealeth, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he,
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth around
The mould of dead men's graves:
Creeping where grim death has been,
A curious plant is the ivy green.

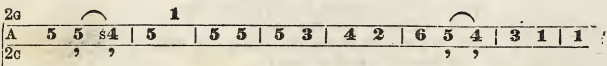
3 Ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From his hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in his lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last:
Creeping on where time hath been,
A very strange plant is the ivy green.

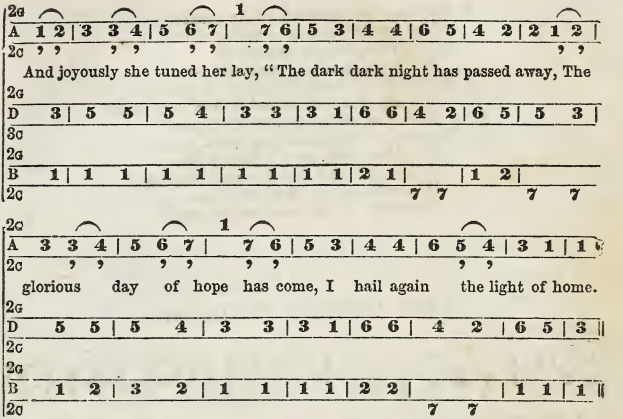
MARIANNA IN THE WEST.


REP.
With turrets flanked against the sky, And windows shining in the day,
The brave old homestead rises high, A - bove the broad and shaded way.







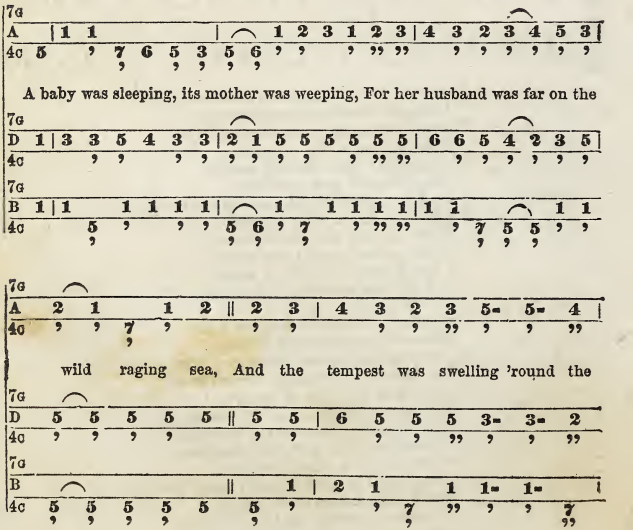

And joyously she tuned her lay, "The dark dark night has passed away, The
glorious day of hope has come, I hail again the light of home.

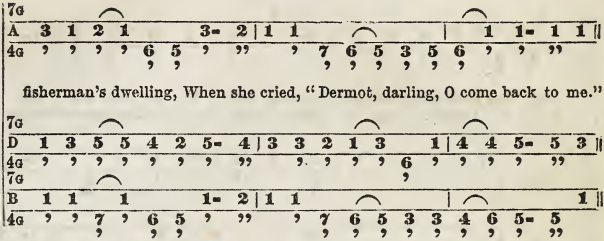
2 The wild sweet briars on either side,
Like old familiar friends appear;
The old farm gate is swinging wide,
A welcome to the traveler.
The queenly rose, the lily white,
The clematis and eglantine,
And thousand sights and sounds combine,
To fill her bosom with delight;
Then merrily she tuned her lay,
"The gloomy night has passed away,
I hail again the light of home,
When I no more shall live forlorn."

3 She heard the lark at heaven's gate,
Her matin song devoutly sing,
And chattering to his dark-eyed mate,
She heard the swallow on the wing.
Zephyr was redolent of sweet,
And music dwelt in every sound:
All things on earth, in air, around,
Conspired to make her bliss complete.
O, merrily she tuned her lay,
"The night is pass'd, and comes the day,
And I shall cease to be alone,
To walk forgotten, and live forlorn."

4 The day had rounded to the west;
She heeded not the passing time:
By very happiness oppress'd,
She sank in revery sublime:—
And musing on sweet nature's charms,
She slept, and dreamed of him once more,
And that he loved her as of yore:
She woke, and found her in his arms.
And then they sang a merry lay,
"All doubt and fear has pass'd away,
We revel in the light of home,
No more, no more abroad to roam."

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.


A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping, For her husband was far on the
wild raging sea, And the tempest was swelling 'round the

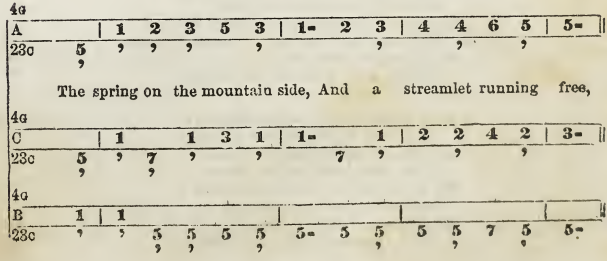


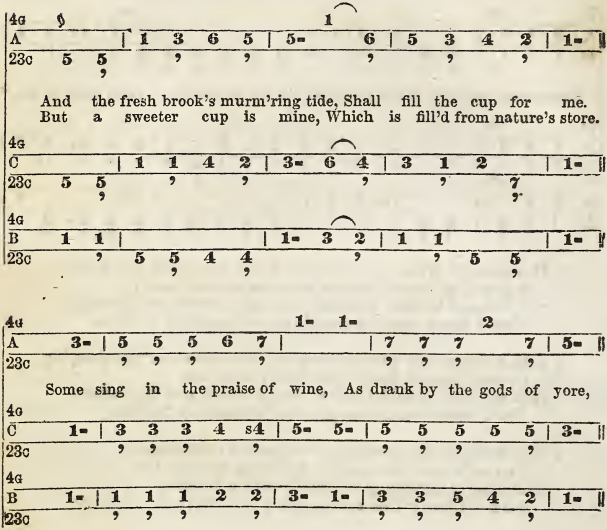
2 Her prayers while she murmured, her baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"O, blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
Now I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

3 "And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O, pray dearest baby, pray softly with me,
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

4 The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
The wife brought with joy her babe forth to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING. L.

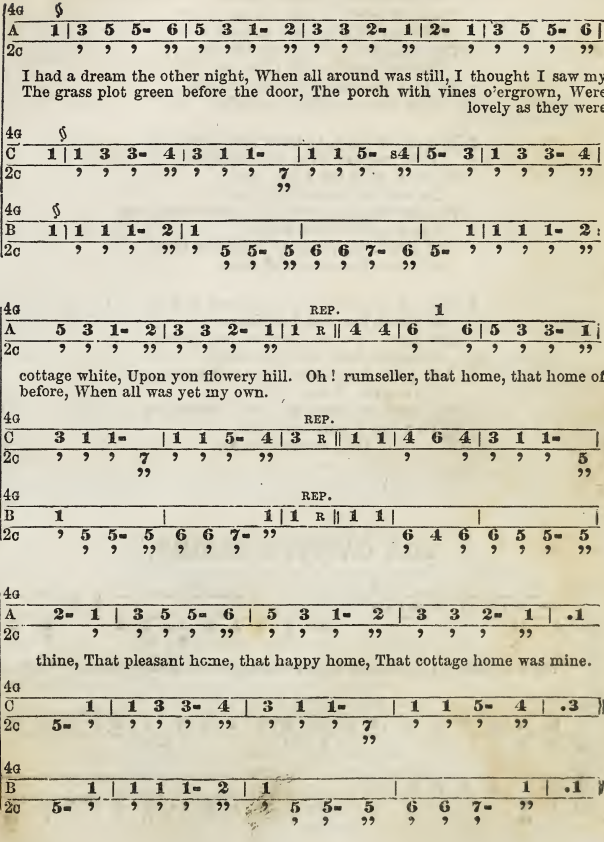



And the fresh brook's murm'ring tide, Shall fill the cup for me.
But a sweeter cup is mine, Which is fill'd from nature's store.
Some sing in the praise of wine, As drank by the gods of yore,

2 A draught from the sparkling spring,
That runs through the vales below,
Where the wild lark loves to sing,
And the purest waters flow
Through the banks of choicest flowers,
Where the rills, like childhood's dream,
In infancy's young hours,
Mingle with sweets, its stream.

3 How clear is the cooling stream;
And fresh as the breath of morn;
And its shining crystals gleam,
Like dew-drops on the thorn.
By the summer winds are borne
Its evening mists, that rise
To Heaven, but to return
With fragrance from the skies.

COTTAGE HOME.

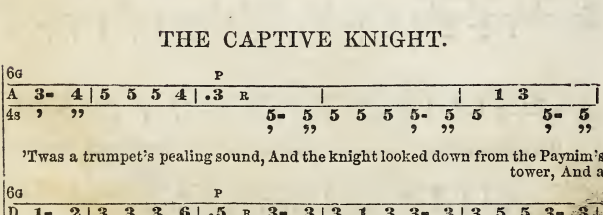

4G
A 1 | 3 5 5- 6 | 5 3 1- 2 | 3 3 2- 1 | 2- 1 | 3 5 5- 6 |
2c , , , ,, , , , ,, , , , ,, , , , , ,,
I had a dream the other night, When all around was still, I thought I saw my
The grass plot green before the door, The porch with vines o'ergrown, Were
lovely as they were
4G
C 1 | 1 3 3- 4 | 3 1 1- | 1 1 5- 4 | 5- 3 | 1 3 3- 4 |
2c , , , ,, , , , 7 ,, , , , ,, , , , , ,,
4G
B 1 | 1 1 1- 2 | 1 | | 1 | 1 1 1- 2 |
2c , , , ,, , 5 5- 5 6 6 7- 6 5- , , , , ,,
, , ,, , , , ,,
4G REP. 1
A 5 3 1- 2 | 3 3 2- 1 | 1 R || 4 4 | 6 6 | 5 3 3- 1 |
2c , , , ,, , , , ,, , , , , , , , , ,,
cottage white, Upon yon flowery hill. Oh! rumseller, that home, that home of
before, When all was yet my own.
4G REP.
C 3 1 1- | 1 1 5- 4 | 3 R || 1 1 | 4 6 4 | 3 1 1- |
2c , , , 7 , , , ,, , , , , 5
,, ,,
4G REP.
B 1 | 1 | 1 R || 1 1 | | |
2c , 5 5- 5 6 6 7- ,, 6 4 6 6 5 5- 5
, , ,, , , , , , , , , , ,,
4G
A 2- 1 | 3 5 5- 6 | 5 3 1- 2 | 3 3 2- 1 | .1
2c , , , , ,, , , , ,, , , , ,,
thine, That pleasant home, that happy home, That cottage home was mine.
4G
C 1 | 1 3 3- 4 | 3 1 1- | 1 1 5- 4 | .3 ||
2c 5- , , , , ,, , , , 7 , , , ,,
,,
4G
B 1 | 1 1 1- 2 | 1 | | 1 | .1 ||
2c 5- , , , , ,, , 5 5- 5 6 6 7- ,,
, , ,, , , ,

2 The gravel walk, so white and straight,
With flowery banks beside,
That led down to the wicket gate
Where Willie used to ride.
The locusts o'er the path that grew,
The willow boughs that swayed,
All told me with a tale most true,
That there my Mary played.

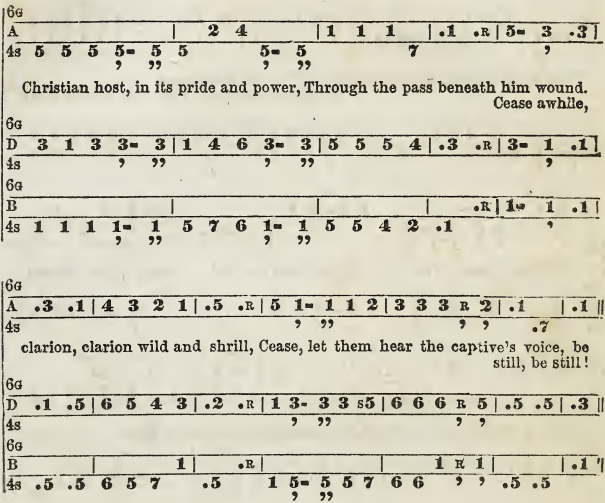
3 The silver lake, so calm and clear,
Along whose bank I've strayed
So often with my Lucy dear,
To watch the sunlight fade.
The murmuring streams that sweetly ran
The garden's foot along,
And sparkling fount as bright as then,
All sang the mournful song.

4 Now, that loved wife has gone to rest,
In death her heart is bound
Her babes are sleeping on her breast,
Beneath yon grassy mound:
And I am wandering lone and strange—
No master of my will;
My home, my happy home is changed,
To a hut behind the still.
Oh! rumseller, &c.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.


6G
P
A 3- 4 | 5 5 5 4 | .3 R | 1 3
4s ' '' 5- 5 5 5 5 5- 5 5 5- 5
' '' ' '' ' ''
'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound, And the knight looked down from the Paynim's tower, And a
6G
P
D 1- 2 | 3 3 3 6 | .5 R 3- 3 | 3 1 3 3- 3 | 3 5 5 3- 3
4s ' '' ' '' ' '' ' ''
6G
P
B 1- | 1 1 1 2 | .1 R
4s ' 7 5- 5 1 1 1 1- 1 5 5 5 1- 1
'' ' '' ' '' ' ''

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT. *Continued.*

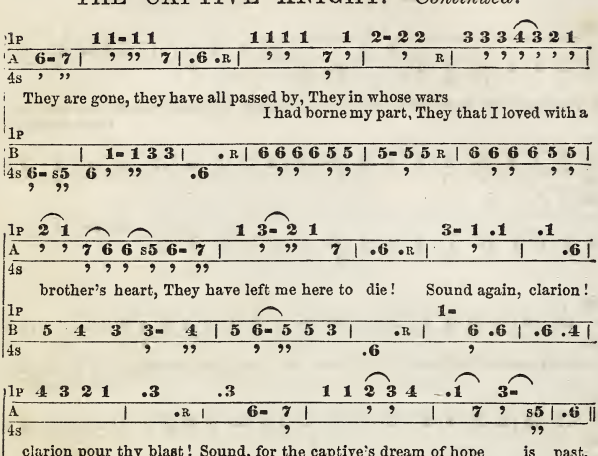

Christian host, in its pride and power, Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile,
clarion, clarion wild and shrill, Cease, let them hear the captive's voice, be
still, be still!

2 I knew 'twas a trumpet's note,
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float.
Cease awhile, &c.

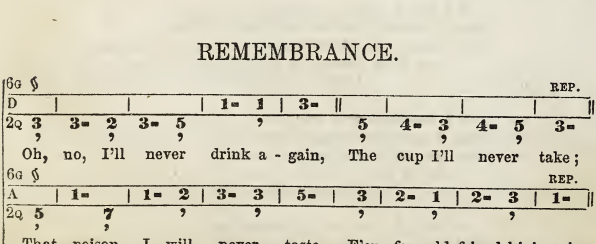
3 I am here with my heavy chain!
And I see a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle plain.
Cease awhile, &c.

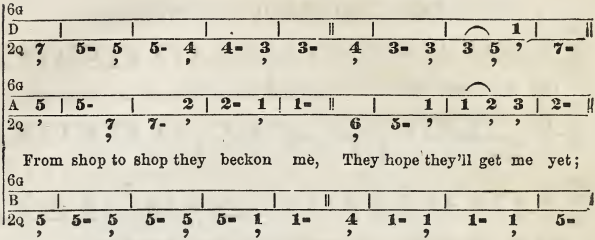
4 Must I pine in my fetters here,
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in my ear?
Cease awhile, &c.

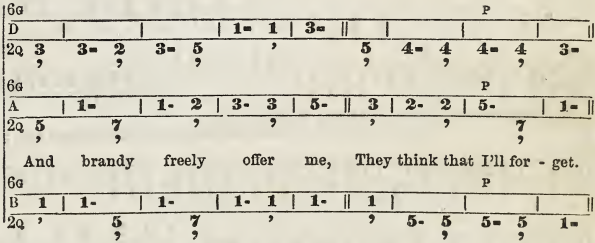
THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT. *Continued.*


They are gone, they have all passed by, They in whose wars
I had borne my part, They that I loved with a
brother's heart, They have left me here to die! Sound again, clarion!
clarion pour thy blast! Sound, for the captive's dream of hope is past.

REMEMBRANCE.



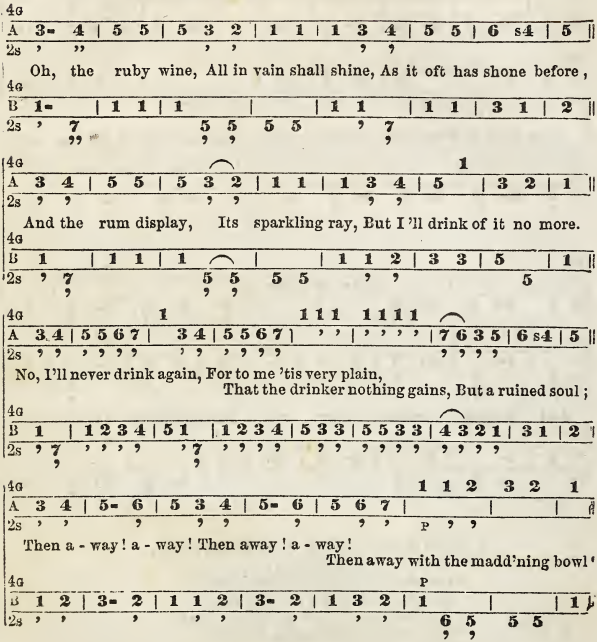




2 With shame I blush to view the scene,
That I so oft did see;
As with the tippler I have been—
But they 'll find a change in me.
'Tis time that I have drunk my last—
My cheeks with tears are wet;
To think of follies of the past,
Oh, how can I forget!

3 They tell me I 'm unhappy now—
I never was so gay;
And hint that I 'll forget my vow,
But I heed not what they say.
Through life I now will press my course,
Until my sun is set,
And bless the hour I took the pledge—
Oh, how can I forget!

THE POISONOUS BOWL.


Oh, the ruby wine, All in vain shall shine, As it oft has shone before,
And the rum display, Its sparkling ray, But I'll drink of it no more.
No, I'll never drink again, For to me 'tis very plain,
That the drinker nothing gains, But a ruined soul;
Then a - way! a - way! Then away! a - way!
Then away with the madd'ning bowl!

2 Come away! away!
And no longer stray,
'Mid the riot and rum and strife;
And no longer roam,
From your once loved home,
And the joys of a peaceful life.
Then come and sign the pledge,
In the temperance cause engage;
And eternal warfare wage
With the poisonous bowl.
And away! away! O away! away!
Away with the madd'ning bowl.

C.

FLOW GENTLY SWEET CROTON.

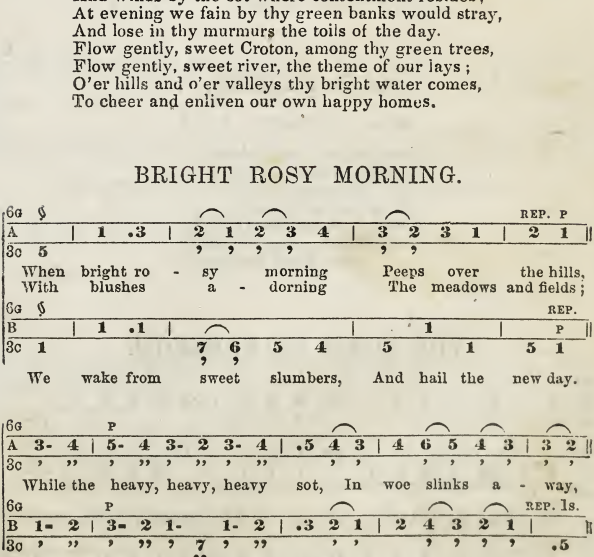
BY MRS. V. R. A.

AIR—"*Indianapolis*." p. 102.

1 Flow gently, sweet Croton, among thy green trees,
Flow gently, we 'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
We love thy pure water, thy sweet silver stream,
And here we would linger by moonlight's soft beam,
The tide of intemp'rance has had its full sway,
The wine cup we banish away, far away,
Then come to old Gotham, our city of fame,
We'll sing of thy praises, sweet Croton, again.

2 Thy crystal stream, Croton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where contentment resides;
At evening we fain by thy green banks would stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
Flow gently, sweet Croton, among thy green trees,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of our lays;
O'er hills and o'er valleys thy bright water comes,
To cheer and enliven our own happy homes.

BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.


REP. P
When bright ro - sy morning Peeps over the hills,
With blushes a - dorning The meadows and fields;
REP.
We wake from sweet slumbers, And hail the new day.
While the heavy, heavy, heavy sot, In woe slinks a - way,
REP. 1s.

2 Intemperance before us
Is ready to fly,
And quails at the chorus
We raise to the sky!
Then follow, then follow,
The cold water chase,
Where pleasure and vigor
And health all embrace.

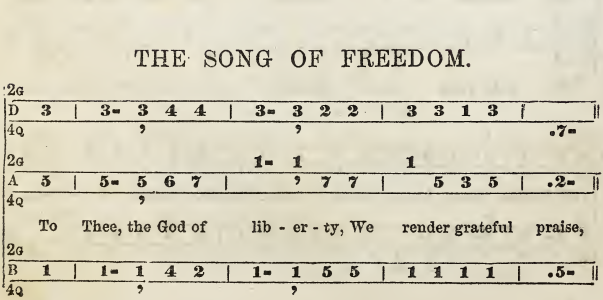
3 The day's work when over,
Makes the blood circle right—
The cold water lover
Sweet rest finds at night—
Then let us all life enjoy,
In this cold water way,
And peace crown our nights, boys,
As joy crowns our days.

OUR FATHER.

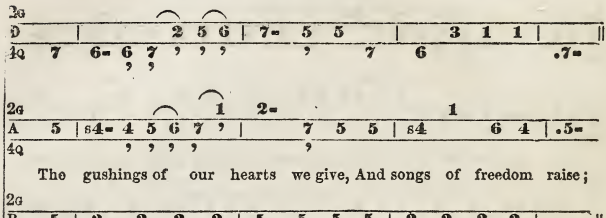
AIR—"*Columbia.*" p. 113.

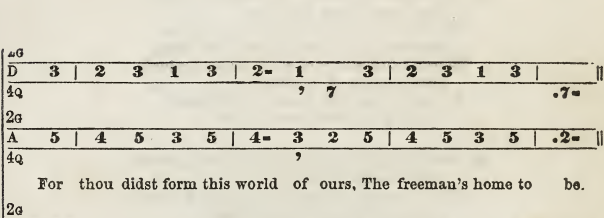
Our Father—God above!
Spirit of Truth and Love
Whom all adore!
On us thy Spirit send,
Prove each a faithful friend,
And may this cause extend
From shore to shore!

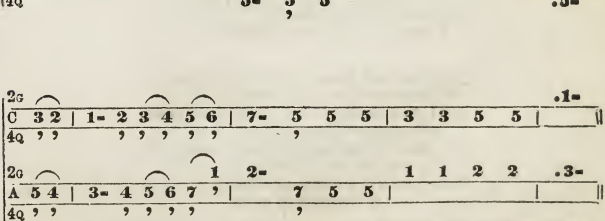
THE SONG OF FREEDOM.


2G
D 3 | 3- 3 4 4 | 3- 3 2 2 | 3 3 1 3 | .7-
4Q
2G
1- 1 1
A 5 | 5- 5 6 7 | 7 7 | 5 3 5 | .2-
4Q
To Thee, the God of lib - er - ty, We render grateful praise,
2G
B 1 | 1- 1 4 2 | 1- 1 5 5 | 1 1 1 1 | .5-
4Q

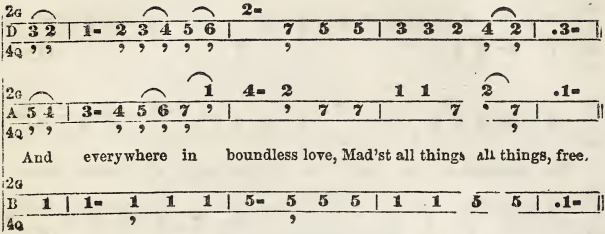
THE SONG OF FREEDOM. *Continued.*







THE SONG OF FREEDOM. *Continued.*



2 The stars are free: 'tis freedom's light
They pour upon the sod:
'Tis falsely said that by golden chains
They're bound to the throne of God.
Heav'n will not, and earth cannot check
Their march of liberty:
So they shine and gleam forever on:
O, the glorious stars are free.

3 Free are the clouds: they frown in wrath,
And thunder as in ire,
When for one moment round them gleams
The lightning's chain of fire.
And free the wind: it speedeth on
With none to stay or bind:
The very soul of liberty
Thou art, O cheering wind!

4 And free the trees—the forest trees:
They tower in freedom high,
And stretch their long, unfettered arms,
In freedom to the sky.
And freely spring and freely bloom
The sisterhood of flowers:
They print the name of liberty
All o'er this world of ours.

5 They freely send their perfumed praise
To Him who formed them thus:
They meekly bow their heads to heaven,
But never bow to us.

O, they would shrink, and gasp, and die,
As at the breath of storms,
Should we throw the shadow of a chain
Around their fragile forms.

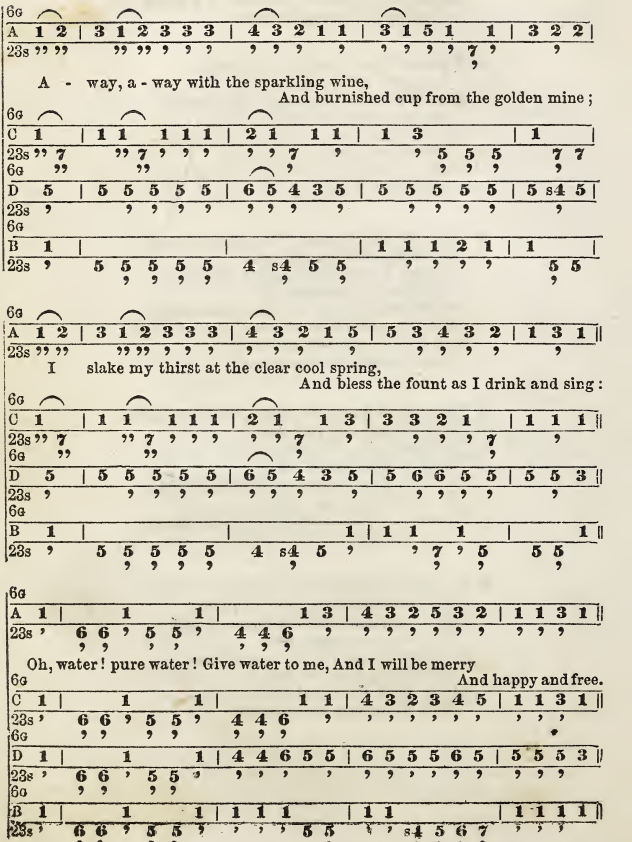
6 Forever free, in calm and storms,
Is ocean, strong and wild:
Should all the fetters—all the chains
Of the world be on him piled,
One single throb of his mighty breast—
One toss of his snowy main,
They'd break like threads of gossamer,
And he is free again.

7 And free the stream—the silver stream,
That laugheth in the sun:
It foams, it sparkles, then it gleams,
As it rolls in freedom on.
And free the birds: on freedom's wing
They speed the wide world o'er,
And joyfully on freedom's air
Their songs of freedom pour.

8 The soul is free—the heaven-formed soul:
All triumph as 'tis heard!
The soul! life, God, eternity,
Are in that fearful word!
The soul, unto whose winged thoughts,
O wonderful! 'tis given
To roam through nature's vast domains,
And upward mount to heaven.

9 And free the heart—the human heart:
Let its throbbing pulse be heard,
How it beateth, beateth, beateth free,
Like to a mountain bird.
And free are all its hopes and fears,
Its faith that points above,
And free its holy gratitude,
And, freer than all, its love.

HAPPY AND FREE.


A - way, a - way with the sparkling wine,
And burnished cup from the golden mine;
I slake my thirst at the clear cool spring,
And bless the fount as I drink and sing:
Oh, water! pure water! Give water to me, And I will be merry
And happy and free.

2 I oft have been where the wine flowed high,
And laughing mirth and the song passed by;
Where men grew wild, and their bosoms beat
With angry thoughts from the red wine's heat.
Oh, water! cool water!
Drink water all ye,
And then you 'll be merry
And happy like me.

3 My brow is cool and my limbs are strong,
And all is well as it erst was wrong;
My wife now smiles, and my babes will run
To greet me back, whom they once would shun
Oh, water! pure water!
Give water to me,
For now I am merry
And happy and free.

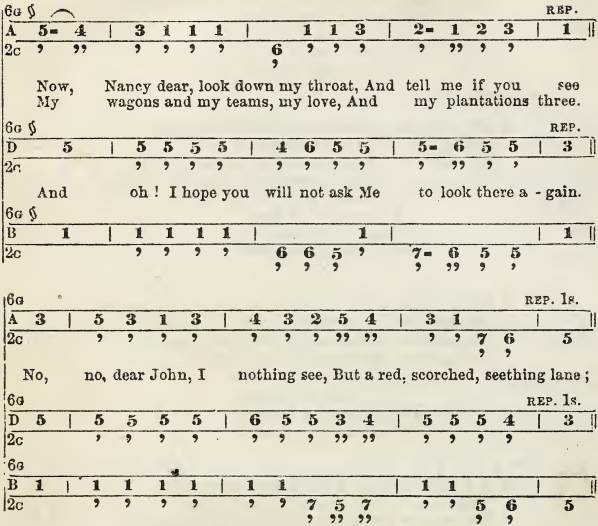
4 How bright is home since the change came o'er,
Where grief had dwelt in its weeds before
The spell is broke and the tempter fled,
And sorrow gone in the way he sped.
Oh, water! blest water!
The fountain for me,
That I may be merry
And happy and free.

5 A sweeter joy is around me there,
Than can be here, though wine is fair;
Their tones are swift, and the winning smile
Of love at ease will each care beguile.
Oh, water! pure water!
Give water to me,
And I will be merry,
And happy and free.

6 Oh, pledge no more with the foaming wine,
Nor bow again at old Bacchus's shrine;
For serpents lurk in that golden bowl.
Whose sting is death to the heart and soul:
But water! pure water!
Pledge water with me,
And let us be merry,
And happy and free.

TRUTH. L.

Song of the Despoiled

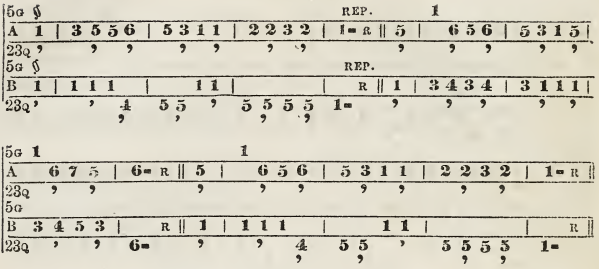

REP.
Now, Nancy dear, look down my throat, And tell me if you see
My wagons and my teams, my love, And my plantations three.
REP.
And oh! I hope you will not ask Me to look there a - gain.
REP. 1s.
No, no, dear John, I nothing see, But a red, scorched, seething lane;
REP. 1s.

2 Why, Nancy love, my cattle, hogs,
And sheep have all gone down
That same red lane, and I believe
I could drink up a town.
But as I've nothing more to drink,
Of course I'll drink no more;
Better stop now than never, love,
I wish I'd stopped before.

3 The Maine Law men have come to town,
And asked of me to sign
The prohibition law pledge, love,
'Gainst brandy, beer, and wine.
And as I love my darling babes,
And wife, and neighbors too:
I've joined this moral army, love,
Of faithful men, and true.

4 Oh, John, dear John, you give me joy,
You've done a noble deed;
I have no fears of misery,
Of violence and need.
May choicest blessings ever rest
On you, and on the men
Who framed a law to give poor wives
Their husbands back again.

LOVE.



GOOD NIGHT.

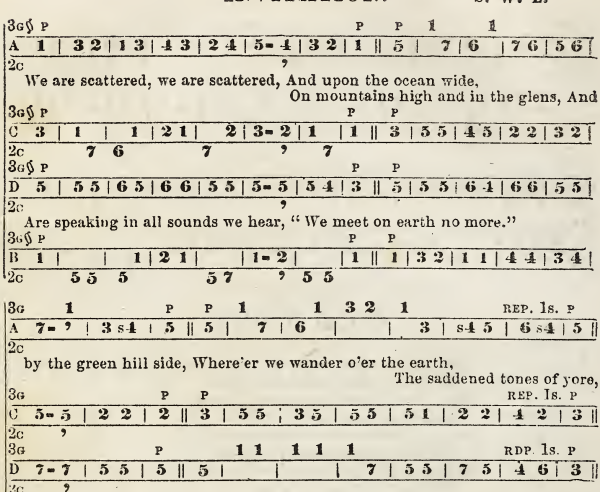
1 Good night, good night to every one,
Be each heart free from care,
May every brother seek his home,
And find contentment there.
May joy beam with to-morrow's sun,
And every prospect shine—
While wife and friends laugh merrily,
Without the aid of wine.

2 May heaven defend the righteous cause
In which we are engaged,
And give us strength, against the foe
Unceasing war to wage.
Let "*Prohibition*" be the word,
From Georgia unto Maine,
And "*persevere*" our motto be,
'Till we the law obtain.

3 Part we in friendship; as we meet,
Each hour cements our band;
Soon pleased, again we here will greet,
And grasp fraternal hand.
As through life's treach'rous sea we sail,
May fortune's smiles increase;
In honor's bark, love swells the gale
And wafts to ports of peace.

INVITATION.

S. W. L.


We are scattered, we are scattered, And upon the ocean wide,
On mountains high and in the glens, And
Are speaking in all sounds we hear, "We meet on earth no more."
by the green hill side, Where'er we wander o'er the earth,
The saddened tones of yore,

2 We are scattered, from the school house,
Where we romped in boyish play,
And from the old brown homestead
We have wandered far away;
And through the wide, wide world we roam,
And on the sea or shore,
The voices come to us again,
"We meet on earth no more."

3 We meet no more, we meet no more—
How sadly tolls the bell,
How mournfully its cadences
Upon the soft winds swell—
A sadness falls upon the heart
We never felt before,
As that still voice forever says,
"We meet on earth no more."

4 Hope beams upon the lonely heart,
The word of God is given
To win us from the path of sin.
And turn our steps toward heaven,
Where we shall meet the loved and lost
Upon that golden shore,
Where tears and sighing never come,
Where parting is no more.

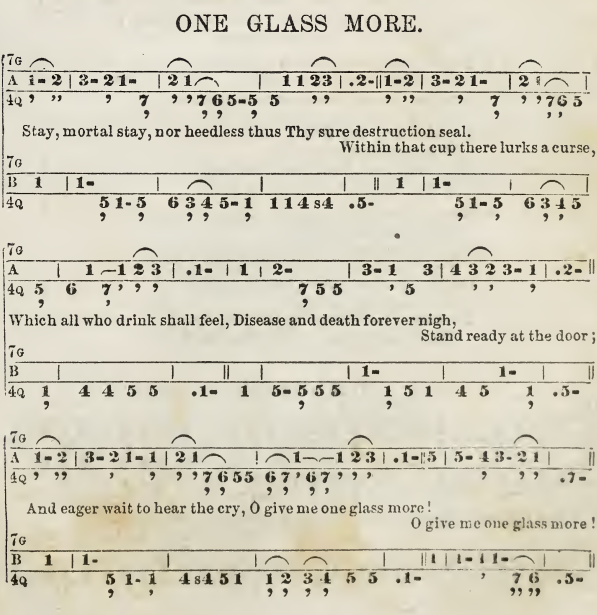
FREEDOM.

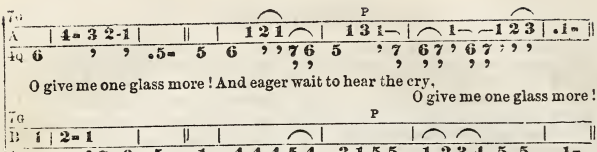
1 We come with holy gladness,
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled with our lays;
For 'tis a hallowed story,
This theme of freedom's birth:
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear;
Proud man shall rule no longer,
For God, the Lord, is near;
And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains,
Where pride and power are crowned,
And peace, like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.
Oh God! we would adore thee,
And in thy shadow rest:
Our fathers bowed before thee,
And trusted, and were blest.

ONE GLASS MORE.


Stay, mortal stay, nor heedless thus Thy sure destruction seal.
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel, Disease and death forever nigh,
Stand ready at the door;
And eager wait to hear the cry, O give me one glass more!
O give me one glass more!

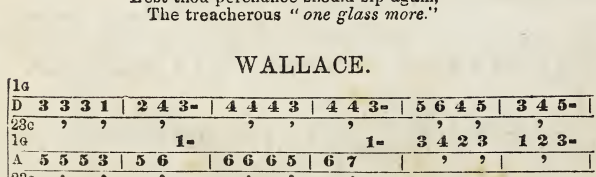


2 Go view that prison's gloomy cells —
Their pallid tenants scan;
Gaze — gaze upon those earthly hells,
And ask when they began:
Had these a tongue — Oh, man! thy cheek
Would burn with crimson o'er —
Had these a tongue they 'd to thee speak,
Oh, take not "*one glass more.*"

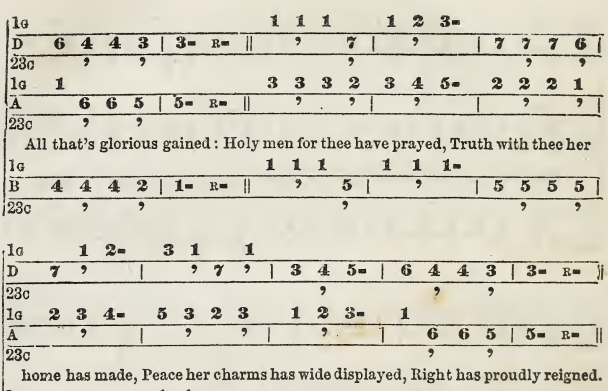
3 Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home;
Crushed by affliction's blighting storm,
And doomed in want to roam;
Behold her! ask that prattler dear,
Why mother is so poor,
He 'll whisper in thy startled ear,
'Twas father's "*one glass more.*'

4 Stay, mortal, stay, repent, return!
Reflect upon thy fate;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn,
Spurn — spurn it, ere too late;
Oh, fly the alehouse's horrid din,
Nor linger at the door,
Lest thou perchance should sip again,
The treacherous "*one glass more.*"

WALLACE.



WALLACE. *Continued.*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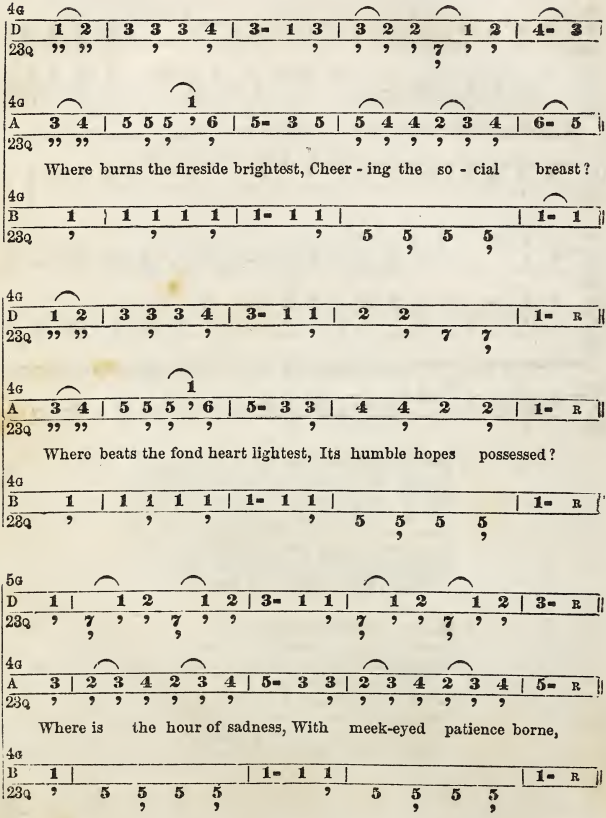
D 6 4 4 3 | 3- R- || ' 7 | ' | 7 7 7 6 |
23c ' ' ' ' ' '
1c 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 5- 2 2 2 1
A 6 6 5 | 5- R- || ' ' | ' | ' ' |
23c ' ' ' '
All that's glorious gained: Holy men for thee have prayed, Truth with thee her
1c 1 1 1 1 1 1-
B 4 4 4 2 | 1- R- || ' 5 | ' | 5 5 5 5 |
23c ' ' ' ' ' '
1c 1 2- 3 1 1
D 7 ' | ' 7 ' | 3 4 5- | 6 4 4 3 | 3- R- ||
23c ' ' ' '
1c 2 3 4- 5 3 2 3 1 2 3- 1
A ' | ' ' | ' | 6 6 5 | 5- R- ||
23c ' ' '
home has made, Peace her charms has wide displayed, Right has proudly reigned.
1c 1 1
B 5 5 5- | ' 5 5 | 6 5 3- | 4 4 4 1 | 1- R- ||
23c ' ' ' ' ' '

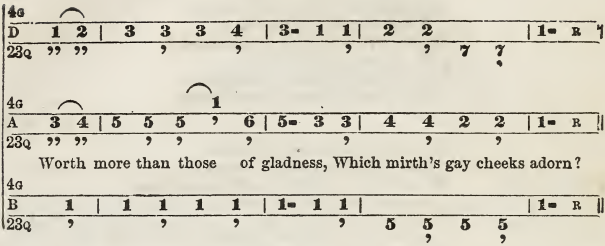
2 Crownless Judah mourns in gloom—
Greece lies slumbering in the tomb—
Rome hath shorn her eagle plume,
Lost her conquering name:
Youthful Nation of the West,
Rise! with truer greatness blest,
Sainted bands from realms of rest,
Watch thy brightening fame.

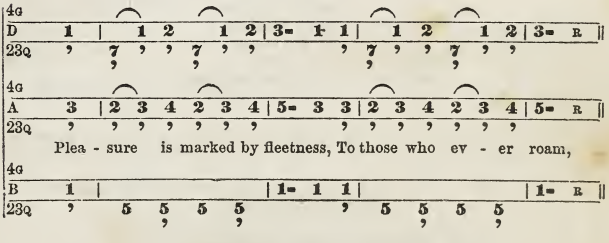
3 Empire of the brave and free!
Stretch thy sway from sea to sea:
Who shall bid thee bend the knee
To a tyrant's throne?
Knowledge is thine armor bright,
Liberty thy beacon light,
God himself thy shield of might,
Bow to Him alone.

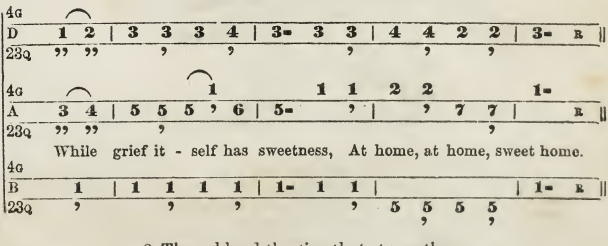
DOMESTIC BLISS.


Where burns the fireside brightest, Cheer - ing the so - cial breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest, Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the hour of sadness, With meek-eyed patience borne,

DOMESTIC BLISS. *Continued.*







2 There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief—
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:

There eyes, in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart;
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O, do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, at home, sweet home.

3 Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Her dwelling is not only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there:
Wherever we may wander,
'Tis all in vain we roam,
If worshipless, her altar,
At home, at home, sweet home.

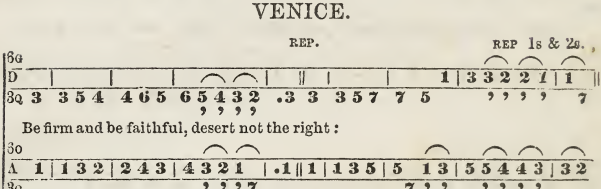
Tune on page 159.

1 WHEN the heart is dejected,
And pleasure is flown,
And passed the bright moments
So fondly our own,
And stilled is the music
Of nature and birds,
How sweet to the bosom
Are smiles and kind words.

2 The fond heart is breaking
In burning despair,
While clothed in broad sackcloth
Are skies that are fair,
O, save ere it perish,
The sorrowful mind,
By smiles that are pleasant,
And words that are kind.

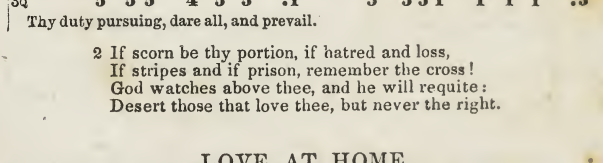
3 I've been to the palace
Of the rich and the gay,—
Where the syrens of pleasure
Chase sorrow away—
But never, O never,
Such joys have I seen,
As gush from the bosom,
Where kind words have been.

VENICE.


REP.
REP 1s & 2s.
Be firm and be faithful, desert not the right:
The brave becomes bolder, the darker the night: Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail
REP.
REP. 1 & 2s.
Thy duty pursuing, dare all, and prevail.

2 If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
If stripes and if prison, remember the cross!
God watches above thee, and he will requite:
Desert those that love thee, but never the right.

LOVE AT HOME.



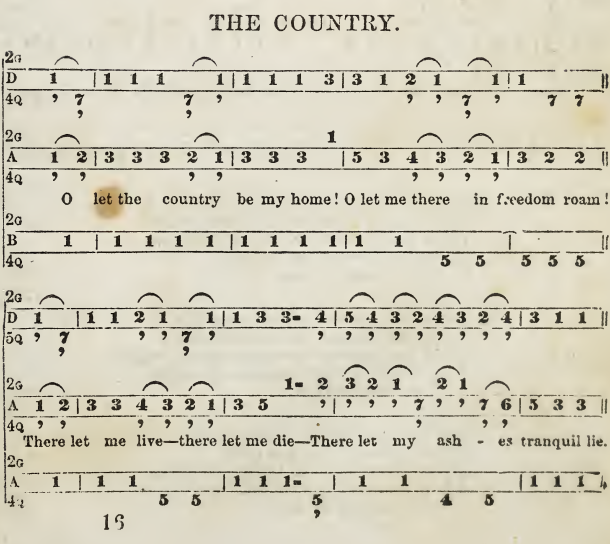
LOVE AT HOME. *Continued.*

And ocean hideth many a gem, With his blue curl - ing waves;
Yet not within her bo - som dark, Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure e - qual - ing A world of love at home.

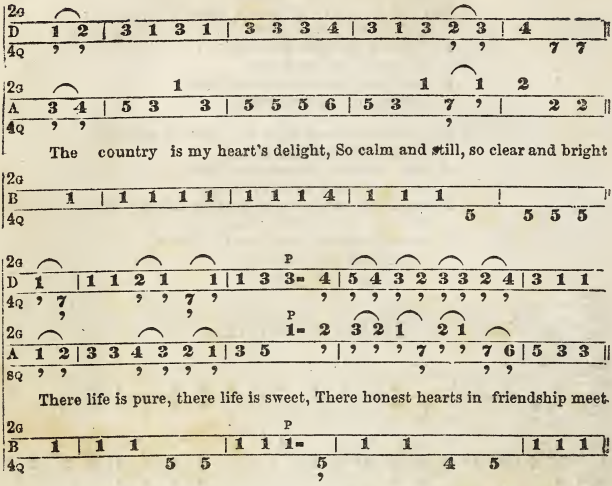
2 True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied;
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A cheerful, bright fireside.
I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome,
If 'mid his splendor he hath not
A world of love at home.

3 The friends whom time has proved sincere,
'Tis they alone can bring
A sure relief to hearts that droop
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.
Though care and sorrow may be mine,
As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while still I have
A world of love at home.

THE COUNTRY.



THE COUNTRY. *Continued.*


The country is my heart's delight, So calm and still, so clear and bright
There life is pure, there life is sweet, There honest hearts in friendship meet.

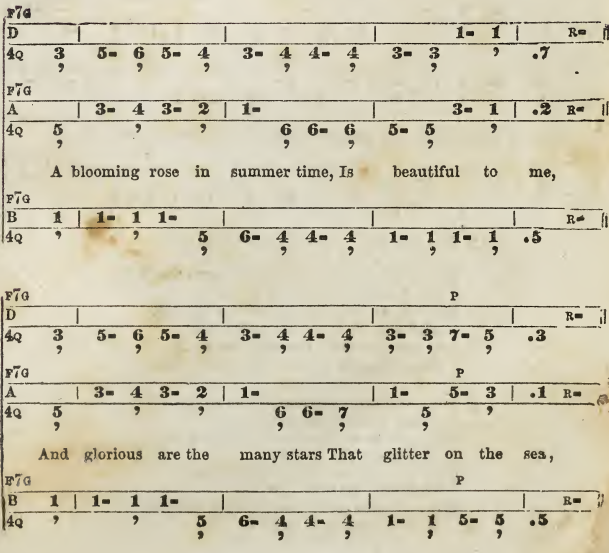
2 There birds of summer chant their lays,
There happy flocks on meadows graze:
Thore silvery streams and rippling rills,
In beauty flow amidst the hills.
The country is, &c,

3 There flowerets bloom of every hue,
And smile beneath the morning dew;
There verdure crowns the mountain height,
And twinkling stars are clear by night.
The country is, &c.

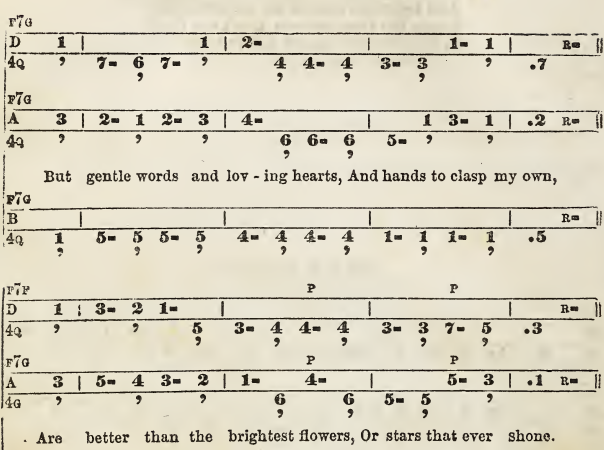
4 'Tis there amidst the silent grove,
I love in summer days to rove,
And seek the cave, and seek the glen,
Afar from every human ken.
The country is, &c.

5 There stiff constraint and custom's round,
And heartless smiles are never found:
There life from vicious arts kept free,
Is fraught with worth I love to see
The country is, &c.

TRUE BLISS.



TRUE BLISS. *Continued.*


F7G
D 1 | 1 | 2- | 1- 1 | R=
4Q 7- 6 7- 4 4- 4 3- 3 .7
F7G
A 3 | 2- 1 2- 3 | 4- | 1 3- 1 | .2 R=
4Q 6 6- 6 5- .2
But gentle words and lov - ing hearts, And hands to clasp my own,
F7G
B | | | R=
4Q 1 5- 5 5- 5 4- 4 4- 4 1- 1 1- 1 .5
F7F P P
D 1 | 3- 2 1- | | R=
4Q 5 3- 4 4- 4 3- 3 7- 5 .3
F7G P P
A 3 | 5- 4 3- 2 | 1- 4- | 5- 3 | .1 R=
4G 6 6 5- 5
. Are better than the brightest flowers, Or stars that ever shone.
F7G P P
B 1 | 1- 1- | | R=
4G 7 5 5- 4 4- 4 1- 1 5- 5 .1

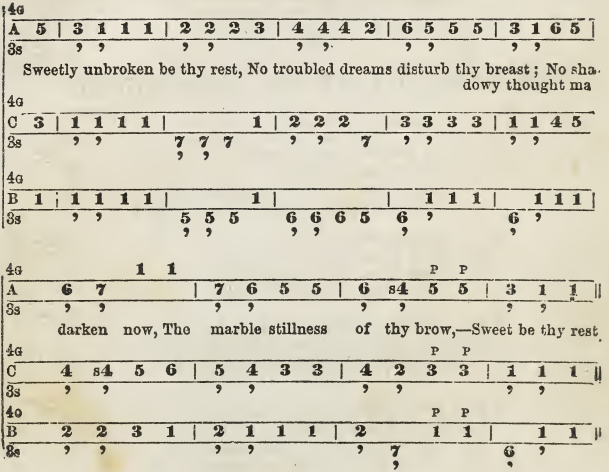
2 The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
The eyes grow bright, and watch the light,
Of Autumn's opening hour.
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

3 It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

A DIRGE.

L.

BY ELIZABETH M. ROBERTS.


Sweetly unbroken be thy rest, No troubled dreams disturb thy breast; No sha-
dowy thought ma
darken now, The marble stillness of thy brow,—Sweet be thy rest.

2 Soft be thy sleep!—the evening air,
Plays not amid thy sunny hair—
Thy pale hands, like a moonlight-cloud—
Folded amid thy snowy shroud—
So pale and fair.

3 No sound of grief is round thy bed,
But when at eve, with gentle tread,
A pensive step thy pillow nears,
The little mound is bathed in tears
Above thy head.

4 And oft the wind harps on the bough,
In troubled murmurs sad and low,
Steals out o'er midnight's shadows deep,
'Plaining above thy lonely sleep,
A requiem low.

5 Peace to thy slumbers, gentle one,
And till life's wearied course is run,
Thy voice shall guide me, when I pray,
Teaching my burthened heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

THE TEE-TOTALLER'S WAR WHOOP.

AIR — "*Wallace.*" p. 234.

1 Tee-tot'lers now make a stand,
Be united hand in hand,
Form your ranks, and do demand
The grog-sellers should flee.

2 Let them know 'twas made to kill,
Let them know 'twill cure no ill,
Let them know the murdering still
Shall pay the debt it owes.

3 Hear the orphan children cry,
Fight on, fight on, through them we die
Weeping mothers screaming high,
Save! Oh save! Oh save!

4 Now we 'll take them in their might,
Let us one and all unite,
And sign the deed this very night,
To put the rum-shops down.

5 From the house the demon turn,
They sink, they fire, destroy and burn,
Fight on, my boys, 'tis now our turn
To give them back their change.

6 Who has not laid within the grave
Some kind relation, good and brave,
Murdered by a poisonous knave,
Who kept a rummery?

7 Two masters ever we despise,
The devil's one before your eyes,
Friends of temperance, all, arise,
God and the temperance cause.

8 Every strife and every woe.
From intemperance mostly flow;
And to the cause the world do owe,
The source of every crime.

'TIS BUT A DROP.

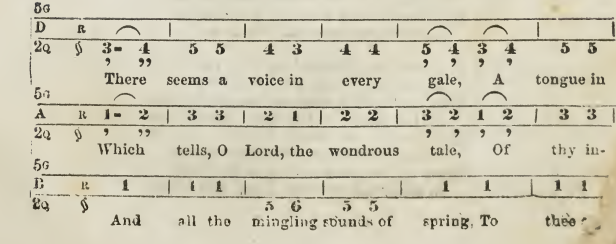
'Tis but a drop, the father said,
And gave it to his son;
But little did he think a work
Of death was thus begun.
The drop that lured when the babe
Scarce lisped his father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in his infant frame.

2 'Tis but a drop, the comrades cried,
In truant school-boy tone;
It did not hurt us in our robes,
It will not now we're grown.
And so they drank the mixture up,
That reeling, youthful band;
For each had learned to love the taste
From his own father's hand.

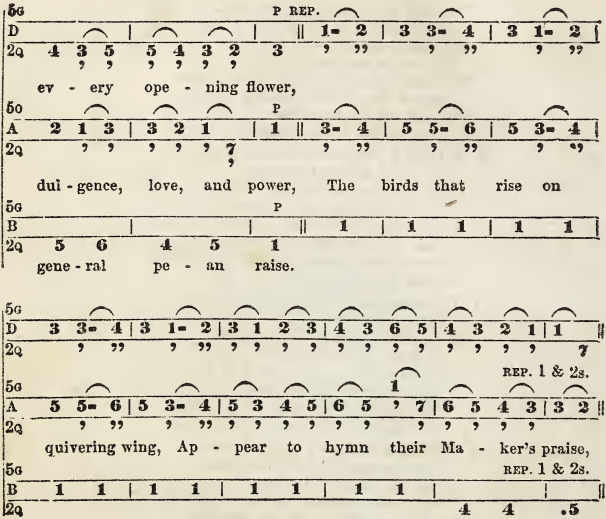
3 'Tis but a drop, the husband said,
While his poor wife stood by,
In famine, grief, and loneliness,
And raised the piercing cry.
'Tis but a drop — I'll drink it still —
'Twill never injure me;
I always drank — so madam, hush,
We never can agree.

4 'Tis but a drop — I need it now,
The staggering drunkard said;
It was my food in infancy,
My meat — my drink — and bread.
A drop — a drop! oh! let me have!
'Twill so refresh my soul!
He took it — trembled — drank — and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

THANKFULNESS. D. L, M.



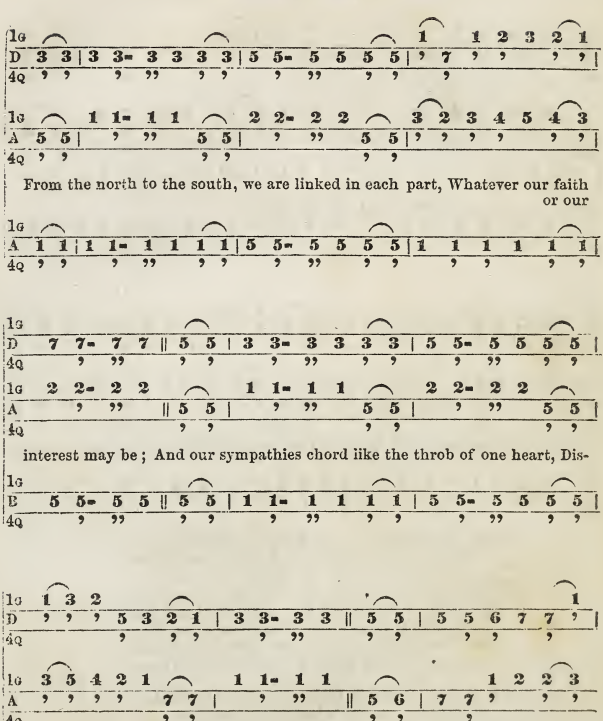
THANKFULNESS. *Continued.*


P REP.
ev - ery ope - ning flower,
P
dul - gence, love, and power, The birds that rise on
P
gene - ral pe - an raise.
REP. 1 & 2s.
quivering wing, Ap - pear to hymn their Ma - ker's praise,
REP. 1 & 2s.

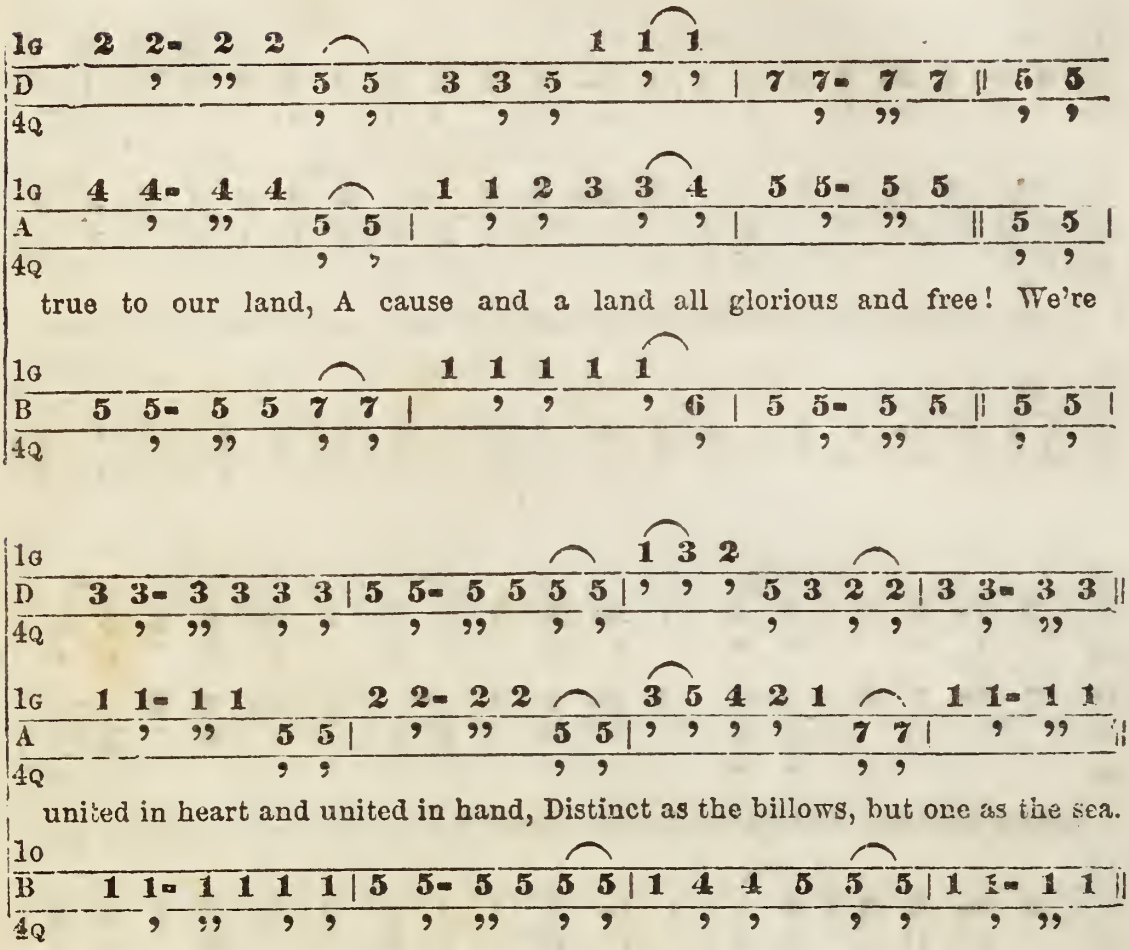
2 And shall my voice, Great God, alone,
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No, let my heart with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
And nature's debt is small to mine,
Thou bad'st her being bounded be,
But—matchless proof of love divine--
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

3 The Saviour left his heavenly throne,
A ransom for my soul to give;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And deigned to die that I might live.
But thanks and praise for love so great,
No mortal tongue can e'er express;
Then let me, bowed before thy feet,
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

THE UNION.


From the north to the south, we are linked in each part, Whatever our faith or our
interest may be; And our sympathies chord like the throb of one heart, Dis-
tinct as the billows, but one as the sea. We are firm in our cause we are

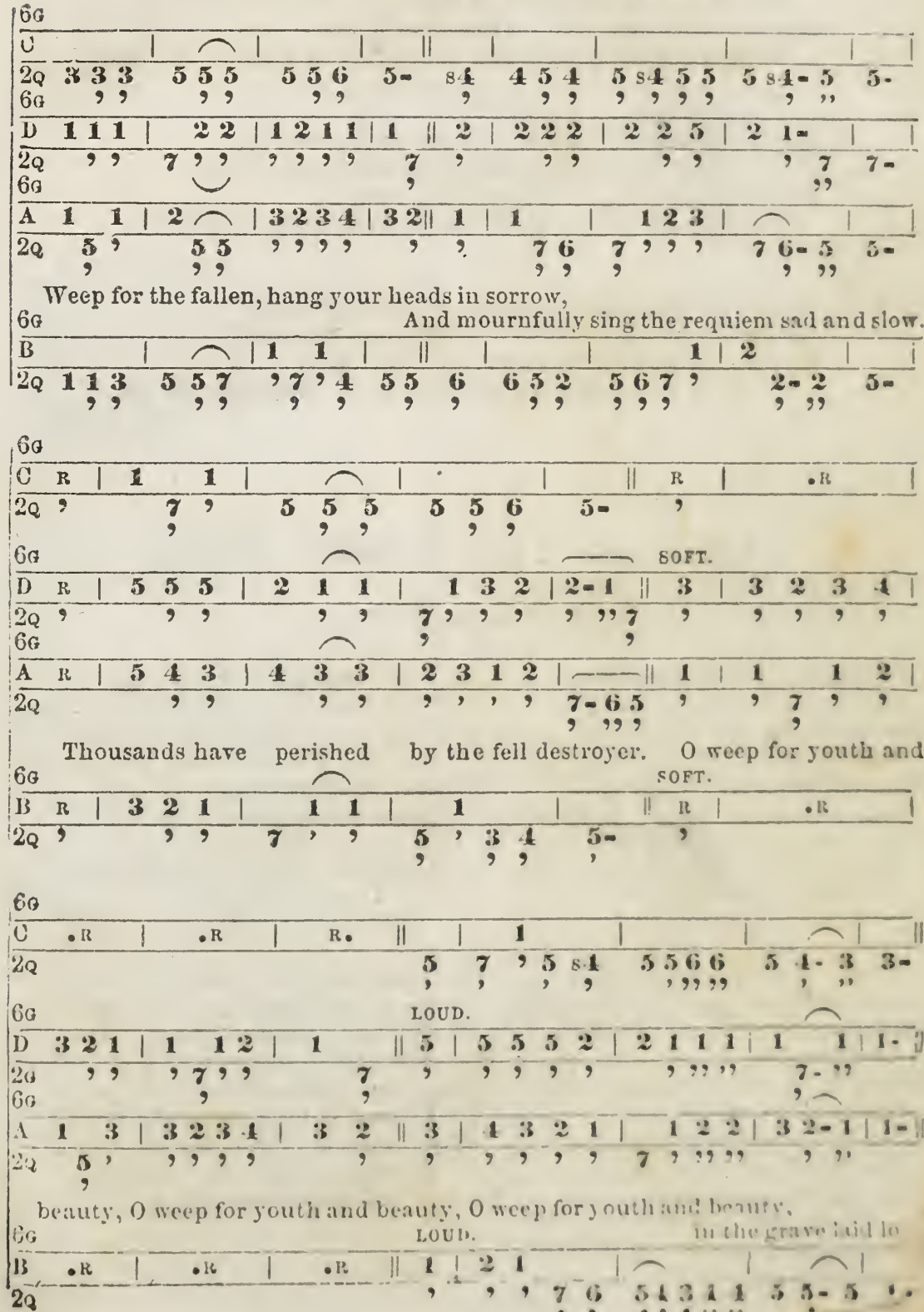
THE UNION. *Continued.*


true to our land, A cause and a land all glorious and free! We're
united in heart and united in hand, Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.

2 We honor the good, and we favor the just,
We scoff at a despot, and scorn his decree;
In our union of states all firmly we trust,
Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.
The poor and oppressed of each land and each isle,
Can here find a refuge from tyrants to flee;
The sunbeams of joy on our states ever smile,
Distinct as the billows but one as the sea.

3 May famine and want never visit our land,
But plenty our portion perpetually be;
May our states be upheld by industry's hand.
Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.
O thou who canst glance from the east to the west,
Ere a thought can conceive it, we pray unto thee—
Preserve us in peace, and keep us still blest,
Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.

WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.


Weep for the fallen, hang your heads in sorrow,
And mournfully sing the requiem sad and slow.
SOFT.
Thousands have perished by the fell destroyer. O weep for youth and
SOFT.
LOUD.
beauty, O weep for youth and beauty, O weep for youth and beauty,
LOUD.
in the grave laid lo

2 Voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us on onward go;
Hark to their accents — they, the broken hearted;
Who weep for youth and beauty, in the grave laid low

3 Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there's hope to shun the cup of woe;
For is it nothing, ye who see no danger,
To weep for youth and beauty, in the grave laid low.

4 Weep for the fallen! but, in all your sorrow,
Point to the LAW that freedom can bestow;
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,
Oh, why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low?

MRS. DANA.

COME, TO THE SUNSET TREE.

Tune on page 177.

1 COME, to the sunset tree,
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's ax lies low,
And the reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers.
And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours.
Come, come, &c.

2 Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the heart's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, &c.

3 Yes: tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, &c.

4 There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noon-tide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.
And we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.
Come, come, &c.

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B. F. L. Bindery
Dec 7